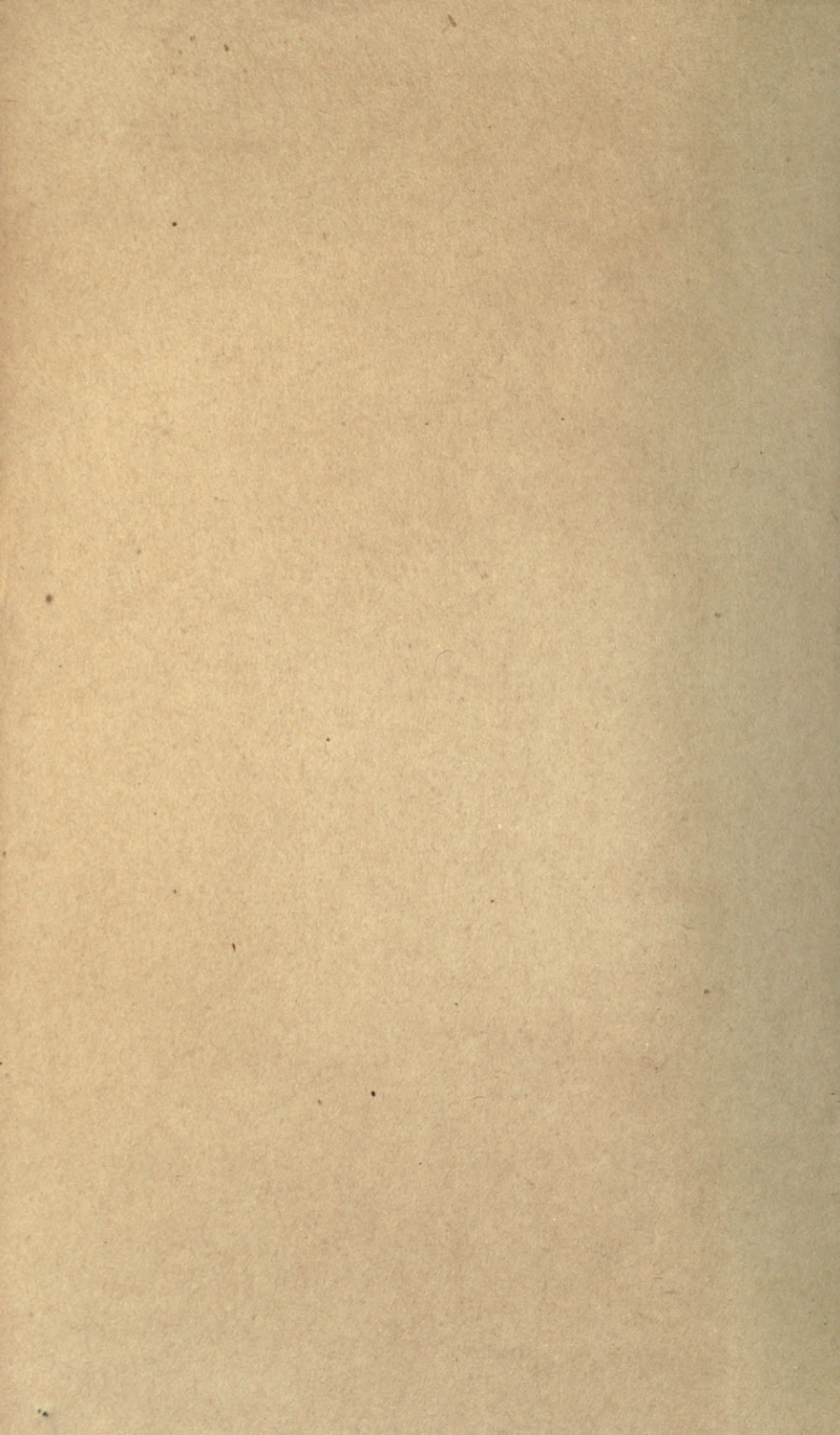


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*S. J. Langley*  
*1926*  
*14/5*

**CHINA'S DAYSPRING  
AFTER THIRTY YEARS**



# CHINA'S DAYSPRING AFTER THIRTY YEARS

BY

FREDERICK BROWN, F.R.G.S.

OF PEKING

*Chairman of District and Officiating Wesleyan Chaplain in  
the North China Command*

WITH FOREWORDS BY

THE LATE SIR ROBERT HART, K.C.M.G.

AND

THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.

*(Hon. Secretary National Council of Evangelical Free Churches)*

INTRODUCTION BY THE REV T. A. SEED

WITH NUMEROUS MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY DEAR WIFE AGNES

2005300



“What though there still need effort, strife?  
Though much be still unwon?  
Yet warm it mounts, the hour of life!  
Death’s frozen hour is done!  
The world’s great order dawns in sheen  
After long darkness rude,  
Divinelier imaged, clearer seen,  
With happier zeal pursued.  
What still of strength is left, employ,  
*This end to help attain—*  
*One common wave of thought and joy*  
*Lifting mankind again!”*



## PREFACE

CHINA has loomed large in the public eye during the past thirty years, and with alarming rapidity she has stepped out from Feudalism to Absolutism and then to Constitutionalism.

The pace has greatly quickened during the period covered by this volume, and while some writers prophesied a "break-up," she has passed the dangerous stage and is now heading towards becoming a great nation. Many causes have helped in this progressive march towards the light. But as Frederick the Great asked his chaplain which was the greatest fact in the Bible and he replied, "The Jews, sir," so if asked after over thirty years' residence in China which has been the greatest cause under God of the present awakening, I would answer, "The Boxers." Hence the importance of the period covered by this volume.

One object has been the preserving of a record of one of the most daring expeditions ever undertaken, and the only one of its kind recorded in history.

The march to relieve Peking with twenty thousand men fewer than military experts deemed necessary, in the middle of the rainy season, was

## Preface

only excusable on the ground of urgency. It was daring in the extreme, and had it ended in failure would have been characterized as a foolhardy undertaking.

My friend Dr. G. E. Morrison, Political Adviser to the President and late *Times* correspondent, wrote as I left Peking in October last :—

“I much regret you are severing your long and honourable connection with China. Thirty years is, indeed, a good slice from a man’s life, but you can return to England satisfied that it has fallen to few men to accomplish so much as you have done for the Chinese people. I hope you will write your reminiscences . . . it would be deplorable if you should lose such an opportunity. . . .”

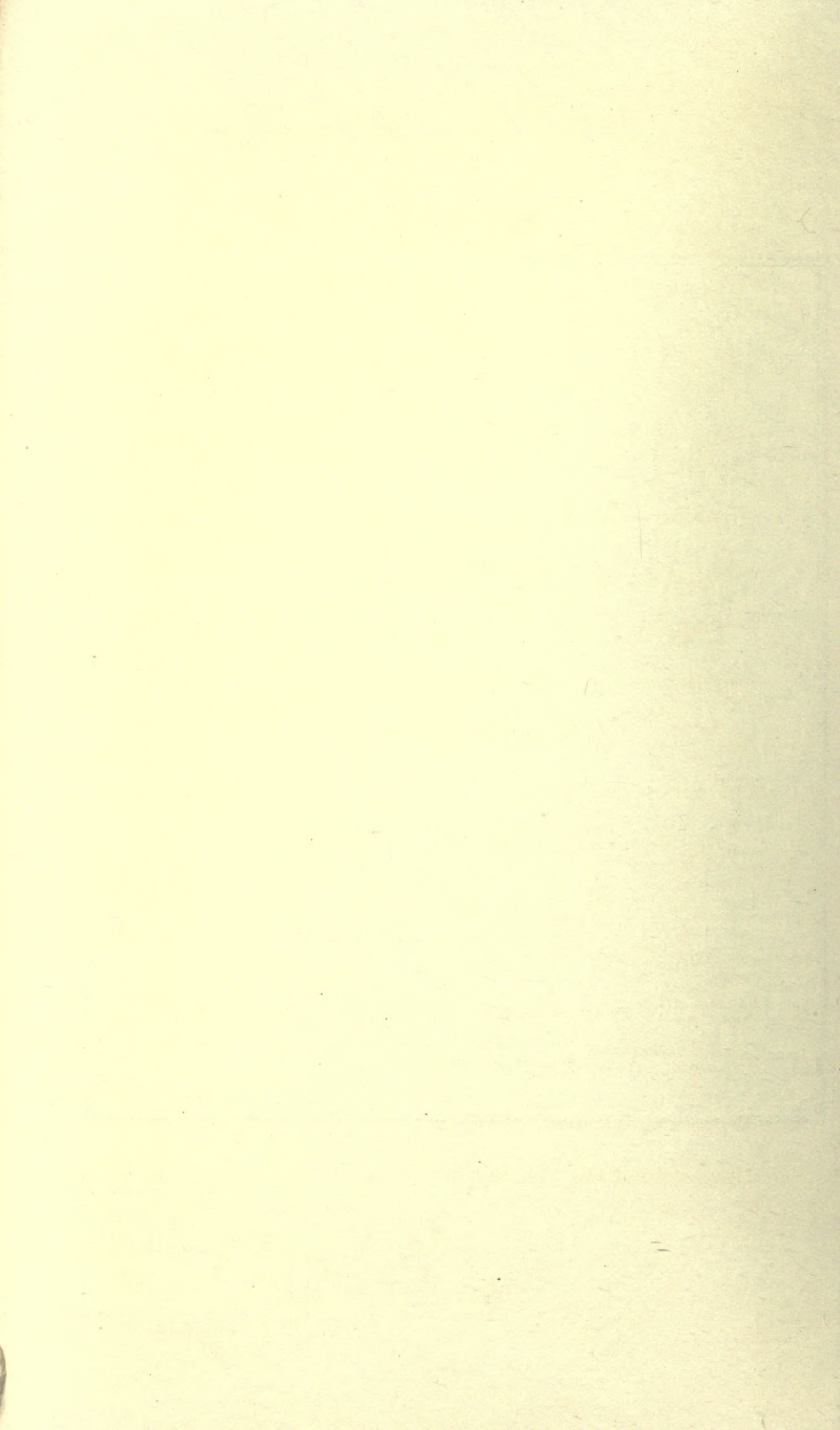
This and other letters from trusted friends have prompted me in this effort. The Revolution and subsequent events will make another volume. To many friends, including the late Sir Robert Hart, Dr. F. B. Meyer, B.A., the Rev. T. A. Seed, and others I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness.

I also wish to thank the Army Intelligence Department in China, Messrs. Underwood and Underwood, of New York, and the publishers of the *Methodist Recorder*, for permission to use some of their photographs.

F. B.



[To face p. 10.





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## FOREWORD

By SIR ROBERT HART, K.C.M.G.

THIS book, written by the Rev. Frederick Brown, acting Wesleyan Chaplain in the North China Command, carries readers over interesting ground connected with the Boxer days of 1900, and with various experiences at different times and places during that period, and since. One of its special features is to show the value of the native Christian under fire, and I who saw them at work during the siege of Peking have a happy memory of their devotion, composure, and willingness. The history of the new movement affecting intercourse, education, commerce, and religion is more or less fully recorded.

The Author has had much to do with all he discusses; what he writes concerning his work with the Allies and especially with that portion of the column for the relief of Peking will be welcome reading for the general public, and his work in connection with the North China Command as Chaplain will have special interest for Methodists.

When the relief came to Peking it arrived just

## Foreword

in time—a few days later and it might have found only our remains, and I cannot tell how grateful we all were to the men who under God delivered us from the peril we were in. The soldiers and volunteers who guarded the Legation during the siege behaved splendidly, but even so we must say, “If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . then they had swallowed us up quick when their wrath was kindled against us” (Psalm cxxiv.). We never knew those dreadful weeks whether in the morning we could hold out till evening, or whether when we said “good-night” we should ever again say “good-morning,” and so General Gaselee’s appearance after a fortnight’s hard marching and fighting was welcomed with more than enthusiasm.

The Chinese Christians were of the greatest use, and the missionaries rendered excellent service—especially Dr. Gamewell, who did so much for our inner defences and fortifications. The women and children behaved admirably, and it was, even with its terrors and horrors, part picnic and part siege all through. Admiral Seymour’s gallant attempt to reach Peking was an impossible task, and the wonder is his party ever got back to the coast. As it came about, it was just as well he did not succeed, but his conduct and the bearing of his men were beyond all praise.

The Reform Edicts of the Emperor Kuang Hsü caught the attention of the whole world in 1898,

## Foreword

and although they soon met with a set-back in China, they only derived additional impetus from delay and are now being successfully handled by the rising men of the new era.

China has had a civilization of her own which has stood the test of some thirty centuries, and her people have lived and flourished under it. The honour they have given to father and mother has been the keystone of their national arch, and has carried them safely over the huge gulf that yawns between the far-off past and the present, but which slips so fast into the arms of the more promising future. The Chinese talent for minding their own business and not doing to others what they would not have others do to them has preserved them from many pitfalls.

The future will soon show how much of Western civilization can be grafted and amalgamated, but the common sense of the people will not disappear and what is good will remain.

Many scattered bits of China and Chinese life have been studied, written about, and published, but the stock is inexhaustible and there will be room for new books and new points of view as long as the earth goes round the sun.

I wish God-speed to "China's Dayspring after Thirty Years" as an additional link added by my friend Mr. Brown to the claim of knowledge and advancement. As an active missionary of course

## Foreword

he has much to say on the missionary question. Missionary effort has always had its opponents; it has also its supporters, and among and over them is the Divine Master, who sends them with His evangel "to all the world" and promises to accompany them always and everywhere. The messengers of the Cross need not be discouraged; they have time on their side, they also have the heavenly Father. Although in such work the human element must show itself, the result is growth of good, and to-day we see what growth the past has brought forth, while the future is full of significance, full of promise of the best kind. Obedience to the Leader's orders is imperative, and this is strengthened by the fact that duty to one's neighbour is the other side of the shield.

ROBERT HART.



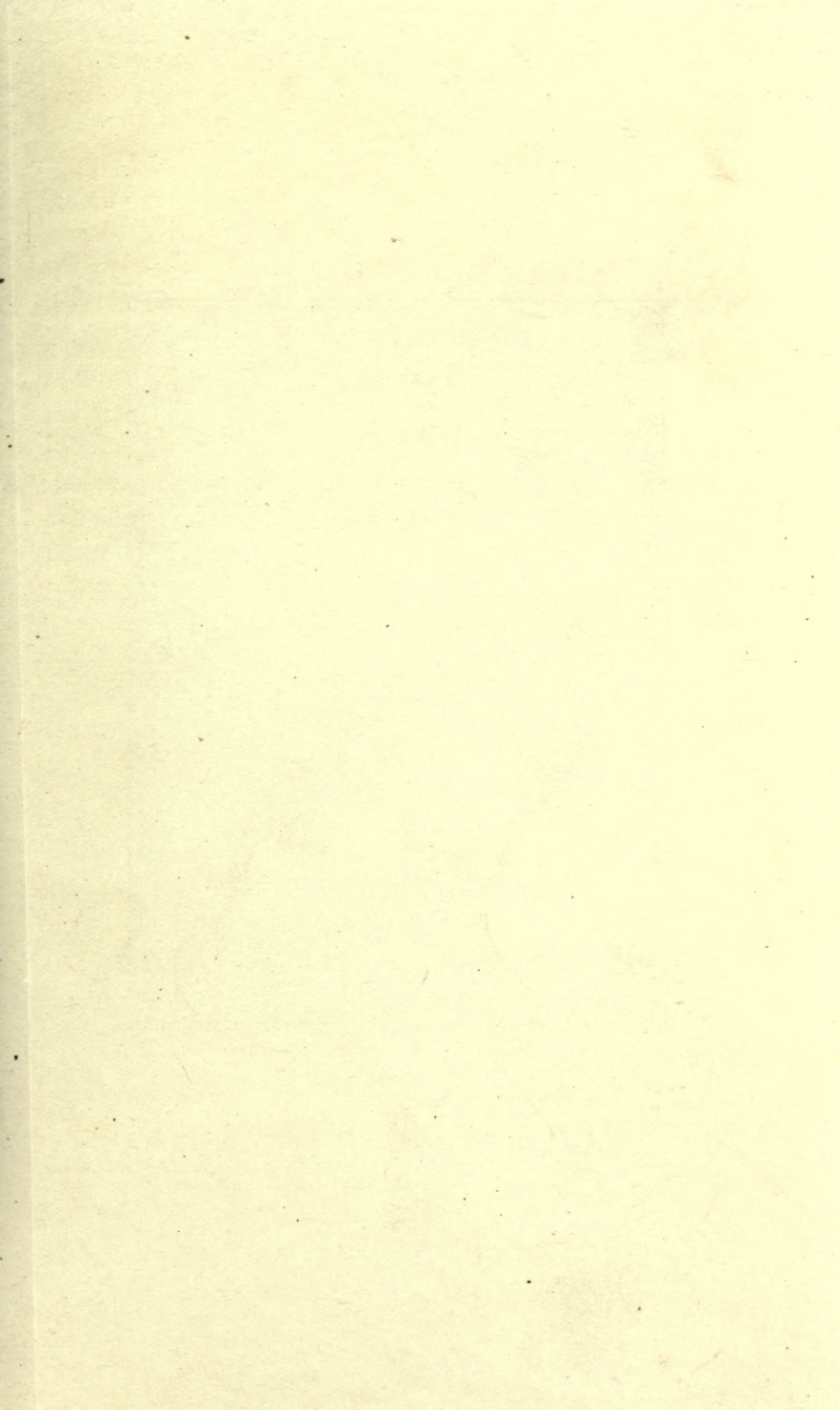
## FOREWORD

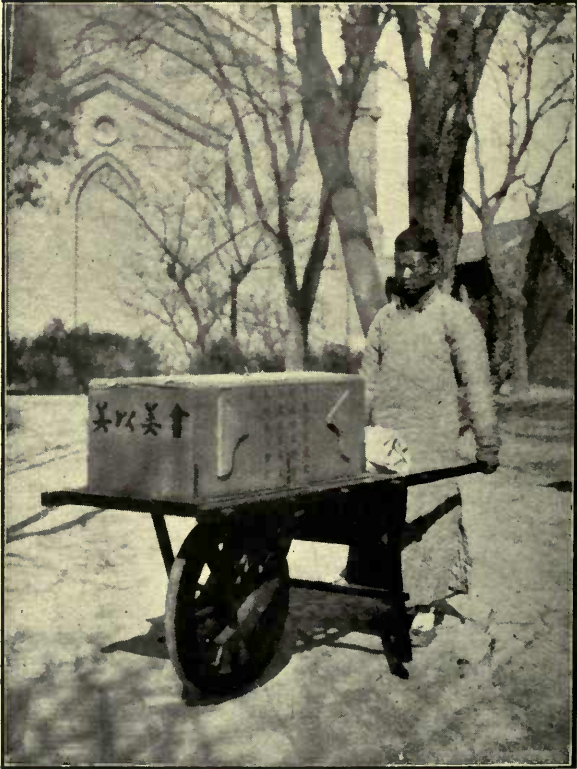
FROM THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A., D.D.

My friend the Rev. Frederick Brown, who has written this book, has done a noble life-work in China, at a time when talents like his were of a prime necessity. No one is more qualified than he to tell the story of the Great Awakening which has come to the Far East. His services to the Allied troops during the march to Peking are a matter of history, and have secured him the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen, but his work in connection with his own Missionary Society, the Y.M.C.A., the opium traffic, and education has been equally influential and important. The recognition of their appreciation awarded by the Chinese Government shows their sense of the importance of his life-work, and I am glad that these pages will preserve a permanent record.

F. B. MEYER.







BIBLE CARRIAGE ON TOUR.

[To face p. 21.]

## INTRODUCTION

IT has been suggested that by presenting some of his credentials it may help the readers of the following pages who are not acquainted with the author to estimate their weight and worth.

“Brown of Tientsin” is as affectionately known in North China, and will some day be as widely known in Christendom, as many of the famous and distinguished missionaries who have given their lives for China’s renovation and uplifting. For the moment he may perhaps need a word of introduction to the wider public he may reach through this new volume, and it is my happy lot to write it.

Mr. Brown has spent over thirty years in China. Born in Bishop Auckland, Durham, in the year 1860, some of his earliest recollections are of the famous park which is one of the beauty spots of the Durham coalfields, and which for centuries has been the place or residence for prelates so distinguished as Bishops Butler, Lightfoot, Westcott, and Moule.

His early education was received in town schools and especially the Quakers’ School in South Terrace. Here were exerted the influences that moulded character and shaped the future. Here in

## Introduction

this narrow street is the school to which he did not always haste "with shining morning face" and in which he was not invariably a model boy. His religious training was received in the Methodist Free Church and Sunday School. His first attempts at evangelism were made in the market-place and lodging-houses, and there his training as a missionary began. He was a zealous member of the Y.M.C.A., and was sent as a delegate to the International Conference held in London in 1881 and there made his first Exeter Hall address.

During this visit to the metropolis, he met friends who offered help in preparation for a missionary career and immediately decided to take special missionary study. The Darlington Circuit recommended him as "a suitable candidate for the mission field." He was placed on the President's "List of Reserve." The story of these early years is a fascinating one which cannot be told now. Handicapped by a serious impediment of speech to begin with, delays and disappointment followed each other, but they proved a "blessing in disguise," inasmuch as they gave much more time for preparation for his life-work. God's call is wider than that of any Church, and eventually a call came from an unexpected quarter. He was offered a post in China, not exactly what he was looking for, but in a province which is healthy, and from which after two years of pioneer work he was transferred to the North China Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church with residence in the capital. He was appointed Superintendent of the Han-Tsun Circuit, which lies between Peking and Tientsin,

## Introduction

and through part of which the direct road to the capital runs. He was at this early date doubtless preparing for that unique piece of signal service which he was called upon to perform in 1900 and an account of which is recorded in this volume. In the year 1888 he was ordained and appointed to Wesley Circuit, Tientsin. In 1890 he was appointed to open and act as Principal of the Intermediate School for Chinese boys—the first modern school to be opened in that city. In 1893 he returned home on furlough. In 1898 he was appointed Chairman of the Tientsin District, and was in that position at the time of the Boxer rebellion. He was commandeered by General Sir Alfred Gaselee to accompany the Allied armies on their historic march for the relief of the Legations in Peking, and was connected with the Intelligence Branch, had charge of Chinese scouts, and being the only Chaplain of any Church with the British force, acted in that capacity.

After the relief he was invalided home, but returned to China in the year following, when he was requested to take up work officially for the Wesleyan Army and Navy Board in the North China Command, and since then he has acted as Wesleyan chaplain, and for most of the time has had charge of all Free Church soldiers in that important station, in addition to his other duties. In 1906 he relinquished school work, and was again appointed Chairman of the Tientsin District without pastoral charge.

In addition to all this, Mr. Brown helped to found the first T'ien Tsu Hui (Natural Feet) Society

## Introduction

in Tientsin, and has had the selection of all the Chinese literature for the Society for nearly twenty years. He gave evidence against opium to the Royal Commission in the House of Lords in 1894; he represented China at the World Conference of the Y.M.C.A. in London in 1894, a member of the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901, delegate from China to the World Conference of Sunday Schools in Washington, 1910, and, finally, had the joy of attending and was delegate to the marvellous meetings of the World Missionary Conference a little later in the year. Last year in January he with others was permitted to preach the gospel from the covered altar of the famous "Temple of Heaven," when thousands of people crowded to listen, and when Yuan-Shih-Kai, the President, made his famous declaration of religious toleration to the Chinese Christian ministers, four of whom were invited to the presidential mansion for that purpose. Mr. Brown was the only foreign missionary present, by special request.

It will thus be seen that, so far, Mr. Brown's has been a varied and arduous career. And it has been as distinguished and successful as it has been arduous and exciting. The time has not yet come for a complete record of his missionary work, but in the following pages will be found some graphic sketches of the thrilling scenes that he has witnessed, and of the momentous events with which he has been more or less intimately connected. He has been placed in an exceptionally favourable position for estimating the extent and the reality of the great awakening in the Chinese mind, and of the vast



## Introduction

reforms that are in process of development in that ancient and most stationary of lands.

Just before leaving China, a letter was sent to Mr. Brown from the British Consul-General stating that he had received a communication from the Customs Tao-Tai to the effect that the order of the "Double Dragon" had been conferred on him by Imperial Decree in response to a memorial from the Viceroy.\* Before this could be accepted or worn, the consent of his Majesty King Edward was necessary. This was graciously given, but before the Royal Warrant could be signed, King Edward died. In due time, however, the Warrant was issued by King George, and the following announcement appeared in the *London Gazette* of July 5th, 1910:—

"The King has been pleased to give and grant unto the Rev. Frederick Brown his Majesty's Royal Licence and authority to accept and wear the insignia of the Third Class of the Third Division of the Imperial Chinese Order of the 'Double Dragon,' conferred upon him by his Majesty the Emperor of China, 'in recognition of valuable services rendered by him.' Whitehall, July 4th, 1910."

During the Boxer rising, Mr. Brown's services were counted as invaluable by the Allies on the march to Peking; he was mentioned in dispatches at the time, and holds the medal and clasps for the relief of the Legations in that city. The British General commanding in North China at that time, General Sir Alfred Gaselee, recently journeyed to

\* Mr. Brown has since been presented with the Republican Order Chia Ho (Plentiful Grain).

## Introduction

Portsmouth to preside at Mr. Brown's lecture there, and spoke in glowing terms of the services that he had rendered under his command.

On leaving China the following was issued in "Orders": "The G.O.C. much regrets the departure of the Rev. F. Brown on furlough. His connection dates from the march to the relief of the Legations, when he was the only Chaplain of any Church with the British forces." On the same occasion he received the following letter from Bishop W. S. Lewis, D.D., LL.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China: "Mr. Brown is an experienced missionary, having given more than a quarter of a century to the service of the Church in China. He rendered invaluable aid to the forces rescuing Peking during the notable siege of the capital city. He is well informed concerning Chinese manners and customs, and has been intimately associated with several of the officials of power, and can speak authoritatively concerning the movements in the Empire during recent years. He enjoys the confidence and esteem of the gentry and official classes in the province in which he resides, and has received the decoration of the 'Double Dragon' in testimony of his efficient service." Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent in Peking, also wrote congratulating him on "receiving such a well-deserved honour." Letters were also received from Bishop Bashford, the Rev. H. H. Lowry, D.D., President of the Peking University, Major Rowe, commanding the wing of the West Kent Regiment, Major Burton of the Middlesex Regiment, and from General Waters, who said: "All

## Introduction

of us, officers and men, who have the pleasure of knowing you, while wishing you a happy furlough, regret greatly that you are even temporarily to sever your connection with us. I am quite sure all ranks have greatly appreciated your numerous kindnesses."

While writing these lines, I have received a note from the Rev. J. H. Bateson, Secretary of the Wesleyan Army and Navy Board, London, in which he says:—

"I hear with much pleasure that the Rev. Frederick Brown contemplates issuing a book on 'China's Dayspring after Thirty Years.' I had much correspondence with him during the latter years of his residence in that country, and have also had the pleasure of hearing the story he has to tell. The history of the Boxer rising has been dealt with most ably from the military standpoint, but Mr. Brown, from his long experience of China, and his intimate connection with the force which relieved the Peking Residency, is able to tell a most interesting story from another point of view.

"The Wesleyan Church is placed under an obligation to Mr. Brown for the way in which he cared for the spiritual interests of her soldier and sailor sons during the advance on Peking, and since the suppression of the Boxer rising, for his services as Wesleyan Chaplain to the British troops in Peking and Tientsin. He has taken the greatest interest in the moral welfare of the soldiers, and commanding officers have testified to the zeal which he has displayed in this service and his influence

## Introduction

over the men under their command for good. A book from his pen will throw new light upon some of the many problems incident to the awakening of the Far East, and I heartily wish it all possible success."

Mr. Brown is one of the most modest of men, but he must pardon me if I add to these encomiums and credentials the unwitting tribute to his character of a recent and, on the whole, exceedingly unfriendly critic of missionaries in China. In his book, "A Chinese Appeal to Christendom concerning Christian Missions," Mr. Lin Shao Yang admits that:—

"Among your Christian teachers in China there are men and women who are living noble and inspiring lives, and are brightening thousands of Chinese homes by innumerable acts of warm-hearted benevolence, neighbourly kindness, and devoted self-sacrifice. There are cultivated Christians who may be said to exemplify in their own aims and conduct the highest ideals of Western civilization—teachers from whom we Chinese can learn nothing but good. There are men and women who, by devoting their main energies to medical and educational work, are benefiting the minds and bodies of innumerable Chinese in a manner that deserves and receives our homage and admiration."

Amongst these benefactors, so genuinely and so generously praised by one so sceptical, I venture to include the author of this book, who, after recruiting his energies in the homeland, is returning to devote to the masses of North China the remainder of an arduous and noble life. By his strong yet sympathetic personality, he is exception-

## Introduction

ally qualified for his manifold and most important work. As he sets sail once more for his beloved city and enters once again the post of honour, and perhaps of danger, for which his thrilling life has fitted him, his numerous friends in England and America will pray that the time may be far distant when it will be possible to write the full biography of "Brown of Tientsin."

T. A. SEED.

TOTLEY RISE, SHEFFIELD.

[COPY.]

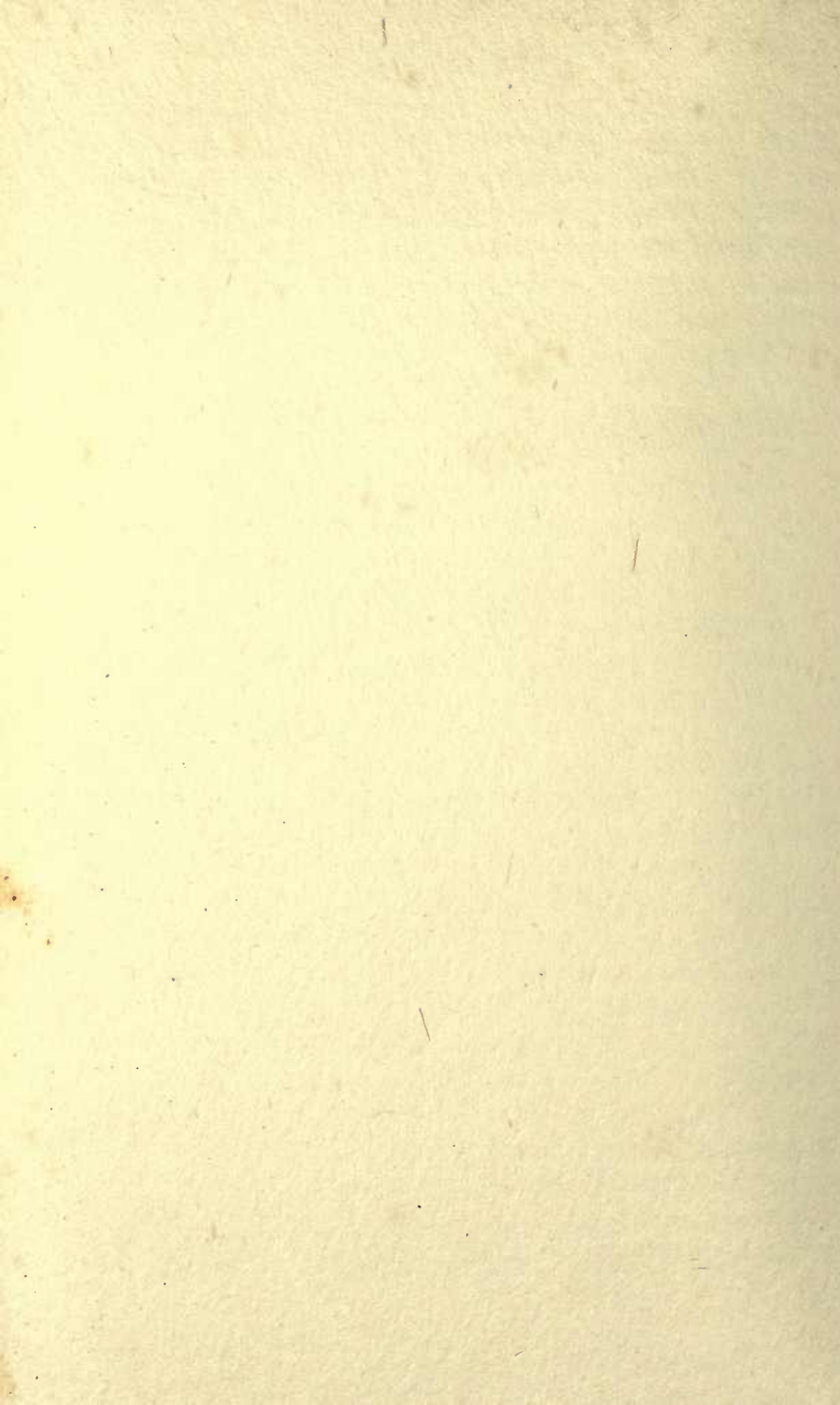
### GENERAL ARMY ORDER

TIENTSIN, 20th July, 1900.

No. 102.—The Rev. F. Brown is taken on the strength of the Force from the 20th, and is attached to the Intelligence Department.

*Certified,*

(Signed) E. W. N. NORIE, Captain,  
D.A.Q.M.G. for Intelligence,  
China Expeditionary Force.







A CHRISTIAN FAMILY.



# CHINA'S DAYSPRING AFTER THIRTY YEARS

## CHAPTER I

### THE BOXERS AND THE GOVERNMENT

THE first decade of the twentieth century in China may easily remind some future historian of Michael Angelo's "Dawn." No comparison could well be happier or more exact. In that great masterpiece of sculpture we see the statue of a sleeping woman painfully arousing herself from restless dreams. The weariness of years of toil is depicted in her form and on her visage, but she is at last awaking slowly to the new and brighter day that is just dawning. It is a picture of the great Italian Renaissance: it is no less accurate a picture of the China of to-day. What the awakening means, and how it came about, it is the object of this book to show.

It was in March, 1900, that the civilized world was startled by the news that the Boxers had sprung into prominence and were killing—in the provinces of Shantung and Chi-li. The term "Boxer" is as unfortunate as it is erroneous. I-ho-ch'uan is

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

the Chinese name, and, literally rendered, means "The Harmony of Fists Society"; or, as in Shantung, "Ta-tao-hui," "The Big Knife Society." Both these names are comparatively new, though the society is an old one. It was originally one of the numerous revolutionary sects with which China is honeycombed and undermined, and whose very existence was forbidden by Imperial edict.

The Boxer sect was anti-dynastic, anti-progressive, anti-modern, anti-Christian, and anti-foreign; but when Prince Tuan, the father of the heir-apparent, became the leader of the movement in the spring of 1900, the anti-dynastic tenet was withdrawn from their propaganda, and full force was allowed to the anti-foreign one, this being inculcated with all the fervour of half-civilized fanatics. In the winter of 1889-1900 the ill-feeling caused by the lease of Kiaochow to the Germans had culminated in an outbreak against the Government; but this was skilfully turned by the reactionaries in Peking into a rising against the hated foreigner himself. It was suggested that China, after her recent defeat by the Japanese, was too weak to resist the imperious demands of foreign nations, but that if the people were prepared to resist them by force of arms, and if China would unite in one supreme effort, the land might be freed once and for all from their aggressive aims. The cry, "Down with the Government!" gave place to the new cry, "Uphold the Dynasty; down with the foreigner!" The movement quickly spread; priests assured the young recruit of invulnerability in face

## The Boxers and the Government

of foreign weapons, and the reactionary portions of the community, only too willing to be convinced, yielded to the fervour of fanaticism, and boldly supported the so-called Boxer uprising. Proclamations were sent to all parts of the Empire, and they had the desired effect. In three months the northern and central provinces were swept clean of engineers, missionaries, railways, telegraphs, chapels, schools, and colleges. More terrible still, these demon-possessed ruffians in their frenzy perpetrated upon some of the noblest womanhood of the century atrocities that it would be difficult to parallel in the whole course of history. Their murderous passions claimed nearly two hundred European and American victims, and it is estimated that nearly forty thousand native Christians were sent to martyrs' graves.

This was reaction indeed; for only two years before, in 1898, it was rumoured that China was awaking after centuries of slumber, and that the Emperor Kuang Hsü had turned reformer. But the ruler of one-fifth of the human race, whose will was supposed to be law, had not reckoned with the wily Empress Dowager, backed by trusted officials whose interest it was to maintain the old, corrupt methods of government.

The Emperor moved fast. He abolished the classical essay as a necessary part of the examinations for office; he ordered the establishment of a university in Peking and of school boards in the provinces. Railways and telegraphs were rapidly to be constructed till the eighteen provinces should be united and bound by a network of rails and

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

wires. He even ordered the Buddhist temples to be turned into schoolrooms. Li-hung-chang and Chin-hsu were dismissed from the Tsung-Li-Yamen. The governorships of three provinces were abolished as a useless expense, and the two presidents and four vice-presidents of the Board of Rites were dismissed. Many of these reforms would doubtless have been of service to the people and the nation, and if the Emperor had been able to put most of them, as he did some of them, into operation, China would now have been not far behind Japan in progress of the more material kind.

At this juncture, however, and before the Emperor's projects could be realized, the Empress Dowager, with the clique of fossilized advisers that surrounded her, decided that his Majesty was in feeble health, and that the anxieties of State would surely kill him. Accordingly, on the advice of the dismissed officials, and in conformity with her own lust for power, "the Old Buddha," as the Empress Dowager was called, resolved, despite her sixty years and more, to reassume the rulership of the Empire. The Emperor was arrested and thrown into prison—a rather strange place for an invalid! The sound of his protesting voice could never reach the outside of the Forbidden City, and should he so resist as to cause trouble—well, a cup of strong tea, with a pinch of poison added, such as former emperors had been forced to drink, would soon put him to rest. No opposition was made by the foreign Governments, and this glaring act of injustice was perpetrated without even a remonstrance.

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After this brilliant move, so successfully carried out, it was decided to deal with the Emperor's friends. These men were struggling to throw off the bonds of national servitude, the tyranny of illegal taxation, the abuses of officialdom, the demands for bribery, and the corrupt injustice of the criminal court. Reform in China was the deadly enemy of the Manchu Dynasty, which rested on the corruption and abuses that the unhappy Emperor was seeking to remove. Extermination of the reformers was the only hope of the Government under the Empress Dowager. Chief among these was K'ang-yu-wei, who was accused of rebellion and treachery. He, however, had seen what was coming, and fled. Forthwith, an order was issued to slice him in pieces at the moment of capture ; his family were to be killed, with all their relatives ; even the graves of his ancestors were to be demolished. Such were the penalties of reform. Many were not so smart as K'ang-yu-wei, and a large number of fine young men, the flower of the Chinese capital, were caught and beheaded without a trial. One man, Chang-yin-huan, who had been thus condemned, was saved by the intervention of Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister to China. He had been the bearer of congratulations from the Emperor to Queen Victoria on the occasion of her Jubilee. Travelling round the world, he had acquired something of the spirit of reform, and for this he was to be put to death, when Sir Claude stepped in, and saved him ; but he was subsequently exiled and secretly executed in June, 1900, by the order of the Empress Dowager.

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Who was this extraordinary woman that was the means of so much suffering in China, and the acknowledged leader in the Boxer crusade? Her full name was Tzu Hsi, Tao-nu, Kang-i, Chou-yü, Chang-hing, Sha-kung, Chui-hsien, Chung-shi. A Manchu by birth, carefully educated—an advantage which falls to very few of her sex, even in the noblest families in China—she became concubine to the Emperor Hsien Feng, and had the joy of presenting him with a son and heir to the throne. To signalize his delight, he raised her to the rank of Empress, and from 1861 to 1875, when the late Emperor came to the throne, her will was absolute. She was ambitious, astute, opportunist, persevering, a woman of many moods, and could be attractive, entertaining, and cruel by turns; but the two outstanding features of her character were her extraordinary force of will and her undying love of power.

In 1860, when Hsien Feng fled to Manchuria, he appointed a regency, but the two empresses, along with Prince Kung, upset this arrangement, and they themselves obtained the power. As junior empress, Tzu Hsi had little to do but to amuse herself, and this she did, according to common report, in ways that would not have commended themselves to Confucius. When her son married he was not on good terms with his mother, and he died suddenly—of smallpox, it was said, but there were some ugly rumours afloat. His widow did not long survive: it was one day announced that her health was failing, and not long after she became “a guest on high.” The Empress Dowager then



FLEEING FROM BOXERS, PEI TAI HO, JUNE, 1900.





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chose an heir to the throne in the person of her infant nephew Kuang Hsü, the son of her sister. Disputes arose between the two sisters, and the mother of the heir, after a violent scene with Tzu Hsi, died, as it was officially announced, of "pent-up anger in the heart." The senior Dowager was the next to pass away, and the Empress Dowager was left sole head of the Government until 1889, when the young heir-apparent, Kuang Hsü, assumed power and married. When selecting from the eligible young Manchu ladies who were paraded before him in the presence of the Dowager, he handed a jade sceptre to the one he chose to honour; and this, it hardly needs be said, was Tzu Hsi's niece, a lady, however, to whom the honour would not naturally have fallen.

The failure of the war with Japan in 1894 was a terrible blow to the Empress Dowager, and she turned to the Western nations for sympathy. In 1898 she received Prince Henry of Prussia in audience. She began to invite the ladies of the foreign Legations to the Palace, and, according to Sir Claude Macdonald, "made a most favourable impression by her courtesy and affability." To each of her guests she gave a present, whispering in their ears, "All one family, all one family." At the New Year's Reception in 1900, she again received her "white sisters," and yet, five months later, she was issuing edicts which commanded her troops to throw Krupp shells and rain bullets into the dwellings of these very ladies from the West.

This memorable woman possessed all the requi-

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sites for greatness in the Chinese Empire, and greatness of a kind she certainly achieved. Sometimes she has been compared to Queen Elizabeth. Sir Robert Hart compares her to Catherine of Russia, and describes her as "a cruel woman." Nor can the accusation be denied. Even so recently as 1903, after she was supposed to have repented of the Boxer atrocities, a journalist of the name of Shen Chien was done to death under her orders and with circumstances of the most revolting cruelty. It being the Emperor's birthday week, decapitation was illegal, so he was ordered to be beaten to death. After hours of torture the man still lived. Eight executioners beat him with bamboos for over two hours; the flesh from his back and limbs was terribly cut, and in places the bare bone lay exposed. At last his request that he might be strangled was granted, and the brutal scene was ended. And this is the way the reformers were treated at the time of which we are speaking. It is said that fifty-three eunuchs were beaten to death in the courtyard of the Palace; others were beheaded, and prices were put on the head of many who escaped.

But it was especially towards foreigners that the duplicity and cruelty of the Empress Dowager was directed. In January, 1900, the Rev. J. Brooks was brutally murdered in the province of Shantung, while two German priests were killed within a short distance of the scene of his murder. A decree was promulgated, an indemnity was paid, and a few men, probably innocent, were beheaded. The Governor of the province, Yü-hsien, was

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actually dismissed and degraded, but he was almost immediately appointed Governor of Shan-si, where, according to the latest statistics, he put to death no fewer than a hundred and ten European and American citizens. Imperial edicts for the protection of life and property proved useless, for along with them secret instructions to the contrary were sent by the officials. In the famous diary of H. E. Ching Shan, who was in Peking at the time, under date June 30, 1900, he writes:—

“The following proclamation is now placarded all over the city, in accordance with the Empress Dowager’s orders—

“ ‘ *Rewards.*—Now that all foreign churches and chapels have been razed to the ground, and that no place of refuge or concealment is left for the foreigners, they must unavoidably scatter, flying in every direction. Be it therefore known and announced to all men . . . that any person found guilty of harbouring foreigners will incur the penalty of decapitation. For every male foreigner taken alive a reward of 50 taels will be given; for every female 40 taels; and for every child 30 taels; but it is to be clearly understood that they shall be taken alive, and that they shall be genuine foreigners. Once this fact has been duly authenticated, the reward will be paid without delay. A special proclamation, requiring reverent obedience.’ ”

Even after her partial disillusionment with respect to the Boxers it is evident that the Empress Dowager retained her hatred of the foreigner, and all her cunning and duplicity. In the volume from

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which I have just quoted \* we read in the chapter on "The Flight from Peking":—

"On the 8th September, at Hsin Chou, three Imperial (yellow) chairs had been provided by the local officials, so that their Majesties' entrance into T'ai-yuan fu, on the 10th, was not unimposing. The Court took up its residence in the Governor's Yamen (that same bloodstained building in which, six weeks before, Yü Hsien had massacred the missionaries). Yü Hsien, the Governor, met their Imperial Majesties outside the city walls, and knelt by the roadside as the Old Buddha's palanquin came up. She bade her bearers stop, and called to him to approach. When he had done so, she said: 'At your farewell audience, in the last moon of the last year, you assured me that the Boxers were really invulnerable. Alas! you were wrong, and now Peking has fallen! But you did splendidly in carrying out my orders and in ridding Shansi of the whole brood of foreign devils. Every one speaks well of you for this, and I know, besides, how high is your reputation for good and honest work. Nevertheless, and because the foreign devils are loudly calling for vengeance upon you, I may have to dismiss you from office, as I had to do with Li Peng-heng; but be not disturbed in mind, for, if I do this, it is only to throw dust in the eyes of the barbarians, for our own ends. We must bide our time, and hope for better days.' . . . This conversation was clearly heard by several bystanders, one of whom reported it in a letter to

\* "China Under the Empress Dowager," by J. O. P. Bland and E. Backhouse. London: Heinemann, 1910.

## The Boxers and the Government

Shanghai. When Yü Hsien had finished, the Old Buddha sighed, and told her bearers to proceed. A few days later she issued the first of the Expiatory Decrees by which Yü Hsien and other Boxer leaders were dismissed from office, but not before she had visited the courtyard where the hapless missionaries had met their fate, and cross-examined Yü Hsien on every detail of that butchery. And it is recorded that, while she listened eagerly to this tale of unspeakable cowardice, the heir-apparent was swaggering noisily up and down the courtyard, brandishing the huge sword given him by Yü Hsien, with which the devil's work had been done. No better example could be cited of this remarkable woman's primitive instincts and elemental passion of vindictiveness."\*

After all that has come to light, however, the character of Tzu Hsi remains an enigma. Her great qualities—her courage, foresight, and power of governing—were at least as remarkable as her bad ones. Whether the Boxer movement was originated by her with a view to ridding herself of the foreigner, in whom she recognized an element of danger to herself, or whether, detecting in that movement the seeds of a revolution against her Dynasty, she cleverly contrived to turn its anger against the foreigner, will perhaps never be known. All that is certain is that she ended by deliberately encouraging the dastardly attack made by them in defiance of all civilized notions upon Envoys accredited to the Chinese Court by friendly Powers. "When, however," continues a writer signing him-

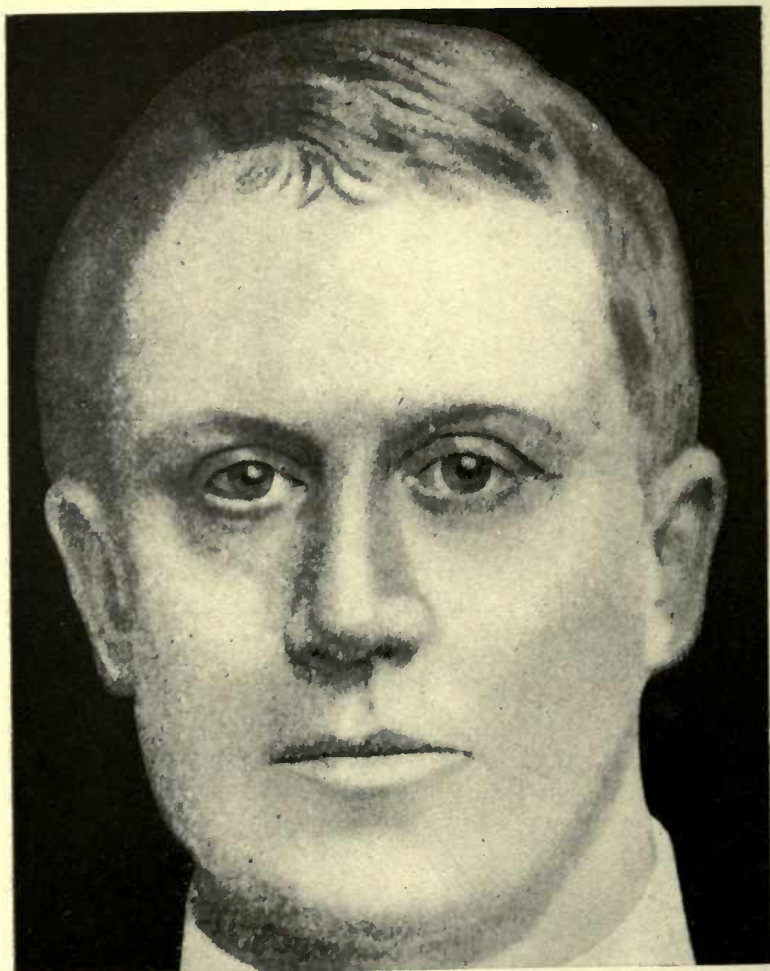
\* *Op. cit.* pp. 348-9.

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self "Peking," in the *National Review* for July, 1904, "she realized that the game had failed and that the foreigner could not be wiped out, she began to see the folly of her policy, and being equally comfortable on whichever side of the fence she sat, provided it was on a throne, she veered round and sent presents of rice and water-melons to the very people she had sought to destroy!" Mr. Bland and Mr. Backhouse give some reasons for supposing that, when peace was restored, Tzu Hsi's conversion to reform was sincere and thorough; and it must, in all fairness, be remembered that she had some reason to be enraged against the foreigners. A forged document was presented to her in which the Powers threatened to take the rule of China out of her hands. On June 20, 1900, the diary of Ching Shan says:—

"With tears in his eyes Jung Lu knelt before her Majesty; he confessed that the foreigners had only themselves to blame if China declared war upon them, but he urged her to bear in mind that an attack on the Legations, as recommended by Prince Tuan and the rest of the Council, might entail the ruin of the ancestral shrines of the Dynasty, as well as the altars of the local tutelary gods. What good purpose, he asked, would be served by the besieging, nay, even by the destruction, of this isolated handful of Europeans? What lustre could it add to the Imperial arms? Obviously, it must be waste of energy and misdirected purpose. The Old Buddha replied that if these were his views, he had better persuade the foreigners to leave the city before the attack began; she could no longer restrain the





DR. MORRISON.

Political Adviser to Yuan Shih Kai and late *Times* Correspondent.

[To face p. 43.]



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patriotic movement, even if she wished. If, therefore, he had no better advice than this to offer, he might consider himself excused from further attendance at the Council. Jung Lu thereupon "koh-toa-ed" thrice and left the audience to return to his own house. Upon his departure, Ch'i Hsiu drew from his boot the draft of the Decree which was to declare war. Her Majesty read it and exclaimed, 'Admirable, admirable!'

This Jung Lu, who was the father of the wife of the late Regent, was one of the few high officials who clearly saw the folly of the action of the Empress Dowager and her counsellors, and it was to him, to a large extent, that the Legations owed their escape from extermination. Another writer in the *National Review* (March, 1907), signing himself "Shanghai," says:—

"That the Legations succeeded in holding out until relief reached them must be attributed to the restraining influence of such men as Prince Ch'ing and the Grand Secretary Jung Lu, who, though unable to suppress or control the upheaval, realized its stupidity and folly, and wisely concealed from general knowledge the existence in Peking of parks of heavy modern ordnance that would have speedily overcome the feeble resistance the Legations could offer to systematized attack. Outside Peking, great as was the loss of life among foreign missionaries and their converts, that loss would have been multiplied tenfold but for the splendid behaviour of certain high Chinese officials—of Hsu Ching-Ch'eng and Yuan-Ch'ang, members of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, who, though fully aware of the death penalty to

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which they rendered themselves liable, and which they suffered, but sacrificing themselves to save their country, substituted the word 'protect' for 'destroy' in the draft of the second Edict ordering the extermination of foreigners, before issuing it to the provinces."

The official Chinese explanation of the Boxer rising is not warranted by the facts. That explanation is to the effect that by their demand for the evacuation of the Taku forts, the foreign admirals turned what was a local outbreak into a national movement against foreigners. But the summons to evacuate the forts was not given until the 16th of June, 1900, and there can be no doubt that if those forts had not been occupied, every foreigner, in North China at least, would have been swept off the face of the earth. It is evident, as "Shanghai" reminds us, in the article cited above, that, before the 16th, the Government in Peking had "thrown in its lot with the Boxers." These are his words:—

"It is evident from the diary of Mgr. Favier, the brave defender of the Pei-t'sang, or Northern Cathedral, in Peking, published in the *Missions Catholiques*, that the appointment of Prince Tuan, 'the supreme head of the Boxers,' on June 11th, as President of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, was the signal that the Government had definitely thrown in its lot with the Boxers. On the same day M. Sugiyama was dragged from his cart and murdered by the soldiers of Tung Fu-hsiang (the violently anti-foreign Chinese General), who 'made common cause with the Boxers, and wished to forbid all

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Europeans either to enter or to leave Peking.' On the 12th, 13th, and 14th, all foreign houses and churches in Peking, the Legations excepted, were destroyed, and on the 14th the Pei-t'sang was cut off from all communication with the outside."

But long before this the missionaries saw what was coming. I was superintendent of the district at the time in connection with the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in North China, with my headquarters in Tientsin, and early in 1900 a friendly disposed Chinese official called on me to say that the protection given in the past would be impossible for the future. On my asking why, he replied, "Puh hsing" ("It cannot be done"). In February the Viceroy sent word that I should not be allowed to travel without an escort of Chinese soldiers. Refusing the escort, I secured one of our trusted native ministers and sent him to an out-station with my mules and cart. On his arrival at the chapel a crowd gathered, but, raising the curtain, they saw that he was only a Chinaman, who, for mobbing purposes, was not so desirable as a foreigner. At this time I wrote: "Every circuit in the district is overrun by the Boxers. I am trying to show by example that 'the post of danger is the post of honour.' All our foreign and native workers are in great danger, and at present we cannot see the 'silver lining' to the cloud. If we can fill out the Conference year (which ended on May 30, 1900), without riot and bloodshed, we shall be glad." The *New York Christian Advocate* (to which I wrote the letter) said on June 10th:—

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"We have received a letter from the Rev. F. Brown, of Tientsin. It has wandered far before reaching us, and opens with these significant words: 'I desire to keep you posted on the Boxer question, as if you receive a wire telling of serious trouble you will not be unprepared. My district is full of rumours; ministers are reviled, and people are being persecuted. I send you herewith a placard which was taken off the front door of the chapel in Tai-cheng. . . . This is the only district where the trouble is serious at present.' The enclosures consist of the Boxers' call to arms: the Marseillaise hymn of the Boxers, it might be called."

This letter was dated May 7, 1900, a month before the insurrection began in earnest, and during this month, if the diplomats had acted with energy, hundreds of precious lives might have been saved by getting them to safe quarters. But even on May 31st one minister answered, "There is no evidence that Boxers exist," while a Consul charged me with crying, "Wolf." It is an historical fact that missionaries gave ample warning to those who could have saved many lives, but the warning was unheeded. Dr. Arthur Smith wrote many letters of warning to the *North China Herald*, while the strong articles which appeared in the *Peking and Tientsin Times* resulted in threats of punishment and hints about a "change in the editorial staff." The latter paper mentioned the placard above referred to, and said:—

"It is artistic, and calculated to appeal instantly to the appreciation of all classes of the [Chinese] people. The outbreaks of anti-foreign feeling which

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have been experienced from time to time have been attributed first to one cause and then to another. Missionary effort has been blamed: a weakened diplomacy has been charged, and deep-laid schemes of revenge against the Dynasty have been debited with the responsibility. But it is questionable whether we seek for any explanation other than the inherent, deep-rooted hatred which smoulders or flames in every Chinese heart. In 'Elgin's' day it sought no disguise. Since then the only two emotions which are most potent in China—fear and greed—have kept it in restraint; but it is still there. Its strongest life is in the official circles, for the official life is benefited least by our coming, and would gain most by our going. They see that the education of the people will bring about the gradual downfall of the awful system of 'squeeze' and extortion, which is the official life-blood. With individual Chinese much has been accomplished by missionaries and teachers, but we find the same obdurate obstructiveness as existed twenty years ago."

Then follows a statement which shows that the editor of this paper (May 5, 1900) had the foresight of a prophet: "If the people did not tremble at a strong Edict, they have danced for joy at the weak one issued against the Boxers by the Throne. And thus the story will go on till something happens which will startle the world and show how little China at heart has altered since the early days of foreign intercourse." Mrs. Smith, the writer of the above, passed to her reward two years ago, but to her dying day she rejoiced in the fact that

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she "did what she could" at that time to stir the diplomatists to action before it was too late. I also shall ever be grateful for the memory of the fact that many of the leading articles were inspired by myself in a fruitless attempt to save the people.

By the middle of May the Boxer movement had obtained a firmer footing in North China than the Foreign Ministers suspected. On the 17th sixty Catholic converts were killed, and more than two thousand were forced to flee for their lives without food, clothes, or shelter. Lord Salisbury cabled to the British Minister: "If you think it necessary for protection of Europeans, you may send for Marine Guard." The Guard was sent for immediately, but the Chinese placed obstacles in the way of its advance towards the Legation. It was at this time that the Belgian engineers employed by the Government in constructing the railway were attacked while trying to escape from Pao-ting-fu to the coast. Four were killed, and the rest endured terrible sufferings, but were eventually brought into Tientsin by a relief party organized by the residents of that city aided by military men. In the meantime the Marine Guard had been allowed to enter Peking. It consisted of 350 officers and men—English, American, German, Russian, Japanese, and French. Only a few of this force lived to return to the coast after the relief of the Legations. Prince Tuan, by revolutionary methods, had become President of the Tsung-Li-Yamen, or Foreign Office, and it had now become impossible to disguise the fact that all the bloodshed was instigated by the Empress

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Dowager and the bulk of her advisers, who could no longer conceal their guilt. It was part of a well-laid scheme for the extermination of the foreigner. They rightly judged that the spirit of the West is the spirit of reform, and nothing short of extermination would satisfy those opposed to it.

## CHAPTER II

### AN EXCITING RIDE TO TIENTSIN

ALONG with others, some of whom did not reach the coast again till after the siege, I went to our Annual Conference, which was to be held in Peking on the 30th of May. Entering the city, we saw something of the ravages of the Boxers, who had already attacked the main line to the south. On passing the Feng-tai Junction, we saw the engineers' houses, workshops, engines, and carriages in ruins. These had been destroyed a few days previously. We realized that the time that had been spent in gathering Boxer statistics in the hope of stirring up the foreign officials to action had been worse than wasted; for, even by this time, the truth of our suggestions had been proved.

Our Conference lasted till the evening of the 3rd of June, and all were at liberty to leave. But, even before that date, some of the members of the Conference had asked and received permission to return to their homes. In one sense, it is a pity that more did not leave, for some of our most trusty native ministers were shot on the barricades during the siege of the Legations. On the other hand, some who left the city were caught and killed, and these might have been saved if they had remained.



## An Exciting Ride to Tientsin

On the 4th of June, about nine o'clock, a party of four gentlemen and three ladies left the mission compound for the station, three miles away. On passing the Legations, we noticed crowds of Chinese soldiers lounging round the gates as if they were protecting the people inside. One man snapped his fingers at one of my companions and said, "Ni-men-chū-puh-liao" ("You cannot get away now"). We did not know the full significance of his words, but went on and out of the Yung-ting Gate. When just outside, we were told that it was useless to attempt to get away as the Boxers were in possession farther south; the bridges, we were told, were in flames, and the trains could not proceed. One of my colleagues insisted on our going to the terminus to ascertain the truth. On arriving at the station, we entered the foreign waiting-room, a double-story building. The stationmaster, a Chinaman, informed us that there would be no trains. We waited here some time, and then I asked permission to wire to the Foreign Inspector at Feng-tai, seven miles down the line. Permission was granted, and I sent the following wire: "Feng-tai. There are three ladies and some gentlemen waiting here. Is there any possible chance of our getting to Tientsin to-day?—BROWN." This telegram went forward, but no answer came; the inspector was not there. After about an hour, looking down the line, we saw an engine coming towards us. On the engine was a native guard of some standing, who was anxious to get to Tientsin. He said: "I cannot promise to get you to Tientsin, but will do my best. We may land you over the

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burning bridges among the Boxers and have to bring you back."

We decided to take the risk, each man taking his place at a carriage window, armed with either a rifle or a revolver ; some of the ladies had revolvers. After going about nine miles we came to the bridge, it was burning, but not so seriously as to prevent our crossing it. Alongside was the shell of the railway-station, which had been attacked that morning, while the signal-post and water-tank were badly damaged. There were sword-cuts on all that remained of the woodwork. Before long, on passing on, we found the line on both sides thronged with Boxers and our supposed friends the soldiers ; but neither of them attacked us, and we dashed on at full speed. When we stopped to take in water, we questioned some of the soldiers belonging to General Nieh's army who had been sent to protect the station that had been destroyed that morning. Asked as to the Boxer attack, they said : " An old man came from the village at 2 a.m. It was very dark. Then thousands of ' heavenly soldiers ' [Boxers] came down and we fired at them, but the bullets would not enter. Some did knock men over, but they would jump up, spit the bullets out, and fight again. And how could we fight against such men ? "

These soldiers were making their way as fast as possible to the coast, telling this tale as they went. It shows that thus early the soldiers and the Boxers were in league to exterminate the foreigner, and that that league was *not* the consequence of the action of the admirals at Taku.

Arrived at Tientsin, we found that our driver had

## An Exciting Ride to Tientsin

absconded, and that the engine was in charge of the fireman. Many friends were anxiously awaiting us, hardly expecting again to see us alive. The telegraph wires were cut, the rails torn up, and every bridge on the line and every station burnt within a couple of hours after we had passed through. We were more grateful than I can express for our escape from what had seemed like certain death. We were the last foreigners to escape from Peking.

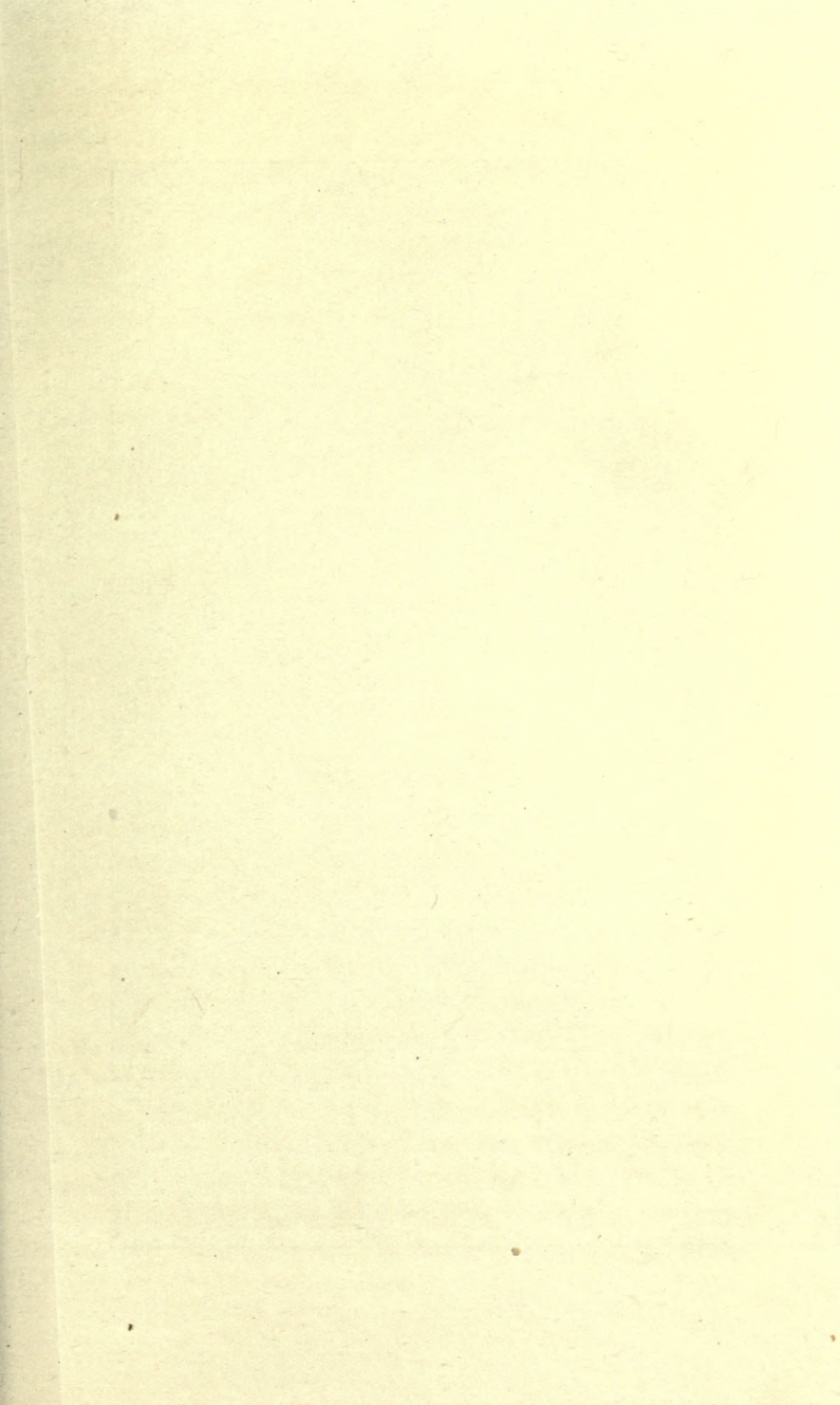
Seven days after, Admiral Seymour, determined to re-open communication with the capital within twenty-four hours, set out from Tientsin with 2,000 men, amongst whom were 915 British, 350 Germans, 158 French, and 104 Americans, Austrians, and Italians. This force pushed on slowly, and succeeded in reaching Lang-fang, the farthest point he reached to the north, fighting all the way, and repairing the line as they went. Progress became difficult, chiefly because the line of communication behind them was continually being cut. After some days they ran short of food and water, and, as they had many sick and wounded, it was decided to return to Tientsin. This was done; but throughout their march they had to fight their way, and for nearly a week there was no word of Seymour or his troops. Having fought their way to Yang-tsun, they resolved to abandon the railway line and take to the river. Eventually they reached Hsi-ku, where they found and captured the arsenal, and entrenched till the relieving force from Tientsin found them and brought them in.

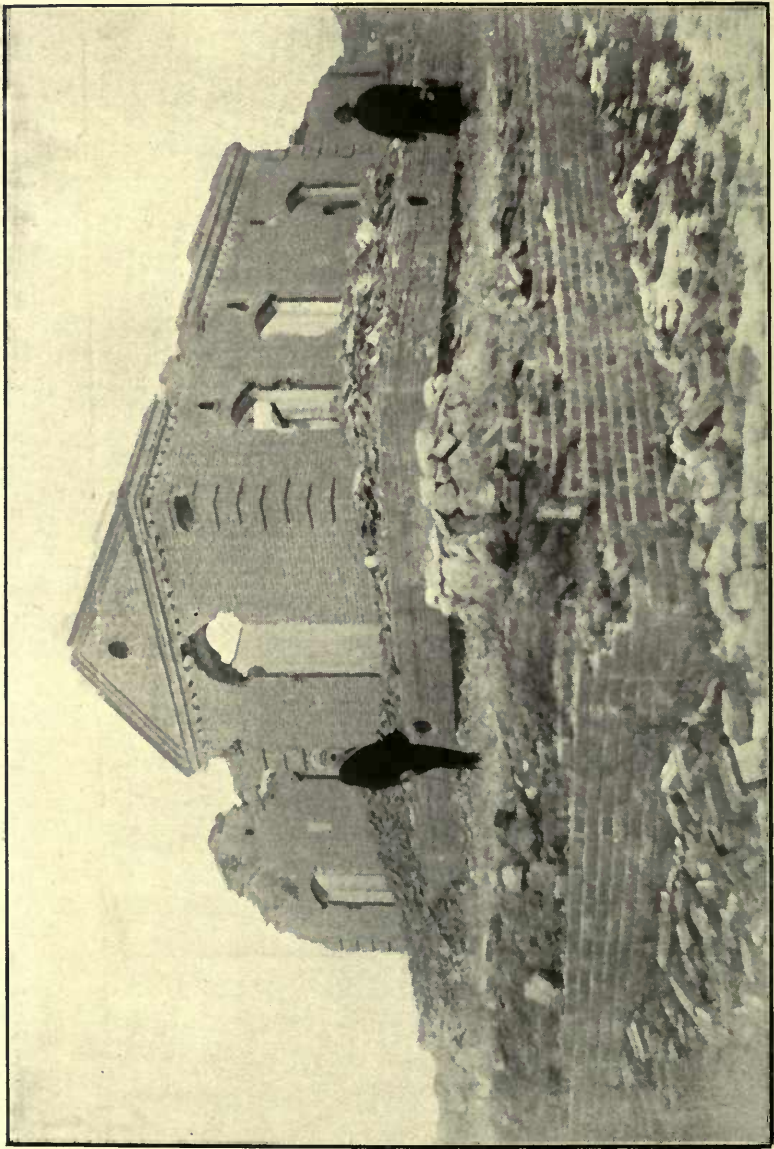
Pei-tai-ho is 150 miles north-east of Tientsin. Since the railway was opened in 1890 it has been

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possible to send invalids there, and this has proved a great boon to those in need of change and rest, and has braced up many an invalid who would otherwise have been obliged to go to Japan or the homeland. To this place I was advised to go by H.B.M. Consul at Tientsin. The day following our arrival from Peking on the 5th of June, we went to take a train and found the platform in possession of General Nieh's troops. Here I saw the strangest performance I ever witnessed in China. A soldier took a black dog by the ears, and another held him by the tail, while a third cut him across the neck. Catching the blood in a dish, they dipped the points of their bayonets into it, and then sprinkled it from the dish about the platform. I have not yet succeeded in obtaining a satisfactory explanation of this strange proceeding. The only one suggested is that this is the Chinese method of exciting an appetite for blood and fighting; but I am doubtful.

In the train we were accompanied by the gallant captain of the German ship the *Illus*, who, at the taking of the Taku Forts a few days later, had both legs blown off. For his gallantry he received a special decoration from the German Emperor. There were also two missionaries whose families were living seven miles from the Great Wall, at a place called Tsun-hua; at this station there were four ladies and seven children. A few days later a telegram was sent to General Sung Ching, asking him to help these people. In reply he sent twenty cavalymen, who, acting on his instructions, brought them out in safety. Within a few days this same





RESIDENCE AFTER THE BOXERS HAD LOOTED.

*Photo by Dr. Hopkins.*

## An Exciting Ride to Tientsin

general came under the magic wand of the Empress Dowager and the lamb became a lion, the friendly Sung Ching was turned into a bitter enemy and fought us desperately at Tientsin and on the march to Peking. It was this brave general who showed to the world that the Chinese soldier, well led, is not to be despised.

On arriving at Pei-tai-ho, I found intense excitement. The ladies and children were brought into the Rocky Point settlement, which is situated on the side of a high hill, from which anything approaching from the surrounding country could readily be seen. There were seventy-five all told, mostly women and children. Anxiously we waited for what the future had in store for us. Our line of retreat landward was soon cut off, and at last all communication with our quarter ceased. One morning on looking out southward to the open sea, we saw a vessel approaching, which proved to be H.M.S. *Humber*, sent by the Vice-Admiral to rescue us.

An officer who was studying the Chinese language had taken command of our small garrison. A flag-staff had been set up ashore and a code of signals arranged. My responsibilities were great, for during the whole time I had to act as interpreter to the Major, and as a medium between him and the Chinese round about. After consultation it was decided that all should board the ship, leaving houses, goods, and chattels to the Boxers. The gun-boat was two miles out at sea, and the ship's boats would have been almost useless for getting the people aboard in the rough sea. Major Parsons, therefore, ordered me to hire junks, or Chinese

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boats ; but all my efforts to obtain them failed. In spite of offers of large sums of money, the fishermen would not lend a single vessel. The reason transpired later ; the local official had threatened that any man hiring to us should be executed on arrest. A note to this effect, given to the Major, brought ashore five-and-twenty British marines with fixed bayonets, and they took all the junks they required, the fishermen bolting like a flock of sheep. Our circumstances were serious enough, but I could not help being amused at the British tars' attempts to sail the junks. Not much progress was made until the ship's steam-launch was brought into requisition.

On reaching shipboard, I ventured to remark to the doctor that the Chinese could handle their ugly boats much better than our men. Drawing himself together and standing his full height, he replied : " My dear sir, allow me to inform you that there is nothing in this world that a British bluejacket cannot do." I fully agreed with him, of course. Nothing could have surpassed the tenderness with which these hardy men helped the delicate women and children into the boats, and from the boats into the ship, whilst rescuing them from the " tender mercies " of the Boxer mobs. Many of the men doubtless had children of their own and thought of them while gently handing the babes and their parents on to the stout deck of the *Humber*. There were ladies with us whose husbands were in Peking and their children in Tientsin, both places at that time being besieged and bombarded, and some of our number left Pei-tai-ho believing that they would



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never see their loved ones again. But to stay meant—

“Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure—  
All these they must, and guiltless, oft endure.”

The ship sailed for Taku, where the American citizens were taken charge of by the American Admiral, while the British were sent on board the s.s. *Yik-sang* for conveyance to Chefoo. The *Humber* returned at once to Pei-tai-ho to bring away those she had been unable to ship on the first trip, and when she left the shore the second time the looters could plainly be seen at work, and before the ship left the harbour what had been a beautiful town was a mass of flames.

On the 16th of June the admirals at Taku noticed the Chinese laying torpedoes in the river and training their guns on the men-of-war. They thus foresaw the Boxer and his army—

“. . . who pitched upon the plain  
His mighty camp, and when the day returned  
The country wasted, the hamlets burned,  
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,  
Without control to strip and spoil the dead.”

After the momentous decision had been arrived at by the allied admirals that the immediate possession of the Taku Forts was an imperative necessity, the hazardous duty of communicating this decision to the Chinese Commander was entrusted to a Russian officer. He had, however, to find a competent interpreter to accompany him, and the only man available was an Irishman. This gentleman

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had only just arrived from Tientsin when the Russian officer appeared with an urgent request for his aid. Mr. Johnston, who had been a missionary, instantly responded to the call of duty, and, after a hurried good-bye to those dearest to him, he took his place in the boat. In a few minutes he was asking permission to enter the South Forts and to see the Commander. This was like entering the very jaws of death. The Chinese guard instantly surrounded them, and threateningly refused to convey the message to the General unless the substance of it was first communicated to them. After further parley, they were admitted to the presence of the Commander, who said that he would be glad to surrender the Forts, but that he was there to obey orders. The messengers took their leave at once, and only began to breathe freely when once more in their own boat. The officer had confided to Mr. Johnston that he had scarcely ventured to hope that they would ever return. He thought their heads would be taken as the only reply, and when his companion's hat blew off into the water he regarded it as a very sinister omen.

The ultimatum requested General Yang to surrender the forts before two o'clock the next morning. At eleven that night, the Chinese guns began booming as *the only answer*. They had previously been trained on the men-of-war. Little damage, however, was done, for the ships had changed position after dark, so that nearly all the shells plunged harmlessly into the sea. Long and terrible was the fight, for on both sides the most modern weapons were in use. Before daylight the

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foreign torpedo-catchers, which had entered the river a few days before, came down, landed men, and made the assault. The Chinese General and hundreds of officers and men were killed, while those who escaped fell back on T'ang-shan, in the direction whence we had come on being rescued by the *Humber*. Had our departure been delayed till the arrival of the retreating soldiers, we should all, without doubt, have fallen victims to their wrath.

An English engine-driver had made his escape from Taku during the bombardment, and, dashing along on his engine, brought the news to us at Pei-tai-ho. Having the land telegraphic line open to the north, we dispatched a cable via St. Petersburg and London, announcing the fall of the Forts. It proved to be the first intimation of the event to reach the outer world. A few days previously I had been appointed correspondent by cable from New York, and that was the first piece of news I had to communicate.

## CHAPTER III

### THE SIEGE OF TIENTSIN

WHILE at Chefoo, where we had been taken by the *Yik-sang*, we dispatched many cables. I also received cables from many parts from people who had friends in Tientsin and Peking. Some I was able to answer, but to many it was beyond my power to give the information asked for. Here are some examples: "Where Lowry family, names, places?" "Wire particulars entire family.—FATHER." "Send names our missionaries, safe, killed." "Are Peking Tientsin safe?—LEONARD." "Give location of missionaries, anxiety intense." "Our missionaries together decide families coming home." "Cable names Methodist missionaries murdered." Unfortunately, by the omission of a name, some misunderstandings arose. When I mentioned the names of the missionaries in the siege of Peking, for instance, I forgot one, and the inference was that that one had been murdered, and her friends, in great distress, prepared for a memorial service. Since I acted as a correspondent, I have been able to appreciate the demand for sensational news. Several cables reached me asking for abnormally thrilling incidents; but these I could not give without inventing them. It is to be feared that some corre-

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spondents send sensation because it is demanded at headquarters.

While waiting for an opportunity to return to Taku—which was no easy matter, for no civilians were allowed to go, Tientsin being in a state of siege—I was pleased to notice how energetically and amicably the Anglo-Saxon race joined in rescuing Europeans. Consul Fowler, the representative of the United States, *e.g.*, chartered a steamer on his own responsibility, and sent her along the coast of the Gulf of Pechili to pick up foreigners, regardless of their nationality, who might be in distress. In this way about two hundred English, French, and Americans were rescued.

In Chefoo there were two frowning forts, and we were in continual fear lest they should fire on us. Under these circumstances an American citizen asked permission to go to Wei-hai-wei on H.M.S. *Terrible*. Captain Percy Scott,\* of Ladysmith fame, answered: "Sir, on board H.M.S. *Terrible* there is no difference between American and British. Come, as many as want to go to Wei-hai-wei. Blood is thicker than water." This recalls an incident during the attack on the forts of Taku in 1860. When some British vessels were in difficulties, the American admiral sent a tug-boat to pull a disabled ship out of range. Being asked his reason, he replied in the words which have since become historic, "Blood is thicker than water."

Chefoo was nearly free from women and children. My own family went away on board a troopship bound for Hong-kong, whence I had arranged that they should be sent forward to England. On

\* Admiral Scott.

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arriving there they wired: "Steamers full, and no lodgings. What shall we do?" In answer I wired: "Go to Japan." They then sailed for Nagasaki, where they remained till September, when they sailed in a German steamer for England. It is a personal matter, and one that touches me most intimately, but I may here mention that, a few days before the siege of Tientsin commenced, the hand of death entered our home there, and took our eldest child, a daughter aged twelve. Ruth was a dear girl, gentle, sweet, and kind, a favourite with all. It was a sad blow to us all, and it was with broken hearts that we laid our treasure in the cemetery of Tientsin to await the Resurrection. Close by hers are the graves of several famous missionaries—Gilmour, of Mongolia, whom I knew well; Mackenzie, the pioneer medical missionary; Dr. Roberts, of Tientsin; and many others, whose record is on high. Our grief was bitter, as our loss was great, yet, even in this dark dispensation we can see the hand of our Heavenly Father, and can trace His wise and loving care. From the death of our dear one we can discern a line of remarkable providences. If this bereavement had not occurred there is no doubt that Mrs. Brown and the children would have been in Tientsin during the siege; that I should not have gone to Pei-tai-ho; that I should not have reached Chefoo; and that I should not have returned to the rescue. Many have since said: "Why did you not accompany your family instead of going back to Taku and Tientsin?" The only answer I can give is, "The call was too strong." Being chairman of the Tientsin district at the time,





STUDENT VOLUNTEERS FROM THE METHODIST UNIVERSITY, PEKING.

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and having charge of all the work in the district, the call to me was imperative and in line with the early motto of my life—

“ Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.”

At last after a time of weary waiting in Chefoo, I was given the opportunity of returning to Tientsin. This came about through the kindness of the captain of a vessel carrying cattle for the German navy at Taku. The voyage up was uneventful. Going ashore, I saw Captain Wild of the U.S.S. *Monacacy*, who allowed me to ascend the thirty-seven miles of river on an armed tug-boat. On entering the mouth of the river I saw the Japanese and British flags floating over the first forts, from which so recently the Chinese had defied the allied fleets. There were many signs of the terrible struggle which had taken place. Some of the Allies had given no quarter to a single Chinaman, and one of them had disgraced civilization by firing on the unarmed coolies of the Tug and Lighter Company. In ordinary times a large hulk is anchored on the bar outside the mouth of the river, and about three hundred coolies live on board. When steamers come and need lighterage the coolies are put aboard them by the Company. After the fall of the Taku Forts, there being no steamers to employ them, they decided to go ashore. Unfortunately for them, they landed opposite the Russian fort. They were fired upon, and the whole three hundred were either shot or drowned. The ribs of the hulk now lie above high-water mark as a memento of the terrible deed. This is only one

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of the many crimes perpetrated in the name of civilization, and China has good reasons for being particular in choosing among her civilizing friends.

The trip up the river was a terrible experience. We had to steer clear of corpses, the river being crowded with them. Scores of grain-junks were anchored on both sides of the river, and foreign soldiers were searching them for eggs, chickens, and other eatables. Non-compliance with their demands meant death to the recalcitrants. Most of the villages had been destroyed, and over such as remained was waving the British, French, Japanese, or German flag, to testify that the inhabitants were friendly. The match factory and farm, though owned by Chinese, were counted semi-foreign, and had been destroyed by the Boxers.

The Kao-liang, or high millet, was just ripe, and as it grows from nine to eleven feet high, and as the country was covered with it, our difficulties were now greatly increased. It took us eight weary hours to make this short trip up the river, along which on both sides the high grain gave good shelter to the Chinese snipers, yet, except by an outpost in the distance, we were not disturbed. Junks followed in succession bearing wounded to the coast. The upper decks were crowded with bandaged men who were being taken seaward in the hope of a speedier recovery.

On arriving at the foreign settlement in Tientsin, I found my house shattered with shells. In the rooms I collected handfuls of shrapnel bullets and exploded shells. The French settlement had been destroyed, and what had been a pretty Chinese

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suburb was now nothing but a mass of roofless charred and blackened houses. It was on the 19th of June that the Chinese began to bombard the foreign settlements. There was but a small force of the Allies, while the Chinese crowded round in thousands. The Boxers were in front, while the regulars stood behind, bombarding with all their might, hoping to overpower the small garrison, when the Boxers could rush in and massacre.

Tientsin must have fallen, and the admirals would not have known of its great peril but for a young Englishman of the name of Watts, who offered to ride through the Chinese lines with two Cossacks to Taku. At nightfall Watts and the Cossacks slipped quietly through the besiegers. After many narrow escapes, swimming the river, and being shot at several times, they reached Taku. In performing this feat, Mr. Watts displayed conspicuous bravery, and King Edward was pleased to recognize his courage and the value of his services. His Majesty conferred upon him a companionship of St. Michael and St. George. Troops were at once dispatched, and though repulsed twice, they arrived in time to save the situation. Every civilian had been in the firing line; many had been hit, some killed. The native Christians had built the barriers. There had been many fires, and but for the soldiers who fought so bravely at the railway-station the place would have been captured.

While Tientsin was being besieged it was impossible to hear from Peking, or even from Admiral Seymour. Chinese guns placed in the native city pounded away for twenty days longer. On the 25th

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of June a relieving column marched out in search of Seymour. It came up with him in one day, joining forces at the arsenal of Hsi-ku, to which he had retreated after reaching Lang-fang in his fruitless attempt to relieve the Legations in Peking. The Chinese tore up the line as he relaid it. The task was a hopeless one. He had had sixty-two killed, and had 362 sick and wounded with him. The whole force, with the relief party, returned to Tientsin. The Admiral and Mr. Campbell, who acted as Intelligence Officer, had been sniped and wounded—happily with no serious effects.

In spite of hundreds of bursting shells and showers of stray bullets, the greatest danger in the settlement was from hidden riflemen, who seemed to be firing from every building, especially from the warehouses. To show oneself in the streets was to be shot at, and only the fact that these Boxer sympathizers were untrained in the use of arms prevented an immense loss of life. Again and again suspected places would be surrounded and searched. One coolie employed by a foreign firm fired a revolver point-blank at a passing civilian, but fortunately missed his mark. It may seem remarkable that although the settlements were bombarded for twenty-five days, only five civilians were killed, but the large cellars of Tientsin gave great protection, and the ladies and children spent most of their time in them. The heaviest shells exploded in passing through the first wall they struck, their fragments being blown all over the room they entered, but not passing through a second wall. Thus by remaining on a floor below the surface people were fairly

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safe. In the street every one was exposed. When no firing was proceeding, the ladies slept on chairs, on the stairs, and on the floors ; but during shelling they spent hours of misery in those dark, dismal cellars.

With scanty clothing, with little bedding, with none of the conveniences of home, with an unbroken diet of corned and cold meats and biscuits, and with such crowded quarters, it is easy to imagine what the women and children suffered during the many days of the bombardment. The damage to property was great. Chimneys and sections of roofs were blown away and rooms dismantled. Shells had pierced the walls, and, exploding, had fallen on beds or floors. The ground had been torn up, and was littered with fragments of common shell and shrapnell, as well as with rifle bullets. In one house chair legs were found sticking in the ceiling, while all the other furniture was reduced to fragments. With so many fires and heavy bombardments, everybody said good-bye to his household treasures.

At this point it is my pleasant duty to record the bravery of the troops. The railway had been attacked, and in the battle that ensued the Russians lost no fewer than one hundred men, but the Chinese must have lost three hundred. With all their courage the Cossacks were obliged to send for aid. They were reinforced by the British, with whose help they finally repulsed the Chinamen. It had been a critical time. Women's faces were white, and men's were grave. There had seemed little hope. The imperial troops numbered about five thousand, with Boxers innumerable, and if they had

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attacked in a body at any particular point, no effectual resistance could have been made. For three days fighting was continuous, but God was on the side of the women and children. The natural advantages seemed to be all on the side of the Chinese. Matters had become so serious that men had been appointed to shoot the women and children when it should come to the final stand, rather than let them fall into the hands of their cruel assailants. The men were fighting night and day, and were fast becoming exhausted, and the ammunition threatened to give out. Everywhere were sights most horrible; the river was choked with bodies, the air was vile, the water foul.

On the 13th of July it was resolved to put an end to the shot and shell which had been pouring into the settlements for three-and-twenty days. A council of war was held, and it was resolved to make an attack on the native city—British, Americans, and Japanese on the west of the river, the Russians and the French on the east. Accordingly at daylight next morning, forty-two guns of the allied troops bombarded the city, causing immense damage and many conflagrations. Simultaneously fifteen hundred Russians, assisted by small bodies of French and Germans, assaulted and captured several of the enemy's guns that had been mounted on the railway embankment to the east of the city, including a fort containing five guns, and the magazine, which was afterwards blown up by the French. Meanwhile all the available British, Japanese, American, and Austrian troops made a sortie and attacked the west arsenal, which had again been occupied by the

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Chinese. This they cleared after three hours' hard fighting. The casualties of the Allies were exceedingly heavy, especially among the French, Japanese, and American forces. Said an officer: "I have seen fighting in many parts of the world, but never saw harder than we had with these untutored Chinese. We just got over the wall or barrier when the Chinese opened fire. Our men dropped like flies, and we were obliged to take shelter." They lay and fought for nearly ten hours. The Chinese shot so well that it was with difficulty that the hospital corps could get out to do its work.

It was here that the American Colonel Liscomb, of the 9th U.S. Infantry, was hit while talking with a wounded man. The soldiers went almost wild when they knew that their commanding officer had been killed, but they were taken over by the second in command, and made a charge by the side of the Japanese. The way these Japanese fought was a revelation. A regiment acted like one man. The Chinese might shoot them down by the dozen, but those left did not even waver. They were resolved on victory all through. It was a sight not soon to be forgotten to see the Allies attacking a trench together. They seemed to understand each other's methods of fighting, and they were superbly brave. From the start they were invincible. As fighters, the trained Chinese showed remarkable ability. They are utterly fearless of death, are good shots, and their artillery was well served. Still, the men will run in the face of disaster. Let one or more become panic-stricken and start a stampede and the others will follow.

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Brave deeds could be recounted of all the nationalities. General Dorward, the British commander, mentioned one in his dispatches, referring to the American 9th Infantry: "They were fighting about twelve hours, almost alone, and never giving back an inch of ground, until directed to retire under cover of night and the fire of the naval guns. The incident I refer to was the bringing back to me by Adjutant-Lieutenant Lawton of the account of the position of the regiment, across a wide and fire-swept space, and returning with reinforcements to guide them to his regiment, when he was severely wounded." Here is another example: The forcing of the south gate having been allotted to the Japanese, their commander directed that the outer gate should be blown up. Two tins of gun-cotton were placed in position, and a fuse was attached and ignited; but the heavy fire of the Chinese on the city wall either cut the fuse or blew out the light. Three times it was lighted, and as often went out. At last a Japanese engineer took a box of matches, ran forward, and touched the loose powder. Immediately there was an explosion which blew man and gate to atoms. Others pressed forward, the inner gate was opened, and the main body ran in, driving back the Chinese and punishing them severely. The officer called his buglers, sent them on to the wall, and there they played the Japanese National Anthem to give heart and courage to his men.

There were 8,000 allied troops engaged that day, and the total loss was 775, a larger proportion than at Spion Kop. The Chinese losses were enormous



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—probably not less than 3,000. When the battle was over, the British secured guns and boats, the Japanese took guns and sycee, the Russians guns, and the Americans captured the Mint, from which they took silver sufficient to cover all the expenses of the expedition. There was one fort that the Russians had decided to take on the morrow, but before they could get to it, the Japanese had captured it.

The heaps of the Chinese dead told how dearly they had sold their lives, and showed that there would be more fighting farther north. But now, over this city, the guns were no longer heard, and it was again possible to sleep at nights without having to crawl into a bomb-proof cellar. Once more you might walk the streets without fear of snipers. These are a few of the blessings which one can appreciate after a successful battle, and those who had the responsibility of hundreds of Chinese refugees sang with heartfelt thankfulness, "Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin."

After the battle, you see the grim, cruel side of warfare. On the right were the trenches occupied by the Chinese on the eventful night on which they tried to rush the settlement in obedience to the Imperial decree. The assault was a failure. These trenches were cleared, but the Chinese, with their wonderful strategy, had already flooded them, so that our men stood up to their knees in water.

During the siege of Tientsin there was so much treachery about that some of the foreigners demanded that all Chinese should be put out of the settlement. If this had been done, of course the

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Chinese Christians would not have been exempt. It was well that the plan was not adopted, for the work of the native Christians was of the greatest possible service in saving the settlement from falling into the hands of the enemy. Under the direction of the troops, in one night they raised a barricade of bales of camel-wool two miles long and two bales high all along the river front. This side of the settlement had to be held by our men, and until the erection of this barricade, was open to a deadly fire from the Chinese troops on the opposite bank, from which they kept up an incessant shower of bullets, which fell for days into the compounds all along the riverbank. After that, every street was barricaded, so that every approach to the settlement was blocked against any sudden rush or attack. Upwards of £15,000 (\$100,000) worth of camels' hair was put upon the streets for this purpose, and in addition, vast quantities of hides, bags of rice and beans, and boxes of condensed milk and soap. These were either carted or carried on the shoulders from the storehouses by the native preachers, teachers, and scholars who had fled from the horrors of the surrounding country to Tientsin, only to find themselves in no safer place. Most of them were not accustomed to this kind of labour, and did their work under heavy fire. They worked day and night until their arduous task was accomplished, returning from it with blistered hands and aching bodies. They carried water, provisions, and ammunition, dug graves, and performed every kind of labour usually executed by the large coolie class in peaceful times.





COLONEL WINGATE, SCOUTING.



MR. LOH CHI MING, THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN SCOUT.

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At one time, when the settlement was in desperate straits, and shells were coming from a gun which could not be located because of the smokeless powder used, two men—one an old preacher and the other his son—offered to go up into the native city and report the position of the gun. Two others went through the Boxer lines to the admirals at Taku, to tell them of our dire need. One was captured and thrown into the river, the other never returned. Fifty of the Christian converts carried loads of ammunition for the twelve-pounder naval gun, which they dragged from one position to another, whence it might be used to greater advantage. Twice they dragged it into the open under a heavy fire from the enemy, and while shells whizzed close to their heads and bullets sang all around them, they continued their work bravely, following directions calmly, like men who were not afraid to die. They well earned their protection and the unstinted commendation they received. Men and women with no regard for or sympathy with Christian work admitted that they had been an untold blessing to the settlement.

The lives of many soldiers were saved through the work of these native Christians, and the health and comfort of the sick and wounded were augmented greatly by the work of others who did the immense washing for the hospitals, comprising about four hundred articles per day. The women and girls were as useful as the men. They made shirts for the sick and wounded, pillows and pillow-slips for the hospitals, and grey caps to cover the British blue-jackets' straw-hats, which made such excellent marks

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for the enemy. Our Christian women and girls sat doing this work in the broiling sun in the courtyard while shells screeched over their heads and bullets dropped at their feet. One morning the shells came more than usually near, and were very numerous, and between the demoralizing whizzing and swishing from the native city would come the answering roar of the Allies' big gun from Ladysmith, not a hundred yards away. The natives, being asked whether they were not afraid, replied: "Oh, these pillows are wanted in a great hurry at the hospital for those good men who were injured for us." Under cover of darkness Chinese Christians were provided with stretchers, and under the command of Messrs. Bryson and Pyke, two missionaries, they went in the direction of the cries of the wounded and brought them in to the doctors.

Colonel A. W. Wingate, who for a number of years was Quartermaster-General for Intelligence in the North China Command, and who was with us on the march to Peking, read a very valuable paper before the Royal Geographical Society in 1908, when he gave the following example of the usefulness and fidelity of the Chinese Christian: "I was about to undertake a journey of many months' duration, and I wanted to make a plane table of my route. I wished to find some educated Chinese who could do this work. Through the kindness of a missionary I secured a really delightful young fellow, full of life and energy. But to my great grief he knew nothing of plane tabling. When I pointed this out to him and said I thought he would not do, he said, '*I can learn.*' And learn he did, so that within a fort-

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night he was able to commence the route-map on the scale of two miles to an inch, and that fragile, delicate-looking gentleman continued plane tabling for over two thousand miles up and down mountain and valley, over most difficult country, often unhealthy and feverish, through every degree of temperature and all conditions of weather; yet he never omitted a village or hill which he could see, nor a stream which he crossed. So much for a reformed *Chinese Christian*, for even as he never ceased to do his work well, neither *did he omit each night, no matter how wearied or how late the hour, to read his Bible and say his prayers.*"

One more example of fidelity. I will only refer to one man in my experiences during the Boxer War. He was my guide, comforter, and friend throughout; he never tired, and never left me, and risked his life often. Who after such examples will prophesy what the reformed Chinese Christian shall not accomplish? "A little leaven leaveneth the whole."

Away over the plain and in the city were hundreds of dead and dying. Our hearts mourned over many a mother's son who had shed his blood to bear witness to the world that where helpless women and children are being butchered, shelled, and shot Christianity is not a dead letter, but an impelling force, urging men to face even death if, thereby, the helpless can be saved. All honour to the allied armies and their brave dead left on the field of battle!

In and around the city heaps of dead Chinese lay awaiting arrangements for cremation. Prisoners were told off to gather them in heaps, to cover

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them with doors and windows taken from the houses, and then to burn them. We turned away from these sickening sights and smells; but horrible visions remained still pictured before our eyes, and even now they disturb us in our dreams. Back to our home we went. What a change had taken place in the mission-house! Upstairs and downstairs wounded men were being treated by the doctors—legs and arms were being amputated, bullets being extracted. Sighs went up for dear ones far away—a wife, a mother, a child; yet even here we could lighten the cares of the poor fellows by telling them of the great Burden-bearer who has provided for our every need.

To remain longer in this atmosphere was, however, too painful; we therefore sought out a quiet spot across the road, together with the hundreds of Christian refugees saved from the fury of their countrymen. To these we turned for a quiet hour, and with them, on bended knee, we joined in prayer. We prayed as we had seldom prayed before, thanking God, in the Chinese language, with heartfelt assents from a large congregation, that He, the King of kings and Lord of lords, had given victory to our arms, and spared so many to go forth and bear witness in future to His transcendent power to preserve His people.



## CHAPTER IV

### SIR ROBERT HART'S MESSAGE

Make haste! make haste! Ah! list the frenzied cry  
We fling across the world. Will none reply?  
While Powers pause, while armies vacillate,  
We vainly pray for help. Come not too late!

Make haste! make haste! Once more that broken cry  
Once more we shriek it forth before we die.  
Women and children fail, children and wives;  
Save them, great God! We yield instead our lives.

Make haste! make haste! Feeble, yet frantic cry!  
Will no one hear? Say, is not rescue nigh?  
We slowly perish. Powers, nations, hear  
Thy countrymen's appeal, thy people's prayer!

Make haste! make haste! The plunderers at our gate  
Announce with raging roar our speedy fate;  
How long can we withstand bullet and ball,  
Starvation, parching heat, before we fall?

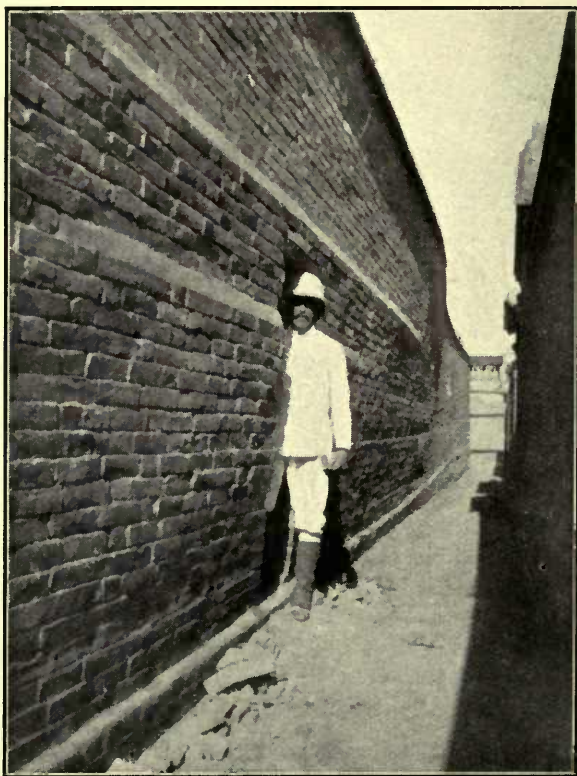
Make haste! make haste! Cold is our colleague's brow;  
He whom we loved lies bleeding, butchered, low;  
While round our walls his murderers scream and yell,  
Drunk with the blood they shed when Ketteler fell.

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Make haste! make haste! Oh, what is that we hear?  
The tramp of allied armies drawing near.  
Delusive dreams! 'Tis Chinese pillage—waste;  
Our strength is wellnigh spent. Brothers, make haste!"  
E. M. D'A.

AFTER the battle of Tientsin a courier had arrived from Peking with the historic message from Sir Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Imperial Customs Service. Though he had served the Chinese Government so long and so admirably, Sir Robert was now enduring all the terrors and privations of the siege of the Legations. Calling for a volunteer to run with a message to Tientsin, the British official was pleased to see a young student from a mission school come forward. He was dressed as a beggar, and to him was given the ordinary beggar's rice-bowl, along with the urgent message on which so much depended. At dead of night he was let down in a basket from the city wall, a distance of some sixty feet. He pulled the rope twice as a signal that he was at the bottom. He was immediately arrested, searched, and half killed, but he stuck to the rice-bowl in which the message was hidden. After many sad and thrilling experiences he reached the outposts of the garrison at Tientsin. At this point there was a Japanese soldier on guard. Seeing this uninviting specimen of humanity approach, the soldier raised his rifle, and was about to fire when the young man stood up straight and pointed as high as he could to the sky to indicate that he was a "go-to-heaven man." The rifle was lowered and the messenger allowed to pass. He was brought to headquarters, and the message





HOLE THROUGH WHICH THE VICEROY Ü-LU ESCAPED,  
JULY 13, 1900.

*Army photo, by permission.*

[To face p. 79.]

## Sir Robert Hart's Message

was found between the soles of his shoe. It read :  
“ *The situation is desperate! Make haste! Make haste!* ”

It is impossible to describe the sensation created by these simple, urgent words in soldier and civilian alike. The city had just fallen into the hands of the Allies, but at a loss of 775 in killed and wounded. Many officers had been disabled, yet all responded to the desperate appeal. At all cost and at all risks whatever could be done must be done to help the people now being done to death in Peking, five-and-eighty miles away. Then all became excitement. Through the ruins of the foreign settlement an eager cosmopolitan crowd was jostling shoulders—Indians, Cossacks, Americans, English, Germans, French. My own official connection with the Allies dates from this time, when, on the recommendation of the Commissioner of Customs and of my own colleagues, I, with a cavalry officer, had orders to visit the Viceroy's yamen, and, under the “ pass ” of the Russian general, who was in possession of the place, to bring away valuable papers left there in the hurry of the flight of the defeated Chinese on the 14th of July. These papers showed beyond a doubt that the Viceroy was the recognized head of the Boxer movement in the district.

We found the Viceroy's daybook, in which many entries were made of money paid to the Boxers for help received, and also several Boxer proclamations, all demanding the extermination of foreigners. Black and compromising as these were in face of the Imperial memorandum drawn up for the

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Chinese Ministers in London and Washington, they are almost mild when compared with some of earlier date found in the same book. Petty foreign loot was frequently referred to in this record. Its possession seemed to have been regarded as proof of foreign defeat, and as such was rewarded. No monetary expenditure was to be spared if it could hasten the fulfilment of the object sought.

The first news of the massacre of missionaries was found in a letter written from Pao-ting-fu on the 6th of July by the Provincial Treasurer to the Viceroy. The four officials implicated were condemned—partly on their own letters, found at this time—and executed by the allied troops. One of these officials had written to the Viceroy that the Catholic village of Tung-liu had defied the Boxers for nearly three months. The people had thrown up a rampart and bought a few Mauser rifles; the Catholic priests had taken command, and so far they had withstood the Boxer attacks. He added that three thousand taels had been offered as a reward to any man who would devise a scheme to capture or annihilate the people and destroy the village, but so far without avail.

The commanders of forts along the coast and on the river were responsible to the Viceroy, and many of their reports and dispatches were not only useful but amusing. The fort of Hsin-cheng was taken early in July by the allied forces, but to the surprise of the officer commanding the attacking force, few guns were to be found, and they were obsolete. A dispatch from the Chinese commander to the Viceroy informs him of the disaster; but he

## Sir Robert Hart's Message

adds, "The 'foreign devils' will never find my guns; they are under the floor of the powder magazine"!

A dispatch from the Chinese officer commanding the fort at Pei-tsang told of his anxiety when he saw the "foreigners coming in and out of the mouth of the Peiho River like bees." "My torpedoes are few, ammunition scarce, soldiers are deserting, and, in fact, I live a year in one day." The allied troops delayed visiting this fort till October, when they found it deserted; but the Chinese had laid powder-mines all round, and no fewer than eighty allied soldiers were killed while walking over these hidden instruments of destruction. Thus the time given to the Chinese was a mistake for which we dearly paid.

Inside the yamen of Tientsin we found a cage, about fifteen feet square, made of timbers four inches thick. We also found a proclamation, clearly showing that the cage was meant for the captured foreigners, and the people were exhorted to turn all such over to the tender mercies of the Viceroy till they could be otherwise disposed of. In the yamen yard were two bomb-proof cellars, besides one under the floor of the yamen, about twelve feet square, the tops being level with the ground. Shields, rifles, swords, and ammunition were lying about the yard in great profusion.

It was on the 4th of June, the day I left it, that Peking could first be called a besieged city. On that day, as already described, the last passengers came out. Travelling over a burning bridge and through the Boxer lines, we reached Tientsin in safety. Immediately afterwards the line was

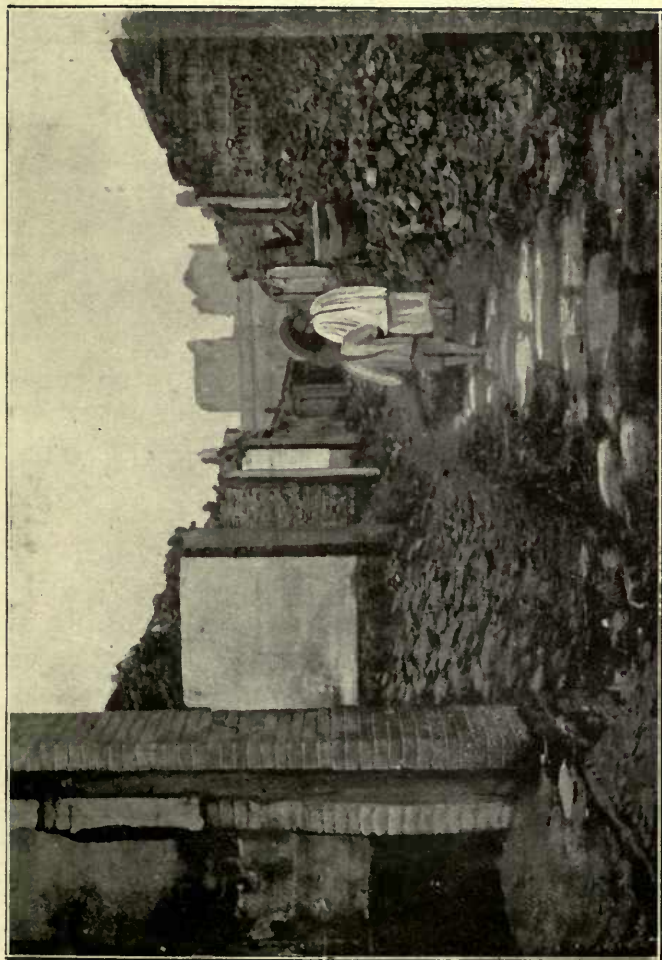
## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

destroyed, and none of our friends who said they would "come down by the next train" escaped. They remained immured in Peking throughout the siege.

On the 8th of June the American Congregational station at Tung-chow, thirteen miles east of Peking, was attacked, and men, women, and children were obliged to seek shelter in the capital. When all had reached the Methodist compound, there were in it about seventy-five missionaries, twenty-five American marines, and six hundred native Christians; and smallpox and scarlet fever were rife. After Baron Von Ketteler, the German Minister, had been killed, it was to this compound that his secretary made his escape; he fell bleeding and unconscious at the gate. Taken into the beautiful Asbury Methodist Episcopal Church, he received every attention possible in the circumstances. This church had been built three years before, and was recognized as the largest and most beautiful Protestant church for Chinese in China. This building was loopholed, doors were built up, and a barbed-wire fence was put round it in preparation for the common siege. Stocks of rice and bitter water had been laid in.

This was the condition of affairs on the 20th of June, the day Baron Von Ketteler was killed. At this time the Chinese soldiers were camping on the top of the city wall, which is forty feet wide, and close to the church. The place was as strong as it could be made, but it was declared untenable because of its nearness to the wall. While there was time, it was thought wise to vacate the church, form





TIENTSIN CITY AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



## Sir Robert Hart's Message

a procession, and march for concentration and mutual protection to the British Legation about a mile away. There were old men, delicate ladies, and little children carrying all they could, closely packed in a small bag or box. Many high-souled, devoted men took part in this procession—Goodrich and Davis, the senior men of the largest missions in North China; also Hobart, Verity, Walker, the noble band of lady missionaries, and all the little children. Some had laboured for the Chinese for thirty years. Their literary work at this time was perishing in the flames. Not so the fruit of their labour in the hearts of men, for at that very moment there were those of their spiritual children who were losing their lives rather than deny their Lord. On this memorable occasion they were all driven by circumstances, like a flock of sheep, leaving all their earthly possessions—their home, and all that that means in an alien land like China—not because they were Christians especially, but because they were foreigners. Strange in the nineteenth century, and in spite of a treaty with a supposed civilized country, that in the capital of that country the subjects of the other parties to the treaty not only received no protection, but that more than one hundred of them should lose their lives at the hands of those who were bound to afford it.

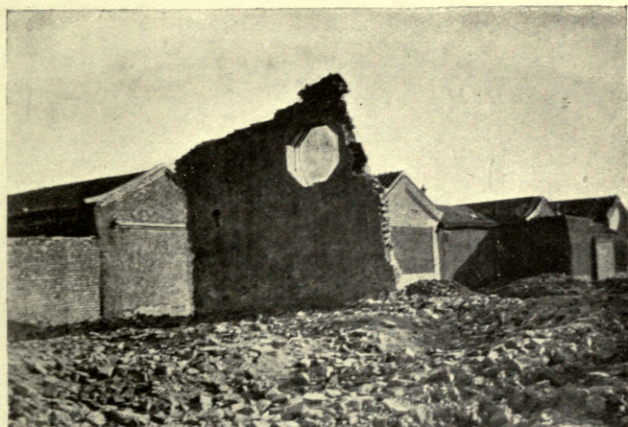
On their arrival at the Legation, there was some hesitation about finding accommodation for the native Christian refugees, and Professor James, of the Imperial University, lost his life that day while seeking quarters for the poor helpless converts who had accepted Christianity as their faith and were

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

now in danger of finding "no room in the inn." To Dr. Morrison, the late *Times* correspondent, belongs not a little of the credit of saving the native Christians from being turned loose into the Boxer lines to be murdered; and it is well that it was so, for all the barricades here, as in Tientsin, were built by the native Christians under the supervision of the missionaries.

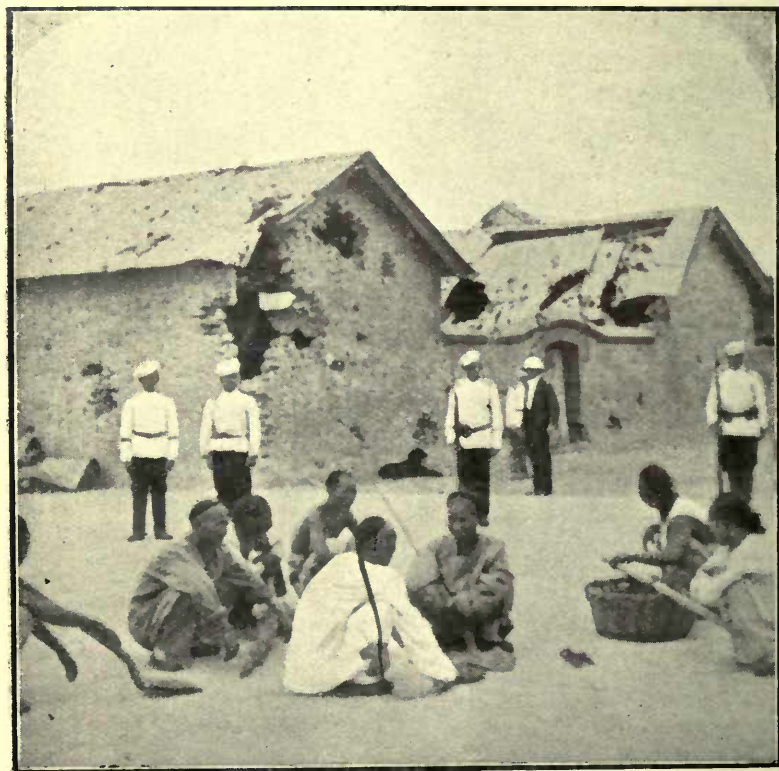
Out of the fifty-six days not one was free from shot and shell, and for thirty days there was a perfect storm of lead, while fires raged all around, the enemy meantime pouring shell over the walls like demons. This siege was more desperate than that of either Ladysmith or Kimberley. If these places had succumbed to the Boers, some mercy would have been shown towards women and children; not so by the Boxers. No quarter, no mercy; the same fate that overtook the poor people at Pao-ting-fu and Tai-yuan-fu would have befallen them. This was the dread of all the foreigners in Peking, and, while hoping for the best, they determined that neither women nor children should fall alive into the hands of the enemy, but that each man should perform for those dependent on him that pittance of a merciful deed like that of the soldier who shoots his lame war-horse to put him out of his misery.

At this juncture, and when hope was almost gone, there appeared a ray of light. One of the faithful messengers from Tientsin, a Christian Chinaman, had succeeded in evading the vigilance of Boxer watchfulness, and had squeezed himself between the bars of the sewer of the Tartar city, and, with a



REMAINS OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, TIENSIN.

[To face p. 84.]



TIENTSIN RAILWAY STATION AFTER BOMBARDMENT.

*Photo, Underwood (Copyright), by permission.*

## Sir Robert Hart's Message

dispatch stitched between the double lining of his hat, had brought word that Tientsin had fallen, that Seymour had returned there, and that efforts would be made as early as possible to relieve Peking. It may be imagined how that news flew through the Legation, and from that moment the faith of the despondent began to rise. The Christian men and women were those who did not despair, and those who made no profession of Christianity, but who knew of the prayers offered on their behalf, were encouraged to believe that those petitions would be heard and answered. Only by one—and he an atheist—was it said that “there was not a ray of hope.”

The sufferings of the besieged were increased by the fact that the siege began in the summer, many of the children dying from the intense heat and the inability of their parents to secure proper food for them. As for meat, horse and mule had to be the staple diet. There was a little mutton, but that was reserved for invalids. There was but one cow, but what was she to eight hundred claimants for her milk? No milk, little butter, sugar scarce, rice musty. Many of the people starved themselves rather than eat what many a dog would refuse. This is no imaginary picture, but a statement of facts learned from the lips of those best able to speak. The Chinese bugles, with their hoarse cry, which sounds like “Mur-Der,” could be heard incessantly. The nerves of the poor people in the Legation were shattered by the revelation of ravening hate in the wild-beast yells of the foul yellow wretches outside the walls, and, humanly speaking,

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

they were helpless. The Boxers had no rifles, but the regulars had. The former, however, had the most dreadful weapon in the world—Fire!—and what human power can combat that? Immediately to the north of the Legation lay the Hanlin library, one of the oldest libraries in the world, and an object of veneration to the whole of literary China. This library, by an act of unparalleled vandalism, was burned down by the Boxers in the hope that the fire would spread to the British Legation; nor was that the only atrocity committed by them in those awful days.

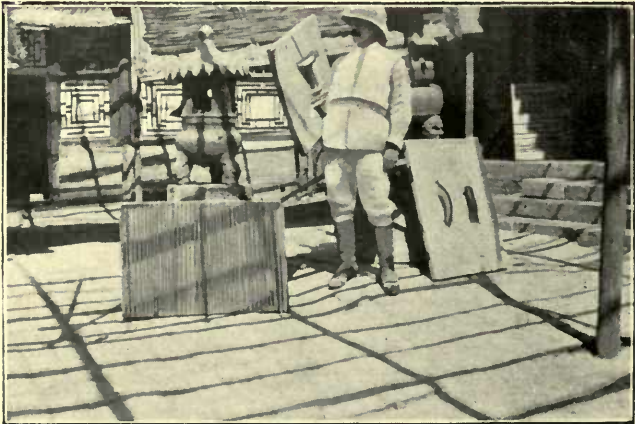
For days before the siege began in earnest, these Boxers had been streaming into the city, but on the 13th of June they made their first open appearance in the Legation quarter. Foreigners out in the morning were surprised to see a cart driven by a man in full Boxer uniform, going along the street without any attempt to conceal his Boxer insignia of red sash and broadsword. Another ruffian, similarly dressed, sat on the shaft, and inside the cart a girl, presumably a Christian, lay bound hand and foot. The cart reached the German Legation quarter, where Baron Von Ketteler was standing. The impudence of the whole thing was too much for the fiery Teuton. With one bound he leaped out into the street and knocked down the foremost Boxer with his walking-stick. Three marines came to Ketteler's aid, and in a minute the Boxers were prisoners in the German Legation. That evening a party of foreigners were in the club building listening to the latest fabrications, and laughing at the idea of Boxers daring to attack the capital,







A TYPICAL CAMPING-GROUND.



BOXER SHIELDS FOUND IN THE VICEROY'S YAMEN.

## Sir Robert Hart's Message

when a coolie rushed in, his face green with terror, to say that the beautiful Asbury Church, about half a mile away, was in flames. The club was empty in a moment. Those who had been loudest in their laughter at the possibility of trouble in Peking snatched out of their pockets the revolvers they had secretly been carrying for days, and rushed for home. A huge mass of smoke could be seen rolling from the direction of the church, and their worst fears were confirmed. A furious yell of "Sha, sha!" ("Kill, kill!") could be heard, and a ghastly sound it was. At once the fire broke out. The Italians rushed down to the place and fired point-blank into the yelling crowd. The screaming, shouting, swearing mass of Boxers rushed up the street, burning and pillaging. The minutes seemed like hours: first a huge blaze from the centre of the street, then away off in the London Mission compound, the American Congregational, the American Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, till all the foreign-owned buildings were in flames. Each detached foreign house became a bonfire. The anxious Customs men, on the wall of Sir Robert Hart's garden, could as yet see no flame arise from their old quarters two miles away. It was still thought that the Government would at least protect *its own property*; but no, at last another glare lit up the sky, and they all knew that the Government had given over its own employees.

The yell of the Boxers was like that of wild beasts: no pen can describe it. "They were battering at our gates," said one, "and thirsting for our

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

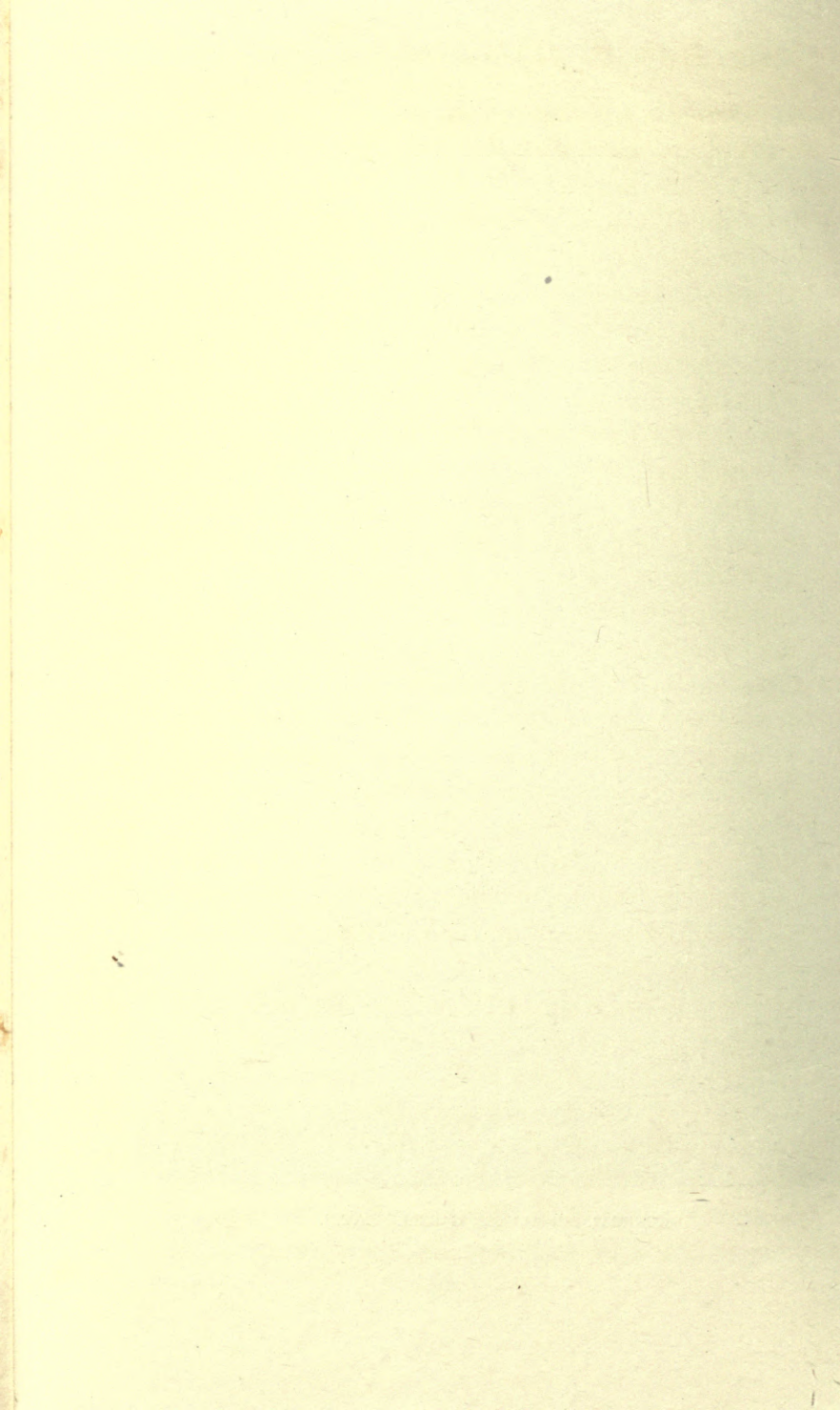
blood; our blood simply froze in our veins." It was not the fear of what the Boxers could do. Most of them were only armed with swords. But this was the first dreadful peep into the depths of the heathen Chinese heart, and there they saw the deadly, undying, wild-beast hate of the foreigner that hitherto they had but barely guessed at. They had to endure two months and more of terror, with a constant rain of shot and shell, but nothing could obliterate the memory of this first outbreak. Their nerves were shaken by the sudden revelation of ravenous hate, and before the flames they seemed powerless. The hearing of some of these beleaguered people seemed very acute, as they say they heard heavy guns in the distance. It was merely the Chinese troops firing as they always do at intervals during the night, away near the Nan-hai-tzu and railway-station from which we had escaped a few days earlier. Many, however, believed that they were the guns of Admiral Seymour's expedition coming to relieve them. The same sound was repeated for two months, but they hailed the sound as gladly night after night the first week, as they did on the night of the 13th of August, when the Allies were bursting open the city gates.

To return to our narrative. From the 15th of July, when the native city of Tientsin fell, to the 4th of August, when the march to Peking began, not a day was wasted. All was hurry and bustle in preparation for the coming march of ninety miles through an enemy's country. The generals in command before the arrival of Gaselee, Chaffee, and Barrow, had decided that the 14th of August



GENERAL SIR ALFRED GASELEE, K.C.B.

[To face p. 88.]



## Sir Robert Hart's Message

was the earliest possible moment at which the march could be commenced. We owe it to the British commander, General Gaselee, that we started ten days earlier. The difficulties of the situation were enormous. It was the rainy season, when no one dreams of taking a wheeled vehicle along the road to Peking; there was a determined enemy to oppose us, with millions of men to draw upon; and while Admiral Seymour had said that it would be impossible with fewer than fifty thousand men to reach Peking, the Allies could muster no more than twenty thousand; the Chinese authorities in Peking confidently assumed that such an expedition would require at least one hundred thousand men.

General Gaselee came to us on the 25th of July fresh from shipboard, with his mind and heart full of the deeds of Havelock and the famous march of Roberts. Of his ability to relieve Peking he was convinced, and we must "make haste." All must bend to the urgency of the situation. He had not seen Admiral Seymour setting out with two thousand men and without a single gun, determined to relieve Peking by rail within twenty-four hours, and then returning, some limping, some carried back to Tientsin—after a loss of 62 killed and 362 sick and wounded—under the escort of the force which had gone to rescue them. He had not seen the battle of Tientsin or the accurate firing which cost us so dearly. It was well that he had not, or he might have hesitated to march so soon. The American general, Chaffee, had just arrived, and gladly fell in with the British general's suggestions; while the Japanese general, Yamagutchi, with

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

more soldiers than any other commander, was also pleased to join in an early march on the besieged city.

The American, English, and Japanese generals, having decided to march on the 4th of August, went to consult the Russian and French commanders. Many and varied were the objections urged against an early move, but these were overruled by the combined three, and the Russian and French generals were informed that "they would be given the alternative of going with us now, or alone at their own pleasure." After further discussion they consented to join forces with us on one condition, namely, "that the British do not lead the column and carry off all the honours." The honour of getting there first was more to them apparently than the saving of the lives of the people in the city.

I think the world should know more of the general who thought more of saving the besieged Legations than of the legitimate honour of "getting there first." When he arrived in Tientsin Sir Alfred Gaselee, K.C.B., was an officer of wide experience. He is a son of the manse, and has had a more exciting career than usually falls to the lot of soldiers in these peaceful days. He entered the army in 1863, and took part in the North-West Frontier expedition in India. He served in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868. He went through a number of minor expeditions on the Indian border, and fought under Lord Roberts in the last Afghan War. He commanded a brigade in the Tirah Expeditionary Force in 1897-8, for which



## Sir Robert Hart's Message

he received his K.C.B. He was in this way well qualified to deal with the trying problems which constantly come to the front in an international expedition. Sir Alfred at once saw the necessity for the help of all the nations, and of every soldier available, and so made the compact with the other generals to which I have referred, and which, no doubt, proved an important factor in the success of the march to Peking. In some mysterious way the man who honoured humanity by foregoing his legitimate personal claims had the signal honour, after all, of being there first, and seven hours before the Russians to whom he had made the promise to restrain his column. I may here mention how this came about. On the 13th of August, at a Council of War held at Tung-Chou, ten miles east of Peking, it was decided to march five miles on the morrow, concentrate, and attack the city on the 15th. A few hours after this the Russians sent forward a force in contradiction of the decision of the Council, and from that moment each general was free to act on his own account. General Gaselee (British) arrived in the Legations at 2 p.m., August 14th; General Chaffee, commanding the United States contingent, arrived at five; the Russians did not get in until about nine. "God's in His heaven: all's right with the world."

But this is anticipating. At a conference of generals, held in Tientsin on the 3rd of August, it was decided to begin the advance on the following day, with about 20,000 men, namely: 10,000 Japanese, with 24 guns; 4,000 Russians, with 16 guns; 3,000 British, with 12 guns; 2,000 Americans, with

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

6 guns; 800 French, with 12 guns; and 300 Germans and Italians. This decision was no surprise to us who knew that preparations were nearing completion, though these preparations had assumed importance to myself only since the 15th of July, when I was requested to join the staff of the Intelligence Department. The reasons for my appointment were probably, first, my long residence in and intimate knowledge of this part of China, having travelled this region as a missionary long before there was any railway; secondly, my having found valuable papers in the Viceroy's yamen; and, thirdly, that Mr. Kinder, K.C.M.G., and others had strongly recommended me for the post. I had suggested that a consular or Government official should be appointed, and the selection of myself was a great surprise to me: for family reasons I preferred not to go. To overcome my scruples, I was offered liberal pay, but, after thought and prayer, I informed General Gaselee that if I went to Peking it would be "for humanity's sake, and not for the money." In the end I agreed to take the post. A pension in case of accident, and provision for my family in case of need, were satisfactorily arranged, and so, at the appointed time, I was ready for the march.

I have already mentioned that we had use for several Chinese scouts, and others who were able to render effective service. The chief of these was Mr. Loh Chi Ming, a young man who had graduated from the Methodist University, and as all graduates were promised a place in the Imperial Customs Service by Sir Robert Hart, Mr. Loh had been

## Sir Robert Hart's Message

appointed to the service in Tientsin. Needing a first-class assistant for my military translation work, I requested the Commissioner, Mr. Drew, to release Mr. Loh for this service. How well he did his work will be seen by the fact that he was one of the two Chinese Christians who were rewarded by receiving the British medal and clasps. On the march to Peking Mr. Loh put on British uniform, and with his cue in a British helmet he marched to the relief. It was my privilege to introduce him to his superior, Sir Robert Hart, on our arrival there, and since then he has been the recipient of many favours from his distinguished chief. There were other native Christians who did splendid service, notably Li-chin-fang, a student of the North China College, who was one of the first Chinese messengers who bravely took their lives in their hands at the time of the siege to carry information to the outside world. When volunteers were called for to undertake this perilous work, young Li presented himself, to the great surprise of his friends, for he was a serious invalid. He urged that his life was worth but little, and he was glad to risk it for the help that might be brought to the beleaguered foreigners and native Christians. His message from Sir Robert Hart was delivered in Tientsin just after the capture of the city by the Allies. He carried return messages to Peking, but after seeking without success for three days to pass the Chinese lines and reach the Legation, he returned to Tientsin, taking careful note of location of camps, soldiers, military equipments, fortifications, and the like. His report was highly valued, and he rendered yet

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

another important service by accompanying the Allies to give his knowledge of places and conditions. Mr. Li occupied a leading position as a student for ability, scholarship, and general force of character. It is because China, in spite of her corruption, produces material such as this that responds to Christian training and develops into noble, unselfish manhood, that we refuse to despair of China. He who has prepared such material will, in time, mould it into form, and a new and living order of things will take the place of that which is now old and perishing. Very soon after the relief Li died, but the British medal remains as a valued treasure in the museum of his Alma Mater. Many others acted bravely, and I count it no ordinary pleasure to record their work.

The difference between the Boxers and the Chinese Christians was that while one was thirsting for the blood of the foreigner, the other was acting a humane part and 'saving life. With pick and shovel a young student stood by the side of a newly made grave with hands blistered and sore. A friend said to him: "Your hands must be painful." "No," he answered, "my hands do not trouble me, but I feel sad to think that my people have disgraced humanity by murdering some of their best friends." It is well to remind ourselves when we are tempted to abuse the native Christian that the gospel which makes the foreigner brave, and true, and strong can take hold of a Chinaman's heart and at least make him *humane*.

The following copy of "General Orders" will be interesting to the reader, as showing the form



LATE EMPEROR HSUAN T'UNG X WITH HIS FATHER THE PRINCE REGENT.



## Sir Robert Hart's Message

in which such orders are issued to an army about to move:—

CHINA EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ORDERS, TIENTSIN,

*4th August, 1900.*

### 140. Movements.

- (1) The enemy is in position in the direction of Pei-tsang on both banks of the Pei-ho. The position is believed to be entrenched with outposts thrown forward.
- (2) The Russian, French, and German forces will operate on the left bank of the River Pei-ho; the British, Americans, and Japanese on the right bank.
- (3) The British forces will march to Hsi-ku to-day, where they will bivouac for the night.
- (4) The British forces will march in the order given below—

Royal Welsh Fusiliers with advance guard of one company.

Detachment Royal Engineers.

One field troop 1st Bengal Lancers.

Headquarters Staff of Division.

One-half company 1st Sikhs (general officer commanding's escort).

12th Battery Royal Field Artillery.

R. 7 Ammunition Column Unit.

Hong-kong Royal Artillery.

1st Brigade Staff.

7th Rajputs, less one company.

1st Sikhs.

Chinese Regiment.

1st Bengal Lancers.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Divisional and Brigade Headquarters Transport.

Commissariat and Transport.

Field Hospitals.

Rear-guard, one company 7th Rajputs.

- (5) The route will be by the Temperance Hall on the Taku road, through the Chinese city, entering by the south gate and over the iron bridge to Hsi-ku. The road to be followed will be shown by the Deputy-Assistant-Quartermaster-General for Intelligence, who will head the column.
- (6) The troops will keep closed up as much as possible; water-bottles will be filled with boiled water or tea, and all mussacks filled with good water.
- (7) The head of the column will leave the Temperance Hall at 2.30 p.m. Officers commanding units will hold their units in readiness to join the line of march in the order detailed above. No interval between units.
- (8) Camp colour men of all units and one officer or non-commissioned officer per unit will accompany the advance guard.
- (9) No fires or cooking will be allowed in bivouac to-night.

*By Order,*

E. G. BARROW, Major-General,

Chief of the Staff,

China Expeditionary Force.



## CHAPTER V

### THE BATTLES OF PEI-T'SANG AND YANG-TSUN

THE Intelligence Department was responsible for the preparation of a map of each day's march, and that on the scale of one inch to a mile. This gave every village and road, with as much further information as the scouts had been able to secure, the number of guns and their positions, the trenches of the enemy ; in fact, the map became as important to the officer as a chart is to a captain at sea. Besides the map, a written description of the morrow's march, the probable number of the enemy and their position, with roads and their condition, was prepared. Each staff officer being provided with both map and description, the column is ready to march.\*

\* When the march became necessary the armies had been supplied with the latest maps, the best that could be had ; but, alas ! these were worse than useless. No corrections had been made since the expedition of 1860. The map of Peking did not even show the position of the Legations. Even so conservative a city changes much in forty years. This was one reason why men with local knowledge were necessary. At the close of the war many surveys were made of all parts of Northern China, and the best maps of that region are those prepared by the military, and in the hands of the British Intelligence Department. Besides this, under the

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Two Christian students had acted as scouts five days before we marched. They had gone a round-about way towards Tang-Shan and had met twenty Chinese coolies, who had been working on the Russian railway in Manchuria, but had decided to return to their homes, south of Tientsin, owing to the unsettled state of the country. Our young men were glad to tack themselves on to this party, the more so since they had decided to pass through the Chinese camp at Pei-t'sang, which was the first place at which we expected to meet the Chinese in battle on our march to Peking. On entering the place, they noticed that the east bank of the river had been cut, and a low-lying section of the country, about twenty miles in extent, had been flooded. The bed of the river at this point is higher than the surrounding country, so that flooding was easily accomplished, and proved an effectual barrier against the Russian and French troops' advance on the east of the river. The scouts looked round, and took note of the size and number of the guns. They noticed a ditch by the side of the railway embankment, six feet deep and about thirty wide. The coolies tried to hire a boat, but were refused, being informed that "many torpedoes were laid in the river." Then they proposed to take the main road and walk; but from that also they were debarred, "there were many efficient supervision of Colonel Wingate, the spelling of names of towns and cities has been corrected according to "Wade's" system. Many maps of China prove once more that cartographic products may be pleasing to the eye without being of much practical use. There was great need of accurate surveys to assist the numerous enterprises now developing in the empire.

## Battles of Pei-t'sang and Yang-tsun

powder-mines along the road." Finally, they were informed that they could go round by the powder magazine on the west, which would bring them to a branch of the Grand Canal, and in this way they might reach their homes. This route they took, and a wide detour brought them to the south of Tientsin: our scouts made for us as speedily as they could. When they had reported themselves, I took them to the headquarters office, where the Indian surveyors, with Captain Ryder at their head, entered all their information on the maps.

The next morning at daylight two officers rode out as far as possible, mounted the top of a Chinese house, and, with the aid of their field-glasses, verified, so far as they could, the rough draft made. Before they had finished, a Chinese outpost discovered them, and they had to beat a hasty retreat with bullets flying all round. On their returning to camp, the maps were printed and distributed to the staff officers. This routine was followed daily, and the information thus received could not have been obtained but by the help of these native Christian scouts, who went about facing great danger, even death, to make the rescue of the Legations possible.

Very few of the men sent out ever returned. Many were shot; one saved his life by swallowing his message. In Peking Chinese soldiers were told off specially to shoot any one attempting to communicate with the Legations. One of our men went to Peking, but was obliged to return to us, being unable to communicate with the besieged. The last message sent in was sewn between the double lining of a man's hat.

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Immense sums of money were offered to men who would carry messages. Before the relief of Peking had been effected, as much as £1,000 was offered and refused, so many men having been killed in the attempt. In this instance the money was offered by the Italian Government, who wished to communicate with its Minister.

As the hour for departure approached, all was bustle, but there was little noise and no music. Five armies about to take the field, resolute, despite all opposition, to raise the siege of Peking! How many men will live to return? When shall we reach Peking? Shall we find them alive in the Legations? These and a score of similar questions coursed through one's mind at such a time. Alas! many a fine, healthy fellow went out, light-hearted and gay, that Saturday afternoon, whose bones now lie whitening under China's sun, while many more returned crippled and maimed for life.

To the minute the generals with their staffs took their places each at the head of his army. First, General Gaselee with his force, mostly composed of Indians. Then followed General Chaffee, with the brave 14th Infantry and Reilly's battery, and next the Japanese general, Yamagutchi, with his brave little men. Leaving the settlement, we marched out west, on to the plain, taking a wide sweep to the south gate of the native city, which had been so well defended by the Chinese a few days before. Entering the city through the south gate and leaving it by the north, we slowly marched towards Hsi-ku, where Admiral Seymour had entrenched himself in the arsenal, in which they were fortunate in

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discovering immense stores of guns and ammunition, most of which they were obliged to destroy.

To look back on the column was to see a long, narrow line of khaki-dressed human beings moving slowly ; from its winding form it gave one the idea of a serpent wriggling its way along. At its head were the picturesque uniforms of the generals and staff, followed by the fine Indian soldiers, mounted on their beautiful horses. Then came the gallant Welsh Fusiliers ; while the well-set, business-like American infantrymen marched next, burning to avenge the slaughter of the 9th Infantry ten days before. Then came the Japanese general, with his soldiers in white clothes : they seemed fitted to run in where the others were too big to pass. The rear-guard of the column did not arrive on the field till the early hours of the morning. A snack of "bully beef" and biscuit and a drink of cold tea made up the sum total of the evening meal ; while bed was found on mother earth, with a blanket and oilcloth as a protection from the damp. It rained heavily, and the night was one to make an impression on the recruit.

At 2 a.m. next morning (Sunday) the order was given to march. No bugle calls were sounded, and every movement was performed in almost perfect silence. The three armies advanced in three columns : Japanese on the left, Americans in the centre, British on the right next the river bank, and on the old road to Peking. At 3 a.m. the Chinese guns began to boom at us and continued without ceasing until ten. Then the assault on the enemy was made. This was entrusted to the Japanese ;

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it was the post of honour, it being believed that the left wing held the key to the Chinese position. They moved up as closely as if on parade, and being in close order were shot down with great rapidity. But when one fell, there were three to take his place. Military critics said their formation was defective, and their white clothing was too good a target for the enemy. However this might be, they took the powder magazine, at considerable loss to themselves. Upwards of one hundred of their men were killed ; but the Krupp guns were secured, and this more than compensated to the Japanese for the losses they had sustained. The Chinese retreated in good order across a pontoon bridge to the east of the Peiho River ; but they were not sharp enough to destroy it, and it served us well on the morrow, when it became necessary to cross to the east bank of the river.

I here quote from General Gaselee's report to the Secretary for War :—

“As arranged, in the early hours of the 5th the turning movement commenced. At daybreak the column came under a heavy fire, and the action began by a vigorous forward movement of the Japanese against the entrenchments, supported on the right by the British. The brunt of the action fell on the Japanese, who attacked and stormed line after line in the most gallant manner. I readily accord to the Japanese the whole credit for the victory. Their loss was three hundred killed and wounded, while the British was twenty-five. The Chinese rout was complete, and before noon they had entirely disappeared, having fled to the

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left bank of the river. The other allied forces were scarcely engaged, and practically had no loss. After the victory at Pei-t'sang we pushed on for a mile or two along the west bank, but, being stopped by inundation, were compelled to return to Pei-t'sang and cross over the east bank, where we bivouacked for the night, covered by an outpost two or three miles in advance."

The long-range naval guns did good service. They were the guns that had been used in South Africa, whence they came labelled "From Ladysmith to Tientsin direct." Here, at Pei-t'sang, they knocked the Chinese guns out of action just as easily as they had at Tientsin, sending the Chinese to the right-about, shouting, "No likee lyddite."

To walk over a battlefield is an interesting though a sad experience. The British general had commissioned me as Wesleyan Chaplain on the march, for, as the good man said, "A soldier is always better on the battlefield if he realizes that he is within reach of a Christian burial." Glad I was that my services in this direction were so little needed. I was the only Chaplain of any Church, and am now the senior in the North China Command. Most of the British soldiers who fell had been hit by the Chinese artillery fire. Far away they had found the range, and shells would fall both behind and in front of us. Close by was the field hospital, and to this came a stream of wounded men on stretchers, hit by shell, torn by shrapnel; yet there was not a murmur, a sigh, or even a moan. "They bore the surgeon's rough tenderness as they bore their wounds—stoical, silent, soldier-like."

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Dead Japanese and Chinese were lying around the trenches, showing how severe had been the battle on the Japanese line of march. I stood and gazed on the form of many a poor fellow who had started out with us full of life and hope, but whose spirit had now flown. Many a dearly beloved son of a far-away mother lay full length in the broiling sun awaiting burial on the Chili plain.

The battle of Pei-t'sang had been fought and won, and that night we slept in the Chinese camp before their camp-fires had gone out. The town was in flames, and ammunition was exploding in all directions, making a terrific din ; but this did not interfere with our repose.

It will be remembered that the Russians, French, Germans, and Italians had marched on the east of the river, but, owing to the flooded state of the country, had been unable to proceed farther than about five miles. They returned and crossed the river to the west, following on our line of march ; all except the Germans, who, not being prepared for the forward movement, retired on Tientsin after the battle of Pei-t'sang. The Russians and the French were the first to march. Passing our camp, they crossed the pontoon bridge, left by the Chinese, to the east of the river, where there are two roads running parallel. The Americans and British followed, while the Japanese continued to march on the west bank of the river. Before resuming our advance, I went round to examine the position we had taken, and was gratified to note here, as elsewhere, the correctness of the information brought in by our Chinese scouts.



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The march on the 6th of August was about fifteen miles, and the heat was so terrific that twenty per cent. of our men had fallen out before the next battle began, ten miles from our starting-point. On coming into contact with the enemy at Yang-tsun, the American infantry and battery were placed on the left, the British in the centre, and the Russians on the right. The Chinese had taken up a very strong position on the railway embankment, which at this point is about thirty feet high. We were down on the plain, and they poured in a deadly fire from above. At last the charge was ordered by General Chaffee. The 14th United States Infantry was led by fine old Major Quinton, and their attack and capture of the position was a gallant piece of work. The 1st Sikhs and 24th Punjabis also shared the honour with the Americans.

During the artillery duel, and while the charge was being made, a very unfortunate accident occurred. By some means, probably owing to the high grain, the Russian guns swept the American infantry while they were assaulting the position, and ten soldiers were killed, the shrapnel tearing many of the poor men to pieces. Owing to this unfortunate occurrence, from this time General Gaselee was put in supreme command. In his report to the Secretary for War he says :—

“The advance to the attack was made in beautiful order over about five thousand yards of level plain covered with high crops. At about half this distance the troops came under a hot shell and musketry fire. Nevertheless, owing to the open order in which we worked, our loss was comparatively small. The

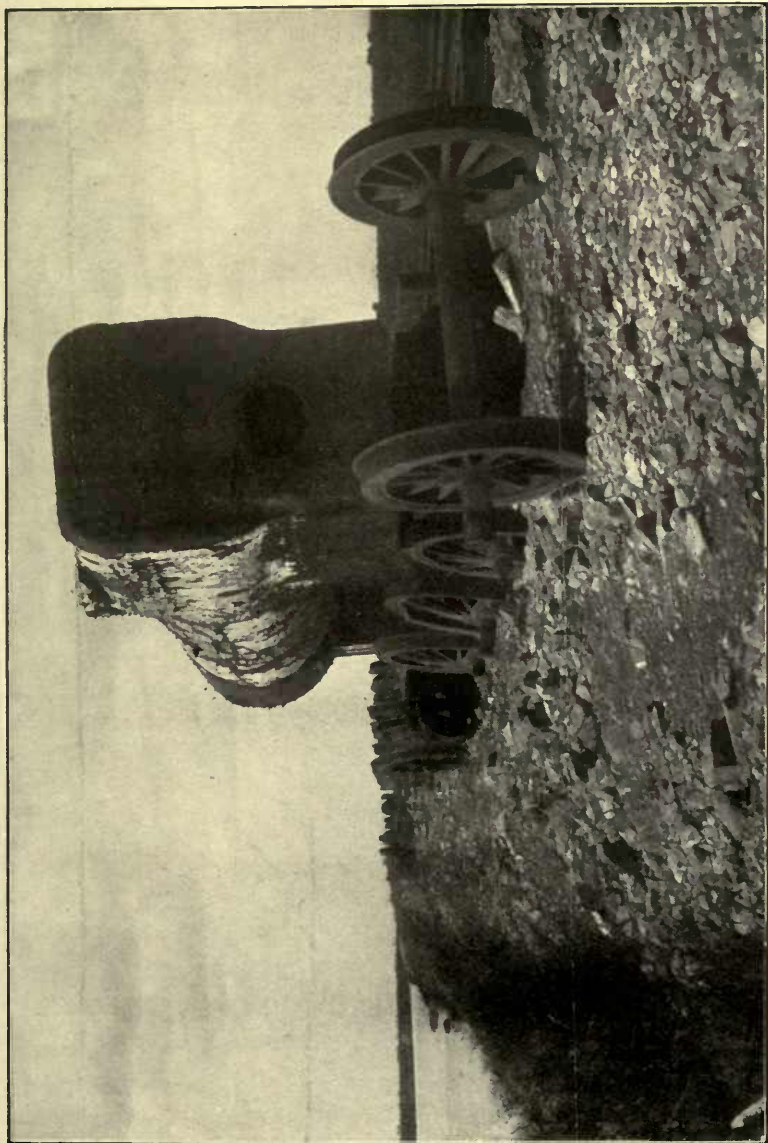
## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

advance was a rapid one. The enemy's guns were in a retired position, and thus escaped capture."

The allied forces lost many, killed on this occasion. The hospital was set up under the trees, and here sixty or seventy men were bandaged and otherwise surgically treated. The Chinese held their position bravely until they saw the line of cold steel coming nearer and nearer the railway embankment. Then they retired, taking most of their wounded and their guns with them. If the Japanese had been ready on the other side of the river to prevent their crossing the two pontoons, the slaughter of the Chinese would have been appalling. But the Japanese had had to bridge several breaks in the river-bank on their line of march, and were thus delayed till most of the Chinese army had crossed to the west bank and made good their escape.

Only on our ascending the embankment could we realize the extremely strong position the enemy had held. At intervals small holes had been dug; in these the Chinamen had sat and fired till they had been hit or ordered to retire. Round each hole were scattered ammunition and empty cartridges. The former was gathered together and thrown into the river close by. As already stated, most of their guns had escaped, but many shells had been left behind. Later, a few daring soldiers returned to our position in the hope of carrying some away; but they were either shot, or caught and made to work as coolies.

Yang-tsun is a large market town, where a Chinese camp has been established, to my knowledge, for fifteen years. The railroad crosses the Pei-ho River at this point, and it was here that Admiral Seymour



BOILER AND WHEELS OF ADMIRAL SEYMOUR'S TRANSPORT TRAIN AS LEFT BY BOXERS.

*Army photo, by permission.*



## Battles of Pei-t'sang and Yang-tsun

was obliged to leave it and take to the river on their return from Lang-fang. Still standing on the embankment were the boilers and wheels of the engines used in that brave but useless attempt to reach Peking. How the Boxers must have gloated in their hate when they rushed upon these inventions of the "foreign devils"! They had burned the woodwork of the carriages, looted the brasses, nuts, and bolts, and had torn up and buried the rails and sleepers. But the wheels and boilers remained there in defiance; the white man's forgings had proved too unyielding for the Boxers. Referring to this attempt of Seymour and his men, Sir Robert Hart says that it was "an impossible task gallantly persevered in, and the wonder is that his party ever got back to the coast. As it turned out, it was just as well he did not succeed; but his conduct and the bearing of his men were beyond all praise."

## CHAPTER VI

### ON THE MARCH

So far we had marched twenty-five miles in forty-eight hours. That was two hard days' work for an army of twenty thousand men, even if the fighting, sun, and dust be not taken into account. The men were exhausted and the Chinese had fled, so it was decided to give the soldiers a day's rest.

This did not mean that there was no work for the scouts and the Intelligence Department. It seemed as though the river were drained farther up, for our transport boats were nearly aground. Years ago, we knew, the tide was perceptible as far north as Yang-tsun, but we did not think the river could fall to the extent now noticed. Our fears were that the Chinese had cut the river banks north of us to prevent our boats getting up. This seemed the most probable explanation; the more so that the Chinese had cut the line in front of and behind Admiral Seymour, and had in that way barred his progress towards Peking. What more likely, then, than that they had cut the river-banks and let the water out over the low-lying land? This would have been a very serious obstacle, for we could not have marched without our transport. The naval guns had been

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placed in boats, and already these were aground. A ride along the river-bank and an examination of the probable rise and fall of the water led us to the conclusion that the fall of the river was owing partly to the tide from the coast, fifty miles away. It was found later that the Chinese had cut the banks higher up.

With the cry of "Make haste!" ringing in our ears, the fact that the Chinese had been driven from their second line of defence acted as a salve for wounds and lame limbs, and all were ready for Wednesday's forward movement. The British force consisted of Sikhs, Rajputs, Pataans, Bengal Lancers, and Punjabis—all Indians, in turbans—the only white men being three hundred Welsh Fusiliers, three hundred Marines, the Naval Brigade, and one battery of Field Artillery. Then there was that most interesting individual, the Chinese-British soldier from Wei-hai-wei, who seemed to be in his element most when he was following Chinese prisoners with a fixed bayonet in his hands; though I believe the regiment did valiant service in the attack on Tientsin. This cavalcade was doubtless the most picturesque-looking that ever went on to a battle-field. In addition, there were Americans, Japanese, Russians, and French, all in distinctive garb.

On Wednesday the 8th of August, at daylight, this heterogeneous army began to move across the pontoon bridges to the west of the river, and, from the point at which we left the line of march taken by Admiral Seymour, our road was that followed by the British in 1860. In fact, the survey made at that time formed the basis of our map for this march.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

We had four surveyors attached to the expedition, but they were none too numerous for the work to be performed, for each village, road, well, path, and name had to be entered.

In 1860 the French marched on the east of the river, and the British, their allies, on the west. On that march the French must have paid for little that they took, for during the forty intervening years every foreigner travelling on the east of the river has had to suffer reviling, and worse, in consequence of their proceedings. Now, forty years later, five armies were marching to Peking on the west of the river.

At eleven o'clock a halt was called, and we dismounted near a well. I was taking a drink and watering my horse, when I espied a Chinaman hiding behind a hedge. After I had addressed him in his own language, he came out and said to me, "I am not afraid of the British"; adding, "I was here forty years ago, when the English came, and they did not injure me; so I thought I would trust them now and not run away." All other inhabitants had fled. Entering into conversation, he gave me information concerning the retreating Chinese army, its guns and condition. Generals Sung-ching and Li-ping-hêng, with General Ma, were the men in command at Yang-tsun. Li-ping-hêng had brought up his army of "Honan Braves," but they had been hopelessly cut up and were demoralized. After the battle, Yü-lu, the Viceroy at Tientsin, had shot himself, and his body was being taken north. The Empress-Dowager had ordered him to retake Taku and Tientsin, but this being beyond his power, and





BOXER PRISONERS.

*Photo, Underwood (Copyright), by permission.*

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finding himself being driven back rapidly on Peking, he knew his head would be in danger, so, to save the Empress Dowager the trouble of removing it, he had taken his own life.

The conversation was so interesting that I had not noticed the column marching, though I had heard the bugle sound. The Bengal Lancers were the rear-guard for the day and the only soldiers still on the spot. I experienced a rude awakening when the Indian officer in command called out, "Come 'long, sir ; Chinee catchee you !" This was the first time I had felt afraid of being caught. There was now no time for delay, so with a hasty wave of the hand I left my friend the Chinaman, and galloped into position. This ride cost me much aching of heart, for it was pitiable to see our weary, footsore soldiers trudging along under a sun of intense power, the thermometer standing at 102° in the shade.

Till the rains begin, the heat of North China is dry and not very trying, but at this time the air was damp and the heat most relaxing. In ordinary circumstances the residents of North China would carry—umbrellas ; but this of course was out of the question now, and so we rode, or marched on foot, and made the best of our discomfort. I felt the heat all down the middle of my spine, and, dismounting under a tree, sat down to cool and rest. One of the many doctors rode up and inquired as to my condition. I assured him that I was well ; and not wishing to be "counted out," I remounted and rode to my place.

By 4 p.m. we had reached T'sai-tsun, and found that the advance guard had pitched the camp. A

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hasty wash and a cup of tea refreshed us greatly, and many of the men took a bathe in the Pei-ho. Several of the senior officers improvised drawers and joined in the fun. My work, however, was not yet finished, for the yamen must be visited and the papers examined. Some were of value and were preserved, though the Japanese had mixed them up so that they were difficult to find.

Many prisoners had been caught by this time. Some were Chinese regulars, and others were Boxers wearing uniform. The British and Americans dealt with prisoners according to the rules of warfare among civilized peoples, though we knew we were fighting an enemy who neither gave nor expected quarter. The usual mode of disposing of them was to send them in gangs of a dozen or twenty to pull the boats or push the transport barrows. They were guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets ready to shoot any daring to escape. Many prisoners had been caught red-handed, and to deal with such men according to the rules of warfare was distasteful to some of our men, especially to those who had had comrades beheaded while they were in the hands of the Chinese as prisoners. We had reason to believe that some prisoners were never turned over to us "officially," but were handed over to the tender mercies of the Japanese, Russian, or French soldiers, who, as a rule, had no such conscientious scruples on the subject as bound the Anglo-Saxon. Part of my duty consisted in examining the prisoners and reporting to the Intelligence Department information received from them.

The Wei-hai-wei Regiment took charge of the

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prisoners captured by the British. Strange was the sight of this Chinese regiment of British soldiers fighting against their own countrymen. They might have refused to fight them had they been men from the same province ; but they were Shantung men, and had nothing in common with our enemies in the metropolitan province.

Thursday's march was noticeable chiefly for its excessive heat and its cavalry battle. Five armies were marching together, the Japanese first, over roads not more than six feet wide in many places and indented with ruts. Progress was terribly slow and arduous. We had hardly started this morning when a halt was called. At this point the road ran down a narrow ravine, and this was blocked by the large American wagons ; not for long, however, for "many hands make light work," and soon there was an onward move, though this march, which ought to have been done in five hours, actually took eight for its accomplishment. The heat became wellnigh insufferable, and it was reported that three hundred men had fallen out, while ten horses succumbed to sunstroke. The advance guard for the day was the Bengal Lancers. As we neared the end of the day's march we found the road obstructed by Chinese troops. Two miles outside Ho-hsi-wu the Chinese cavalry came out to oppose our progress. The Lancers formed up, and for a time there was a desperate encounter. The Chinese infantry were ordered out, but, being busy with their dinner at the time, they became confused, fired a few rounds, and fled. It was well that our infantry regiments were not called upon on this occasion. The mounted

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men had not suffered from the heat as had the infantry, who were quite prostrated by the time they had made their way into camp. We had several horses killed, but the Chinese lost heavily. They left a number of dead on the field, and the standards of Generals Sung and Ma were captured.

The fighting over and the Chinese having retired, we occupied their camp. Their fires were burning, and there was plenty of hot, steaming rice left. We found a smelting-pot, in which the lead for bullets had been fused, showing that ammunition had been getting scarce. The Chinese had dug entrenchments, thirty feet wide and twelve feet deep, down to the bank of the river on one side, and round the town on the other, facing an elevated piece of ground, which they had intended to utilize as a fort. Unfortunately for them, we came too soon, and their guns were not in position; in fact, the trenches had not been completed. The baskets, spades, and picks were lying round in confusion, just as they had been thrown away at the tidings of our approach. Another week's work would have made this place a stronghold, but our policy throughout the march was to give the enemy no time to entrench. To maintain the pace at which we were proceeding meant a severe strain on our troops; but they stood it well, inspired as they were by the desire to relieve the poor distressed people in Peking.

We had now reached the halfway point, and here we found, placed at a convenient centre, a powder magazine estimated to contain from eighty to a hundred tons of powder. We camped close by, and a

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sentry was posted to watch over it. At the council of war held on the pitching of our camp, the generals decided that in consequence of the heat, which was working such havoc with the troops, we should march at 4 p.m. on the morrow, and then take a night march, when the weather would be cooler. We had a long halt, but little rest; with so many thousands near it was impossible to find a quiet nook.

I had taken a quiet walk towards the powder magazine, and, finding a shady tree with some soft grass beneath it, I threw myself down for a rest. Only one thing disturbed me, and that was the squealing of pigs at the rear of some deserted huts. A soldier who was looking round made his way to the place from which the squealing came, and found four pigs shut up in a sty without food. He let them loose, and I settled myself down for a quiet half-hour. But this was not to be. A sharp voice rang out my name, and I looked up, to see General Barrow, Chief of the Staff, before me. After being assured that I was well, though tired, he said: "Living so many years in China as you have, I want to ask you what you think we ought to do when we get to Peking. Suppose we find the Emperor alive—he is said to be dead—don't you think we had better have him put back on the throne, if possible?" Answering, I said, "It seems to me that would be a good thing." "And what do you think of Li-hung-chang as Prime Minister?" he said. "Well," said I, "that would hardly do. Li, to my mind, does not deserve the confidence of the Allied Powers. Besides, he is too old."

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At this moment an orderly stepped up to the General and informed him that by some means one of the deserted huts near the magazine had been ignited and was all ablaze. The General rode away at once to the place, and a party of soldiers was called out, and with buckets of water fought the fire, which at last was got under. The fire was too near to the magazine to make my retreat a safe resting-place, so I deferred my siesta *sine die*, and made my way back to camp.

This excitement and lunch over, it was soon 4 p.m. and time to march. A night march seemed fraught with many dangers, though under the circumstances it seemed to be the right course to take. General Barrow led the column. The band of the Gurkhas played a lively air, and we marched off with a swing. The road lay along the dried-up bed of a river deep with sand. The sun had poured down all day on this sand, till it was like molten metal and almost unbearable. During the first two miles two hundred men fell out, and there were some cases of sunstroke. It seemed strange to me that the Indians should suffer so severely; yet it was evident that they stood this kind of heat no better than the Americans and British. Many horses had to be abandoned; yet, despite the fact that most of them were invalided past recovery, numbers made attempts to rejoin the ranks.

The strain on man and beast was so severe that a halt was called at a village at which there were two wells. The wells here are like those in Palestine. They are deep, and every person drawing water must carry his own vessel with a rope



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attached. Of the Indian soldiers, each carries his own vessel, made of brass. Each also had provided himself with a rope. Thus at every well they could get a drink; whereas the Japanese, British, and American soldiers carried no vessel, and had to rely on the bounty of others.

At one of these wells I was witness to an amusing incident. A parched, exhausted Japanese soldier, seemingly ready to drop, begged a drink from a Sikh soldier. The Sikh motioned that this was not permissible. Notwithstanding, the Japanese laid hold of the vessel. The Indian wrested it from him. Then he showed him, by example, how to place his hands together in the shape of a cup, into which the water could be poured. No sooner said than done. The Jap held his hands up to his mouth, the Sikh poured the water from his vessel, and the Jap's thirst was quenched; thus the Sikh's caste was saved. If the Sikh had allowed the Jap to drink out of his vessel, he would have lost his caste.

Before the march began the General had said, "Now, you know I wish to keep my men in good form, and you, being an old resident, can perhaps advise me in this matter." After due consideration, I had said: "It is more than probable that the Chinese will do as they did in 1860—poison the wells. Therefore I would advise that the men be not allowed to drink from them." This was put in orders, but almost immediately withdrawn. The conditions were so trying that our men would have died without water. I had advised that water-melons should be forbidden, but this was found impracticable. For "cholera belts" the men were

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advised to take the putties from their legs each night, and use them as they slept upon the ground.

After a few minutes at the wells, the "fall in" was sounded, and the march was recommenced. Suddenly a terrific explosion took place. Some of the men fell to the ground, and others shouted, "A mine!" A few of us were in the secret; we knew that Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, commanding officer of the Royal Engineers, had been left behind for the express purpose of exploding the powder magazine at Ho-hsi-wu, last night's camp, and that this was to be done at six o'clock. The shock was tremendous, even at a distance of two miles. Looking back, we saw a dense black cloud of smoke ascend and develop like a huge tree, till it covered the sky. Then there descended a shower of dust which stuck to our khaki clothing for hours afterwards. We supposed that the detonation would be heard in Peking, but were informed that explosions were so common that this one excited no surprise.

When the Colonel came into camp he had a remarkable tale to tell. With his assistants, he had laid a long fuse from the magazine. This was ignited, and he was running away when he noticed a Russian soldier walking directly for the magazine, oblivious of the fact that it would immediately be exploded. The Colonel ran towards him and made gestures, not being able to speak Russian. Nor could the Russian understand English. So by physical force the Colonel had to stop the man. The Russian resented this interference with his liberty, and insisted on an explanation. At that moment the flame reached the magazine, the explosion took place, and both were

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thrown violently to the ground. Then, and only then, did the Russian understand the meaning of the conduct of this excited British officer.

One interesting fact is that in the army there are a number of officers who are not ashamed to be known as Christians, and Colonel Scott-Moncrieff is one of them. More than once on the march he would ride along and say, "Well, do you think they will hold out in Peking till we get there?" "I don't know, Colonel." "Oh, well, let us pray for them," he would say, and ride on. The proportion of Christian non-commissioned officers has always been interesting to me. It is a fact worth noting that the proportion of Wesleyan soldiers of non-commission rank is very high, showing that "godliness is profitable for all things" and that in the army it means speedy promotion.

Before an action the most careless soldier seems to have a secret longing to know what there is in store for him, and I have a vivid recollection of a little group surrounding me more than once to find out the chances, the pros and cons of the morrow's engagement. I love the soldier, and was converted on the battlefield to the position that men who are glad to sacrifice their lives for helpless women and children who are being slaughtered by an infuriated mob are not far from the Kingdom of God. Lecturing in Lancashire while on furlough, a man came up and said, "Don't you know me, sir?" I replied, "I am sorry, I do not remember you." He said, "You remember that man who was shot in the leg on the march to Peking? I remember you well enough. You know, I was converted out there, and

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bought myself out of the army, came to Bolton, and with the little money I had set up business, got married, and am now a member of the Wesleyan Victoria Hall." I found he was well known to the missionary as a zealous, warm-hearted, Christian man.

Out in China I was in conversation with one of the chaplains, a Presbyterian, when he remarked, "How is it that nearly all the warmest-hearted Christian men in a regiment are Wesleyans?" My reply was that it is probably because the Wesleyan Church has more Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes both at home and abroad than any other Church, and in them it is easier to get into close touch with the men."

This was our first night march, and a new experience. Our line of march led us through the market town of An-p'ing, where we rested for about half an hour. At nine o'clock some of us half wished we might camp here, but it was not to be. So many of the men lagged behind that a few stray Chinese scouts could have picked off many of them. The cavalry kept a good look-out, yet we knew not where an ambush might be laid for us. The *kao-liang*, or "tall millet," was on both sides, between ten and twelve feet in height, and a whole army might easily have been concealed within it.

An edict had been issued by the Empress Dowager ordering the Boxers to concentrate in large force at Tung-an-hsien, a city but a few miles on our left. If they obeyed the edict, they kept quiet, for we had little trouble and hindrance to our progress.

The road was not wide enough to admit of more than two or three men's marching abreast; con-

## On the March

sequently our column was miles in length. At about eleven o'clock, when we were two miles from our destination and were turning a sharp corner, a voice rang out, "Who goes?" In an instant the gleam of bayonets showed that business was on hand. But "Friend!" as an answer satisfied the sentry of the 14th Infantry, which had pushed ahead and lost their baggage in the dark. We were able to put them right, and we marched together into camp at Ma-t'ao. The baggage train did not turn up until the morrow, and many of the men spent an uncomfortable night in consequence. The midnight hour had struck before we took up our quarters in a large *kao-liang* field, with grain at least ten feet high. This had to be broken down ere we could secure a six-foot length of mother earth whereon to spread our scanty bedding. Officers and men alike took their blankets, and, without more of a supper than a drink of cold water from the river, lay down anywhere, to indulge in "Nature's sweet restorer." A rude awakening was our portion when, two hours later, a thunder-storm, with heavy rain, wet us through; and most of us had to wait till daylight before the khaki clothing dried on our backs.

My contact with military officers at mess and in tent, in camp and on march, only increased my deep sympathy and regard for them—at least, for the Anglo-Saxon portion of them, and it is these I know most about. Most of them are gentlemen by birth and education, yet they never grumble at their surroundings, but take everything as it comes. In fact, many a time I felt sorry that they had to work so hard on such poor food. The luxury of a tent was

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

seldom indulged in while on the march. Two blankets and an oilskin were considered a necessity—all else were luxuries. Had I not witnessed it, I could hardly have believed it possible that men would march from 4 p.m. till after midnight, and then turn in without anything stronger than a drink of cold water.

One day I was invited by Major Quinton to dine with the officers of the 14th U.S. Infantry. It was a great honour, for they had won the envy and esteem of all who had witnessed their brave deeds. Two empty boxes on end did duty as a table, while a newspaper was the tablecloth. There was a metal knife, fork, and spoon for each, and each had but one enamelled plate for all the courses. Captains Taylor and Leonard were present, and I suppose that by this time their daring deeds have brought them into prominence, and that luxuries will have been heaped upon them. They deserve it. What a change!—the drudgery of war, then honour.

And then the British Indians—the polo-players, the aimers at “looking smart” and making a dash through the “beggars”—what a change now, again! At noon one day I saw General Gaselee, with his Chief of the Staff, General Barrow, who had called a halt, squatting on the *ti*, or outer bank, of the Pei-ho River, and lunching contentedly on the contents of a tin box. The sun was pouring down its midday heat, and all were panting for breath. A thoughtful officer had galloped to the well of a neighbouring village, and, returning, handed his bottle of water to the General. The General was only too glad to get a draught of cool, refreshing



REV. FREDERICK BROWN, F.R.G.S.

[To face p. 122.]





## On the March

water. Close by was a melon-patch, carefully tended by a poor countryman ; but, on the approach of the troops, he took to his heels, and the soldiers took his melons. Melons are grand for slaking one's thirst, as generals and privates alike found out.

Others I was thrown into contact with were Captain A. W. N. Norrie, Quartermaster-General for Intelligence, every inch a gentleman ; Captain (now Colonel) Wingate, who rode at the head of the column and knew no fear though frequently in great danger ; Captain Ryder, who had charge of the surveyors ; Major Luke, of the Chinese Regiment ; and Captain Coe, of the transport. All are gallant soldiers and gentlemen.

From the beginning of the march I had been unfortunate in losing my horses. Fasten them as I would, they broke loose. In consequence I had to apply to the transport officer for remounts. He usually sent me to the captured pony lines to "take the best you can find." This was not an easy matter where there were scores to choose from ; so, not being a horsey man, I used to secure the help of a friendly cavalryman, who was always ready to oblige me. To one and all of the officers and men I owe a debt of gratitude for their kindness and attention to a novice in the field.

The next march was to Chang-chia-wan, and we were to move at two o'clock in the afternoon. This is where the Chinese fought the allied troops in 1860, and we expected they would make a stubborn stand again, so were prepared.

Having the morning at liberty, Captain Kemp, the Russian interpreter to General Gaselee, and I

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

went for a walk outside the camp. Hard by a small temple, on an elevated piece of land, we sat down to rest, choosing a spot from which we could obtain a good view of the river. We had not been seated long when—whiz ! whiz !—and two bullets flew past us, much too close for our comfort. The Captain jumped up and called out, but there was no reply. Then, revolver in hand, he went round the hill in search of foes. Presently we came across the shooter. He proved to be an infantryman who was amusing himself during his leisure hours with shooting dogs ; he had mistaken the head of one of us for a fine China pup ! Explanations followed and apologies were offered, and the soldier went back to camp a wiser man. The carelessness with which some of the men handle their weapons surprised me. On the battlefield, in case of accident, there is neither inquest nor jury, and this begets a recklessness which is inexcusable.

This march to Chang-chia-wan was unique, because the road was so narrow and our column so long. Orders were given by bugle and lanterns in the hands of signallers, under Captain Rigby, and in this way the long, serpent-like army was kept in touch with the generals. The Japanese had taken another road, and had struck the Chinese rear-guard before we came up. For some reason the Chinese had refused to fight, and, throwing away most of their surplus baggage, had made good their escape. The Japanese fired the town, and by the time we came up it was enveloped in flames and clouds of smoke. The effect of this at night was to strike terror into the retreating troops.

## On the March

The decision to march at night was a wise one, and in future wars with China it should be remembered that the Chinese have a strong dislike to being out after dark; they retire early, and never travel at night without a lantern. Owing to the number of lanterns carried by the retreating army, the Japanese were able to place many shells accurately, and they proved very destructive. The Japanese captured ten guns, but we arrived too late for what the officers called "the fun."

We pitched camp near the burning town, the heavens seeming all ablaze. A threshing-floor served as a bed. The night was fine; we were without tents, but, for all that, we slept till the bugle sounded at 5 a.m. The morning sun broke over us very hot, and we knew we were in for another of those scorching days. We had come our last night march, and, on looking back, it seems very strange that with all the natural advantages on the side of the Chinese, they did not make better use of their opportunities to harass and bar our progress. Perhaps they thought it was a hopeless task.

On more than one occasion we had reason to be grateful to the Japanese, who had engaged the Chinese before we arrived. They are brave men, and will in future have to be reckoned with when international affairs are being discussed. Bishop Fowler has made a comparative statement of the inhabitants of the Far East. He says:—

"The Chinese crowd into every door. They do most of the business of Japan. The Chinese are solemnly in earnest, the objective point sought by their energy and industry being 'another cash.' The

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Japanese is a clerk, the Korean is a coolie, and the Chinese is the proprietor in the Far East. In architecture, Japan is a match-box, Korea a straw-stack, and China a quarry. In character, Japan is a squirrel, Korea a pig, and China a tortoise. In courage, the Japanese is a bantam, Korean a rat, and Chinese a cur; while, in social habits, Japan smiles, Korea groans, and China meditates. In the great campaign for the capture of Asia, to take Japan is to take the outer forts, to take Korea is to capture the ambulances, but to take China is to take Asia."

In justice to the Chinese, it should be stated that they invariably carried off their wounded with them; it was reported that when they reached Tung-chou they had forty boat-loads.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE ASSAULT ON PEKING

OUR next move was to Tung-chou, the port for Peking, on the Pei-ho River. The city is one of considerable importance and wealth. Fifty years ago, during the march of the French and English in 1860, the Chinese officials invited commissioners from the allied armies to enter this place under a flag of truce. Sir Harry Parkes and six others were sent in; but the Chinese soldiers closed on them, bound them with ropes, threw them into carts, and rattled them over the great stone road to Peking, thirteen miles away, and put them into prison. Several succumbed to the hard treatment they received. It was within the range of possibility for the Chinese to try the same tactics now, and we should not have been surprised at the appearance of a white flag at this point. But not so. The Imperial army evidently meant to fight to the bitter end. As we followed the retreating army we came across pots, pans, umbrellas, and fans, the necessary paraphernalia of a Chinese army, scattered about in all directions. Here and there a deserting soldier had thrown away his coat and rifle rather than face the enemy. It seemed, therefore, that there would be no serious stand till Peking should be reached.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Before marching, I had gone into the burning town to try to find somebody who would give us information of the plans of the retreating generals. After a long search I found a Taoist priest and his wife, crouching down in the corner of the temple. A friendly word or two in his own language drew the priest into conversation, in the course of which he reported that the soldiers were getting dissatisfied with the army, because they had not had pay for four weeks ; and, when it did come, the "squeezes" were so heavy that they had little heart to fight. Besides this the supply of grain was short. Early in the campaign we sent an expedition south of Tientsin, where it was known that a large quantity of grain was being landed from the Grand Canal and was being sent overland to the Chinese camp in the north. This expedition cut the supply at its source and intercepted the grain-junks coming from the southern provinces. With food and pay in arrears, it seemed evident that no serious opposition would be made till the Allies should reach Peking.

General Li-ping-hêng, with his "Honan Braves," was in full retreat before us, notwithstanding his boasting that he would rush all the "foreign devils" into the sea at the first battle. General Sung-ching of Shan-hai-kuan, with General Ma, his chief of staff, were discouraged, and, with the body of the late Viceroy of the province, Yü-lu, they were hurrying north, believing "discretion to be the better part of valour."

Sung had always shown himself friendly to the foreigners, till the magic wand of the Empress

## The Assault on Peking

Dowager had stirred him up to be our stubborn enemy on this march. Ma was the man who had trained the guns so accurately on the Tientsin settlement. Ten shells had entered the Temperance Hall in twenty minutes. British officers being quartered there, the Chinese had made a special target of it. Four shells had burst in my house, while forty had entered the garden. The guns were no obsolete ones, but modern Krupps, trained on the foreign settlement by men who had been drilled by Russian and German officers.

Generals Nieh and Hu had been killed at Tientsin. We learned this from dispatches found in the yamen. Up to that time there had been a doubt as to the fate of those men. And now the remainder of China's best generals had been driven to within twenty miles of the capital!

On the march to Tung-chou we came upon signs of a severe battle that had taken place near the west gate. The Japanese had been there early and finished the fighting before we arrived. They took ten guns and killed many Chinese, the remainder fleeing towards Peking.

Near the east gate, where the British were to camp, there met my eyes a ghastly sight. Hanging on a pole were the heads of four Chinamen, probably Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Boxers.

We marched down to the river-bank, and took up quarters in the inns and houses which had been vacated by the inhabitants in expectation of our arrival. The generals quartered themselves in a spacious upper story, while the staff occupied rooms

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

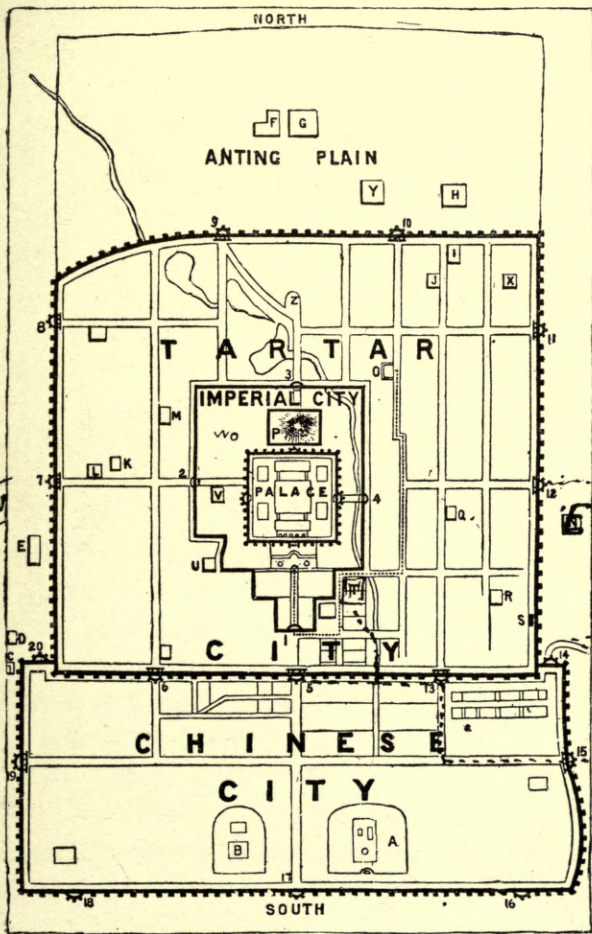
on the ground floor of a large inn. The American camp was on a level piece of land outside the west gate of the city, with plenty of trees for shade and a clear flowing stream in the valley below—an ideal spot for a camp. The Russian camp was farther to the north of the city; while the Japanese, like the Americans, were encamped outside the west gate, with an outpost close to Pa-li Bridge, two miles nearer Peking. These were the several positions on the night of 12th August.

General Li, with his forty boats of ammunition and wounded, escaped the morning we arrived up a narrow branch of the river. He had left behind two boats of powder and ammunition, with a crew in each, they not having had time to escape. The latter we took prisoners, but the powder we destroyed and threw into the river. In a temple, not far from our camp, were stored fifty tons of powder; there was a large stock also in one of the towers on the city wall. During my absence in Peking the latter exploded, destroying half the city and killing many people. Several Boxer prisoners were caught while sniping from the other side of the river.

Tung-chou contains some wealthy families. The east suburb is a populous and well-to-do quarter. At this time, however, it was not easy to find people, for they had either fled or were shut up in their houses.

Looting soon began, and very early I was called to interpret in regard to it for General Gaselee. A wealthy old Chinaman had presented himself at headquarters with a plea the General could not





PLAN OF PEKING AND ENTRY, AUGUST 14, 1900.



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understand. But I soon found out his errand. He complained that several Indian soldiers had broken into his house and were looting it; he wished the General to interfere on his behalf. At once the General asked me to accompany the old man home, and tell the soldiers that "by the General's orders they are to desist at once and quit the house." It was quite a palatial residence. The old man's story had been true enough; a number of Indian soldiers were helping themselves to anything they fancied. Some were walking away with arms full of skins, silks, and ornaments. I shouted at the top of my voice, "General orders retire!" Whether or not they understood my language I cannot say, but they saw my uniform—I was dressed as an officer. At once they dropped the loot and bolted.

A pathetic sight presented itself as I moved about the interior of the old man's house. There, hidden in a corner of a coalhouse, were four or five Chinese ladies, who were terribly afraid. And the old man informed me that if I had not gone promptly and cleared the place, rather than fall into the hands of the Indians they were going to throw themselves down the well. In other quarters of the city many did do so; they were so afraid of the coloured men. These are some of the things that make one feel that war is a terrible thing, and that at this period of the world's history it should cease. Whatever may be gained from actual fighting, it is clear enough that it is a demoralizing business. And to my mind, after a long experience of countries devastated by war, it is a question whether a country ever recovers entirely from the after-effects.

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I vote with both hands that wars cease, and that arbitration take its place in all disputes.

Having cleared the mansion of the intruders, I helped to barricade the door, and then took my leave. The old man was very unwilling that I should go; with tears in his eyes he begged me to stay. "If you remain," he said, "I am safe; but when you are gone they will come again." Assuring him of help in case of further trouble, I left him.

Up to this time looting had not been prohibited; but it soon became so common that an order was issued forbidding the soldiers ever to enter any native houses, and Captain Low, Provost-Marshal, informed us later that he had fifteen of one regiment under arrest during the night for disobedience of this order. The officers did their utmost to reduce looting and outrages of every kind to a minimum, but there being five armies to control, it was impossible wholly to prevent them; for, when a complaint was made, it usually turned out that the culprit was a soldier from one of the other camps who had come into alien ground, and levanted as soon as he had completed his wrongdoing.

On the 12th of August I was sent for by the Chief of the Staff. After a few preliminary remarks, he handed me a dispatch from Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, to read. This had come to hand at Yang-tsun, but, it being in cipher and the staff not having the code at hand, we had to send to Tientsin before we could ascertain its purport. It contained advice as to the best point

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at which to enter the city of Peking, of which it gave a plan, in the following words :—

“The Wall of the Chinese city South Gate is in a bad state and easier to take than any part of the Manchu City Wall, which is thicker and higher. The ground from the South (Yung-ting) Gate is open. After shelling advance up main street towards the middle gate, then turning to the right in the direction of Water Gate ought to be made without any great difficulty. *I deem this the safest and most feasible entry into Peking* (see Ragsdales Code).”

My advice was requested on this matter, as the General remarked, “*You know we are perfect strangers in a strange land.*” I took the dispatch away and carefully studied the question, and then wrote out my answer in the following terms :—

“I am bound to disagree with Sir Claude Macdonald as to the most feasible way of entry to the South City of Peking. We agree that the Water Gate, or sewer, is the only possible mode of entry from the South to the North or Manchu City. Reasons for my opinion are the following—

“1. Our Chinese scouts have brought us word that there is an army of ten thousand men in the Nan-hai or southern hunting park; if we attack the middle South Gate, we shall have this army on our rear.

“2. To attack the proposed gate means three miles longer march for our men, and a separation from the other columns.

“3. I should advise entry to the *South City* by the *Sha-Kuo-men* or middle *East Gate*, which is

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a much weaker gate than the one suggested, and much nearer the Legations."

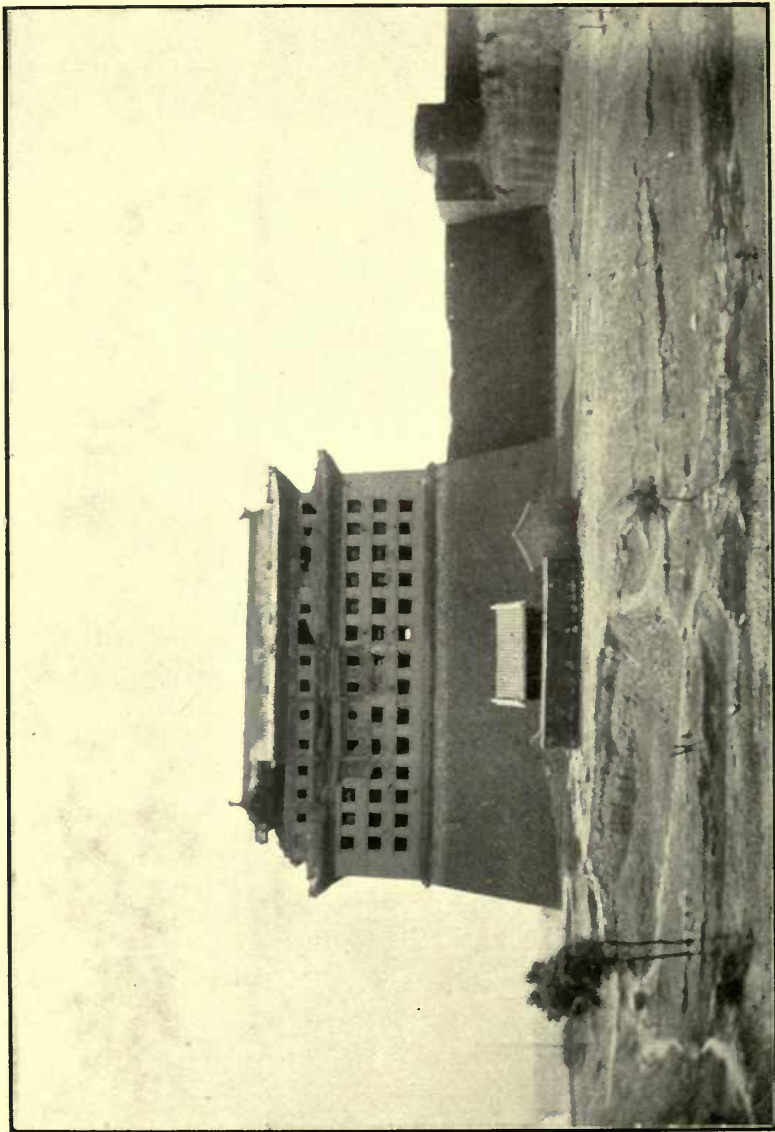
The dispatch was handed in, but I was not sure that my advice would be taken, till on the eve of the scramble for Peking word was sent to me and a request from the General that I should "*be ready to ride with him at the head of the Infantry Brigade at 2 a.m. the next morning towards the Sha-Kuo Gate.*"

This gave us a march of fifteen miles in a south-west direction, and on a line almost parallel with the United States troops.

The present city of Peking dates back only to Kublai Khan, the Mongol conqueror, A.D. 1279. The old capital of the golden Tartar Dynasty, which he captured, was situated a little to the south-west of the present city, and was a large and prosperous place, connected by canal with the Hun River, four miles distant. The Emperor was told by one of his "earth doctors," or *geomancers*, that bad luck was associated with the old capital, and he must build a new city if he wished to retain the empire. It did not take this autocratic monarch long to make this decision. The old city was immediately demolished and a new one erected. The name was changed from the Chung-Tu (middle capital) to Peking or Pei-Ching (the northern capital).

The city, originally, was larger than at present. The presiding star over the city is Venus, and the situation is considered perfect. It has mountains to the north to ward off evil spirits from that direction. And to the east there is the protection of the sea; on the west there are also high mountains,





CORNER TOWER ON WALL OF PEKING, SHOWING EFFECT OF SHELLS, AUGUST 14, 1900.



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but to the south there is the cheering vista of plains, teeming with millions of people, and fertile fields, covered with fruit and grain for the support of man.

When the Manchus swept down from the north and overthrew the Chinese Dynasty in the year A.D. 1644 they left the cities as they were, and from that time to this have added little to them or beautified them in any way till a few years ago. Peking consists of four cities: Southern or Chinese, with a population of about half a million people; these are from all parts of the empire. In this city is found the Temple of Heaven, the most ancient of Chinese altars, also the Temple of Agriculture. These are immense enclosures, and occupy a good portion of the entire area of the city. North of the Southern city is the Manchu or Tartar city, and in the centre of the Tartar city, about four miles in circumference, surrounded by high walls, covered with yellow tiles, is the Imperial City, entered by four gates. Within this wall are supposed to dwell the relatives of the Imperial family and the immediate retainers of the Emperor, perhaps 50,000 in all. In the north-west corner of this city is the new Imperial University, in buildings formerly erected as a residence of a princess, the daughter of the Emperor Tao-kuang, at the beginning of the last century. Inside the Imperial city and surrounded by a wide moat filled with clear water is the Forbidden City, the residence of the Emperor, his concubines, eunuchs, and others. The city is divided into two parts. The part to the north contains the Coal Hill, said to be filled with coal for use in case of siege. It is an

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

artificial hill, surrounded by cool pavilions and adorned with trees, on one of which the last Emperor of the Ming Dynasty hung himself after stabbing to death his only daughter. This city is about a mile and a half square, and was carefully guarded by innumerable soldiers who lounged about the guardhouses. The eunuchs waited upon the Emperor, cared for his kitchen, etc. When the late Emperor went out they led his horse, rowed his boat in summer, and in winter pulled him on the ice, comfortably protected in his beautiful silk-lined sleigh. His audiences with his Ministers were held before daylight each day, and old and feeble officials were obliged to be stirring by two o'clock in the morning. The first intelligent account given to Western nations of the city of Peking was given by that great traveller Marco Polo, who reached Peking A.D. 1280.

This is the city to which the Allies are bound, but on the 13th of August, 1900, they are at Tung-chou, due east of Peking city, from ten to twelve miles in distance.

At a council of war held on this date it was decided to send forward strong reconnoitring parties on the 13th, to concentrate on a line about five miles from Peking on the 14th, and to attack on the 15th. The position assigned to the forces was as follows: The Japanese were to take the great stone road, which would bring them to the C'hi-ho Gate, which was the most used, and in their direct line of march. The Americans, Russians, and French were to march south of the stone road and along the bank of the canal, which would bring

## The Assault on Peking

them to the Tung-pien Gate, the point at which the Southern and Manchu cities join. The British were given the choice of roads on the extreme south. The one chosen was, as I have stated, that about two miles south of the American line, and leading to the Sha-Kuo Gate, though we made a wide detour to get round the flank of the Chinese guns.

Thus it was arranged that the Allies should march in four parallel columns between the two cities of Tung-chou and Peking. These lines of march were followed, but "owing to the premature advance of the Russians the intended concentration was abandoned, and the troops were all hurried forward to assault the city of Peking." This is from General Gaselee's report to the War Office.

Late on the evening of the 13th there were signs that the Russians were preparing to march. The Japanese general understood the move to mean that the Russians were determined to be the first into Peking and have all the honour that would be attached to it. He therefore ordered his men out at once, at the same time sending word to the American and British generals. General Chaffee had his men out by midnight, and already marching slowly on Peking. As soon as General Gaselee heard of the Russian move he sent forward two guns, the 1st Bengal Lancers, and the 7th Bengal Infantry as an advance guard. This force was about five miles on the way to Peking before midnight on the 13th.

Colonel Munthe,\* a Norwegian officer who had for many years been in the Imperial Customs service, and knew the language, had been very useful

\* Now General.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

to the Russian Commander, with whom he had marched. It was under his lead that the Russian reconnoitring party left Tung-chou, and thus alarmed the other commanders and created a stampede towards the capital. The night was very dark, and it rained very heavily. The Russians pushed on up to the gate of the city without their presence being detected. Along the wall outside there is a moat of water, crossed by a small bridge. They crossed, but the Chinese troops at the bridge guardhouse were awakened and gave the alarm. The Chinese on the city wall close by immediately opened a heavy fusillade on the Russians. The night being pitch dark, they did little damage. The Russians brought up two guns, but they were exposed to a murderous fire, as they were between the two gates. It was a regular pandemonium. The savage yells of the Chinese from above, the flashes of the musketry playing along the edge of the wall, the deafening din of their gingsals and of the Russian rifles drowned the moans of those unfortunates who fell in scores, wounded and dying. In a few minutes ten out of eighteen horses of the battery were killed. The commanding officer was severely wounded, while the majority of his men were killed. Under such a fire it was impossible to advance. In the case of one of the guns all the horses had been shot, and it was feared the gun must be abandoned. This would have happened had it not been for the Russian infantry, who rushed to the assistance of the gun and rescued it. Meanwhile the firing from the Tartar wall became more and more violent. The Russians could do

## The Assault on Peking

no more than sit tight. General Vassiolevsky was hit in the chest, and he fell, apparently mortally wounded, attended by Colonel Munthe. Two attempts were made to carry the General into safer quarters, but the stretcher-bearers were wounded one after the other, and so it was impossible to move till reinforcements came up. Thus disaster followed the extremely brave attempt to relieve the Legations single-handed, instead of unitedly as had been determined at the council of war. Colonel Munthe acted gallantly and fought well, but he had set himself an impossible task.

While in Tung-chou, in order to procure information, I rode on one occasion with Captain Norie over part of the road we had to travel. Our route lay directly past the site of what had been the headquarters of the American Board of Missions in North China. Their college had been established here, and a prosperous mission station had been in existence for many years; but on the site we found only heaps of broken bricks. The foundations had been dug up and the good bricks stolen. A war correspondent had informed me of a hole crowded with dead bodies, probably those of converts; but this I did not see. We found on the ground a Boxer flag, bearing the inscription: "*By Imperial Sanction—Lien-chin Contingent.*" Lien-chin is a town about forty miles to the south.

On our return to camp I was instructed to have a proclamation written and issued, inviting the populace to return to their homes and bring food for sale to the troops. Turning to General Gaselee, I said: "Certainly this would be lenient treatment,

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

for this is the first place from which foreign women and children had to flee for their lives. I should propose rather the lighting of a huge bonfire to-night—one that will strike terror into the hearts of the people in Peking. If you do that, I think we shall have little fighting to-morrow." In reply, he said: "Well, you know, we do not wish to antagonize the 350 millions of China." This was characteristic of the man from beginning to end of the march. He was kindness itself.

During the night of the 13th a terrific thunder-storm came on, with heavy rain. This made hard work for the naval guns; but the "handy man" of Ladysmith was the same at Peking—always ready. H.M.S. *Terrible* had supplied guns and men. The latter had shared the trials of Ladysmith with the men of the *Powerful*; but while their more fortunate comrades were enjoying the Royal hospitality at Windsor they were toiling on this stormy night to relieve those besieged in Peking, where there was

"Shrinking and black despair,  
And one dull, darksome dread—  
Dread for the women dear,  
Grief for the noble dead.

Still we with straining eyes  
Gaze out on distance far—  
Gaze where the bullet flies,  
Gaze at our guiding star;

Pray for the help we need,  
Pray for the armies' tramp,  
Tending the wounds that bleed,  
Watching life's flickering lamp.



LI HUNG CHANG CALLED TO SETTLE INDEMNITY.

*Photo by Underwood (Copyright), by permission.*

[To face p. 140.]





## The Assault on Peking

Then up again we rise,  
Start from the bed of pain,  
Listening to savage cries  
Shrieking across the plain.

Up, men, and at them now!  
Dearly our lives are bought!  
Friends, crush them! lay them low!  
Steady!—your powder's short!

Up, men! they storm the wall!  
Fight for the women brave!  
Guard them with cannon-ball,  
Them—and the children—save!

'What if the bullets fly?  
What if our number's few?'  
Strive till you fall and die!  
Do what you have to do!"

After the advance guard had left camp, early on the night of the 13th, Colonel O'Sullivan came to my quarters with the message that the General wanted me to ride with him at the head of the Infantry Brigade at 2 a.m. on the morrow. At midnight the camp began to stir. Fortunately, most of us had been sheltered in Chinese houses from the storm; but the water was standing inches deep on the courtyard floor, and to step out was to get wet-shod. At this time of the year that did not matter, for it was quite warm. I took a cup of cocoa and a biscuit—some of my brother officers liked whisky and soda better.

At 2 a.m. we were ready to march, and we set out in the darkness. The roads were very bad, and at first horses and men stumbled about in all directions, the soil being so slippery. But daylight

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

soon dawned, and we were able to see and thus avoid many of the ruts and bogs. The road we were travelling was different from anything we had hitherto met with ; but, long before, I had suggested that the Chinese would find their advantage in the deep ravines, worn for centuries and never repaired, that did duty for roads. In places they are twenty feet below the surrounding country. These spots, with the high grain on the banks above on both sides, were well adapted for an ambush ; but, until we came abreast of Pa-li Bridge, there was no fighting, except for the other columns.

Some of the correspondents who accompanied the British troops were inclined to comment on the fact that on the march we were kept well in check. They did not know that General Gaselee had entered into an agreement, as I have before stated, but he so arranged matters that whenever there was opposition or fighting to be done we were well up in front. It was the British battery that silenced the Chinese guns at Pei-t'sang. Two Indian regiments shared with the American infantry in capturing the enemy's position at Yang-tsun. The Bengal Lancers charged and overthrew the Tartar cavalry near H'o-shi-wu. Finally, the British were the *first into the Legations*, the relief of which was the primary object of the expedition. General Gaselee had much to be proud of, but nothing gave him greater pleasure, I am sure, than the knowledge that, in the moment of victory, the conduct of the troops was beyond reproach. They tortured no prisoners, did not shoot down defenceless women and children, shamed no women.

## The Assault on Peking

When a U.S. soldier advances under fire you begin to think that the fighting unit of the future is the individual. He acts by himself, for himself. His eyes flash, his lithe body swings forward. There is intentness in the movement. When he lies down to fire he does so with the intention of hitting some one. Most troops fire, not at the enemy but in the direction of the enemy. Not so the U.S. infantryman. The British and Americans were the very best of friends. In fact, an Anglo-Saxon Alliance was a common topic of conversation. We knew a little about the jealousy of the varied units of this unique army. There were differences among the generals, and on these occasions the U.S. General, Chaffee, always supported the British. It is said that once General Chaffee sent over to General Gaselee making some request; the latter said: "Certainly, certainly; nothing we can do is too good for the Americans. I cannot tell you how much we owe to them." The Japanese were very friendly with the other troops. The Japanese army is in every respect like an European army. It is organized and drilled on Continental principles. Japanese infantry do not turn back when once ordered to assault. They look like, and fight like, Gurkhas.

Early in the morning of August 14th we could hear heavy firing, so marched in the direction of the sound. We came up with the advance guard at 7 a.m., and at once pushed on with such troops as were available, the main body following after an hour's rest. Meantime the Japanese were nearing the walls of Peking; but they were not to reach

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

their goal unchallenged, for the Chinese opened fire on them from guns placed to command the two northern roads—those travelled by the Russian main body and Japanese. These guns must be silenced before they could reach the city wall ; but this was easily effected, and gradually the Chinese retired within the gates.

The walls of the Manchu city, by which the Japanese and Russians were faced, are sixty feet high and forty feet wide on the top—wide enough for four carriages to be driven abreast at full speed. They are in splendid condition, with massive gates on each side. From the top of this wall, crowded with soldiers, the two columns were kept in check. Many attempts were made to blow up the gates with gun-cotton, but every time a man approached to light the fuse he was shot down. They continued until the Japanese had lost about one hundred men killed. Then they gave up the attempt till after dark.

The early arrival of the two forces under the Manchu wall had had the effect of drawing off the soldiers placed to guard the South city. The belief of the Chinese generals seemed to be that the allied forces were advancing in two columns instead of four, the Americans and British being so much later in turning up at their respective gates. Consequently all their efforts were given to the defence of the Manchu wall.

About twelve o'clock General Chaffee and his men prepared to attack the Tung-pien Gate of the South city. The wall juts out a quarter of a mile farther east than the Manchu wall, and was to that extent

## The Assault on Peking

farther away from the fire of the Chinese soldiers. It was decided to scale the wall at the corner ; so up climbed a number of men of the 9th Infantry with the Stars and Stripes. But this was not the end of the day's work. There was some hard work ahead, and the men braced themselves for whatever was in store for them. From the Manchu wall they were exposed to a galling fire, from which they could secure little shelter ; but they marched bravely on, in spite of the leaden hail poured on them by the thousands of Chinese.

As the British marched along the soft road to the south we could see and hear that sharp fighting was proceeding to the north, but little shot or shell came near us. No effort had been made to defend the road we traversed, except that there was an outpost in a timber-yard on our line of march ; that, however, was soon disposed of. But though there was no organized defence, there were snipers all around us, waiting to cut off stragglers and disabled soldiers.

On one occasion, while we were halting that the scouts might ascertain whether there were any obstacles to our advance, I was talking to one of the Indian surveyors, who was busy drawing a map a few yards from the main body, when—whiz ! whiz !—and bullets fell around us. One hit his board, scattering his instruments and sending us both flying to our places. Nobody was hit—for a wonder. This was one of many hair's-breadth escapes.

At noon the Americans and the British were in touch, and the latter pushed on to the Sha-Kuo

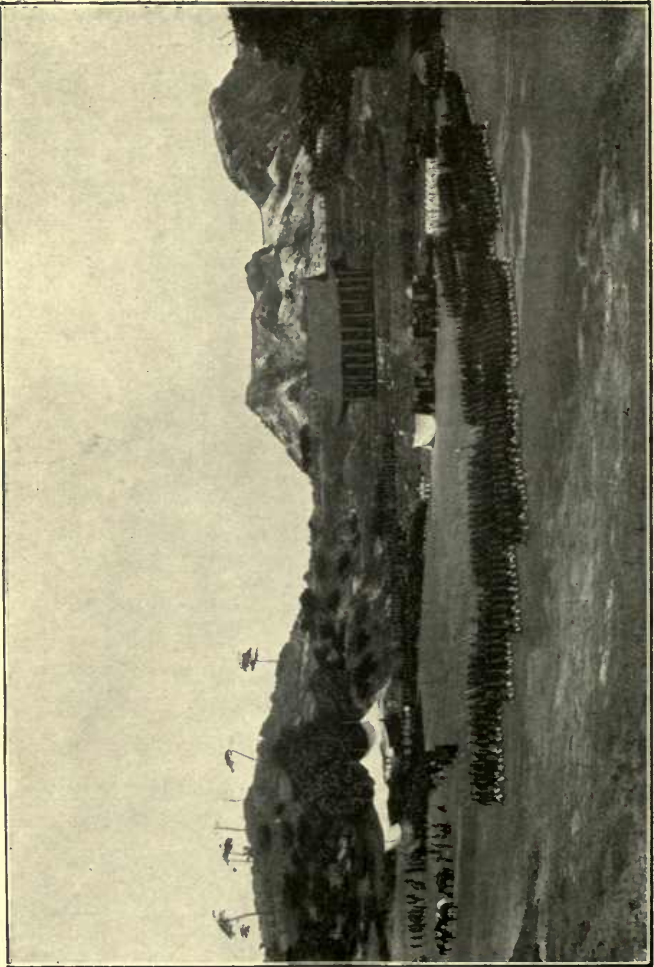
## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Gate. While the columns to the north were being kept in check, we marched on unopposed. From our left and south we had information that there was an army of 10,000 men camped in the Emperor's hunting-ground; so we expected an attack from that quarter. But it never came. If we had marched to the Yung-ting Gate, as advised by Sir Claude Macdonald, we should probably have had this army on our rear and one in front, and the two together would have punished us severely. But the enemy seemed satisfied to expend their efforts on the other three columns, so that our loss was small.

On and on we went, till at about one o'clock we could see the Sha-Kuo Gate looming in the distance. Steadily we advanced towards it, until within twelve hundred yards of it; then two guns of the 12th Field Battery were ordered up. (By a strange coincidence it was the 12th Battery, that accompanied the expedition of 1860.) Ten or twelve shells were fired, the gates flew open, and the tower trembled. A soldier climbed to the city wall and then to the tower, unfurling the Union Jack as he proceeded. Then he hoisted it in position, so that all could see and salute it. The gate was undefended, for, though a few guns were found inside, the soldiers had gone elsewhere. We marched down the Sha-Kuo main street towards the Chang-i Gate, till we came to the Ha-ta Gate main street. We hardly attempted to reply to their desultory and ineffective fire, being disturbed by snipers.

The men were exhausted by the long march of fifteen miles and the intense heat, and were scattered





ON THE MARCH.



## The Assault on Peking

in groups ; but they struggled gamely on. Down north, towards the Ha-ta Gate, we went, till we came to the city moat. This was a little too near the Manchu wall for our comfort. So we turned west, along a narrow alley, the houses on each side affording us protection. I was well employed for an hour, for the respectable business men were flitting from house to house. Our men could hardly resist the temptation to shoot at every passing Chinaman, not being able to distinguish between decent civilians and Boxers. We were able to save some lives by keeping the officers informed as to who were peaceable citizens. Presently we pushed on towards the sewer or water gate, which was the best and easiest way to the Legations. The allied flags were still flying on that portion of the Manchu city wall which we knew had been held by the Legation forces ; but an ominous silence made us fear that the worst had happened, and that the flags were only a ruse to lead us on.

One of the many correspondents had wired that terrible message to the West which gave friends and relations a shock, from which some of them never recovered :—

“The Legations were attacked on the evening of July 6th in force. The General in command was Prince Tuan.

“The attack commenced with the artillery, the fighting, which was severe, lasted till seven the next morning, by which time the destruction of the Legations was complete. *All the foreigners were dead*, while the streets around the Legations were full of the dead bodies of both foreigners and Chinese.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

“ Prince Tuan in celebrating his victory distributed Tls. 100,000 and huge quantities of rice to the Boxers.”

This was a message that had been wired round the world, and even now it was impossible to say that it was not correct, and that the remains of the many friends we had left on the 4th of June would be all we would find at the other side of that immense wall sixty feet high. Both ends of the small portion of the wall marked by the flags and held by the Legations were crowded with Chinese soldiers, trying to get a shot at the small British force a few hundred yards away, yet under cover of houses. When suddenly we espied a bluejacket above the parapet of the city wall with flags in hand ready to signal to us. Our signallers, under Captain Low, were ready, and in an instant a conversation took place, the final message being: “ The course is clear. Come up the sewer.”

The people in the siege had for their own protection built up the inside, but they came down with pick and shovel and worked manfully to give a welcome to their rescuers. A hole was broken in the cast-iron grating guarding the sewer mouth. These bars were about four inches square, and were soon broken, so that there was a hole large enough for a man to pass in. General Gaselee, the staff, and the 1st Sikh Infantry rushed across the canal, which runs parallel to the city wall. As they crossed a hail of bullets poured on them from the Ha-ta Gate, but little damage was done.

In the Legations the siege had dragged on, and they soon got accustomed to fire alarms and attacks.

## The Assault on Peking

After a week they even got reconciled to horseflesh, brown rice, and black bread. The last two nights were said to be far the worst of the whole siege. There can be no doubt that a general assault was intended on both occasions, but the nerve was needed, and the "braves" remained behind their loopholes, from which they kept up an incessant and well-directed fire.

There was something venomous in the report of their Mauser rifles. The harsh, crashing sound seemed to express the feelings of hate of the soldiers who fired them; but perhaps this is fancy. Every attempt was made by the officers to urge the men into a general attack. The barricades of the Customs Volunteers and the British Marines in the Mongol Market were only ten or fifteen yards from those of the Chinese, so every word could be heard distinctly. On the last night but one the Chinese concentrated all their attack on the Italian position in the Fu, and on the Mongol Market in the British Legation. It is said that the Italians hit upon a happy expedient. They got a huge supply of empty oil-tins, and when the Chinese attack was at its worst they got the Christian refugees to hammer them with sticks. The din was tremendous, and the yelling of the Italians was most amusing. By the time the coolies were tired of beating the tins, and the Italians and Japs had once more exhausted their small Chinese vocabulary, the fire had ceased, nor did it commence again for some time.

At 7.30 on the 13th of August a storm burst with all its fury, the thunder pealed, the lightning flashed, and the rain poured down in torrents. Above the

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

din of the storm rang out the familiar "Sha, sha!" ("Kill, kill!"), and they knew their last fight was beginning.

They rushed to their trenches, which were now half-full of water, the bullets were striking the houses and trees like hail. There must have been four hundred men in the position opposite, and there is no question but that only their ignorance of the situation inside held them back.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE RELIEF OF THE LEGATIONS

THE excitement inside the Legations was intense. Commander Keyes and Captain Pell, A.D.C.'s, a Sikh officer, and four or five Indian soldiers were the first to get up the water gate. The Indians shouted, while the rescued people ran, took them by the hands, shed tears of joy, and in many cases sent up thanksgiving to God for their deliverance. I too entered, over the ankles in sewage and covered with filth. The tunnel was only about seven feet high, so that we had to travel it on foot, leaving my coolie outside with my steed. We were a sorry spectacle. A march of fifteen miles, some fighting, and the rescue of the Legations, all in one day, was not a bad day's work, and we had every reason to be thankful. A young man inside the Legations described the relief as follows:—

“During the night of the 13th firing continued. At two o'clock we suddenly looked each other in the face. No one spoke. We listened carefully. There could be no doubt about it! It was the sound of heavy guns quite close! We simply rent the sky with our cheers. The Chinese could not understand what was the matter, and, after firing a few volleys,

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

ceased for about ten minutes. Perhaps they too were listening. At four o'clock the sound was nearer, and as the day wore on towards noon, the guns seemed to be coming closer and closer.

"I shall never forget the entrance of the Sikhs into the Legation. We were sitting in the Mongol Market, chatting and listening to the guns, when suddenly some one rushed in to say, 'The troops are in the city!' We could see no foreigner. It was an English-speaking Chinaman who brought the glad news. We simply went mad with excitement. We jumped in the air, knocked each other down, shouted and howled. Others ran to the loopholes and fired wildly at the Chinese. Then we all wanted to run to Legation Street to meet them; but Von Strauch, our commander, would not let us quit our posts. One man broke away, saying, 'I'm not on duty,' and in a few minutes rushed back, 'The Sikhs are in the Legation!' Discipline restrained us no longer. We ran, yelling and howling with joy, to the Legation lawn; and the scene that followed is indescribable. Besieged Peking simply went mad with delight, and nothing could be done during the remainder of the day except run here and there and greet the soldiers as they came in, and ask foolish questions.

"Next morning we discovered two mines already laid, with powder and fuse all complete. If the troops had come one day or one night later, God only knows what the result would have been."

Accompanied by Mr. Lewis, of the Soldiers' Christian Association, Mr. E. Lowry, whose wife had endured the siege, had marched with the 14th U.S.



RELIEF AT LAST. BRITISH FIRST IN.



TO THE FRONT.



CAPTURE OF PEKING.





## The Relief of the Legations

Infantry, and arrived at the Tung-pien Gate in time to see the wall scaled ; but the heavy fire from the Manchu city wall hindered their progress, the more so as there was so little shelter to be had. At last the forward move was made along the side of the moat to the Ha-ta Gate, and thence to the sewer, which was entered at five o'clock, employing the same methods as ourselves, but three hours afterwards. Several of their men had been hit, and they had had some sharp fighting.

Extract from "Behind the Scenes in Peking," by Mrs. Hooker : "Returning to the old tennis-court, I found everybody flying in the same direction. There were about two hundred Sikhs . . . they were the first to warm our hearts with the knowledge that this horrible siege was over. It was queer to see these great, fine-looking Indians, in khaki uniforms and huge picturesque red turbans, strutting around the compound, and as they entered right into our midst they all whooped a good English whoop. A little blonde English woman was so overcome at the relief really being here that she seized the first one she could get to throw her arms around him. . . . Cannon were booming in all directions, caused by the Powers trying to get into Peking by the different gates, shells exploding, and sniping everywhere. . . . A squad of Sikhs passed us with an officer of high rank, who turned out to be General Sir Alfred Gaselee . . . he jumped off his horse on seeing us, and showing on every inch of him the wear and tear of an eighty-five mile mid-summer relief march, he took our hands, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'Thank God, men, here are

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

two women alive, and he most reverently kissed Mrs. Squires on the forehead. It was so good to see him and meet him in this way. . . . A short time before meeting us, he saw poor Pere Dosio's head stuck on the end of a pole, where the Chinese had placed it, and General Gaselee feared that this head might be but the beginning of a series of Europeans similarly treated. . . .

"The red-turbaned Sikhs and General Gaselee had come and gone, and now came long lines of khaki-uniformed Americans . . . and General Chaffee, well-set-up marines under Colonel Waller—they came on and on, stumbling through the hot August sunlight, line after line, without end.

"On entering General Gaselee met a little girl about twelve, and stooping down kissed her, as he said, 'for the sake of my little girl at home.' This was the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Goodrich; she died shortly after from the effects of the siege, but she always used to delight to tell how the 'big British General' stooped down and kissed her. Thus we have an insight to the kindly heart and sympathetic spirit of the hero of the relief of Peking."

General Gaselee had relieved the Legations, notwithstanding the fact that he had given an undertaking "not to lead the column." While the British were pitching their tents, the Russians were fighting to get into the city; and not till nine o'clock at night—seven hours after the British, and four hours after the Americans—did they enter the Legations.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform."

## The Relief of the Legations

Generals, troopers, correspondents, scrambled up the banks through all the filth. The rescued were flushed with excitement; on the other hand, the rescuers were haggard and rough-bearded. They dragged themselves as if ready to drop, their khaki uniforms dripping with perspiration and black with mud.

On my entering, a crowd surrounded me, eager for the latest news from the outside world. Even to some of my missionary friends I had to introduce myself, since they had never looked for me, especially in uniform. The sixteen Methodist Episcopal missionaries showed signs of the dreadful ordeal they had passed through; and, while the American Board and the London Mission missionaries were well and active, it was plain that they had suffered. The Rev. Gilbert Reid had been shot, and Mr. Gamewell, of whom Dr. Morrison of the *Times* spoke very highly, and about whom he sent a special report, was the centre of an admiring crowd.

As the flush of excitement left the faces of the besieged, it was seen that they were haggard and worn. They looked like a company of invalids. Every part of the enclosure testified to their tragic experiences. There was a plot of land in the corner filled with graves. Several children, for whom no proper food could be procured, had died of starvation. Fifty-four of the defenders had been killed, while one hundred and twelve had been wounded.

I had scarcely entered the Legation when Mrs. Stonehouse, of the London Mission, handed me a

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

cup of tea. Needless to say, it was most grateful. Then half a dozen of my friends invited me to share the evening meal with them. Naturally I was only too glad. But before the meal was through I had changed my mind. The first course was "*pony soup and brown bread.*" The second and last was "*mule steak and musty rice.*" I did more talking than eating, and as soon as politeness would allow me, excused myself and went back to the Legation veranda, where the staff had taken up their quarters, and had a little "bully beef" and biscuit, which was more to my taste.

Even when we had effected the relief of the Legations, we were by no means safe, for bullets flew over the barriers from all quarters. A few moments' rest and the 1st Sikhs were dispatched to put a stop to these proceedings. A terrible slaughter was the result; but in our part of the city there was quietness for the night.

Early the next morning the guns began to boom. A French battery was battering the palace; while the U.S. battery, on the Chien-men Gate, was engaging a Chinese battery on the Shun-chieh Gate. Here, sad to relate, Captain Reilly, commanding the American Artillery, was killed, not many yards from where I stood. He was a brave officer, who was loved by his men—for "Reilly's Battery" was the pride of the force. The evening of the same day his mortal remains were laid to rest in the Legation compound.

Peking was relieved, the Legations were saved, but at the cost to the Allies of about a thousand men. Well might the besieged have welcomed in some such

## The Relief of the Legations

words as were written on the arrival of their deliverers on the 14th of August, 1900 :—

“ Welcome, ten times welcome, brothers,  
Come through toil of march and war—  
Come to save the lives of others,  
Of the ‘strangers from afar.’

Shouts of joy and tears of gladness,  
These your welcome, brothers brave,  
Past our day of gloom and sadness  
When we feared no friend would save.

Yet if through our joy come stealing  
Shadows of the bitter past,  
Think us not for that unfeeling—  
Tis no slight on you we cast.

We have seen the childish faces  
Thin and wan grow day by day,  
Lose their smile and pretty graces—  
Saw, and knew not how to play.

We have known hope’s bitter ending  
When false news bade joy awake,  
Till the Truth its glitter rending  
Left us with a drear heartache.

Brave men fell and none delivered—  
Parting honours sad we gave,  
Challenged death in voice that quivered,  
‘Where thy victory, O Grave?’

So through two long months we waited,  
Now relief has come at last,  
Hear not that some shadow hated  
May call back the cruel past.

# China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Comrades all we stood united,  
 Drawn from out the whole wide world—  
 One in will, so wrong is righted  
 And the flag of truth unfurled.

Thus and not by jealous wrangling  
 Ever thus, with God o'er all,  
 Fight we free from foes entangling,  
 Strong and true whate'er befall."

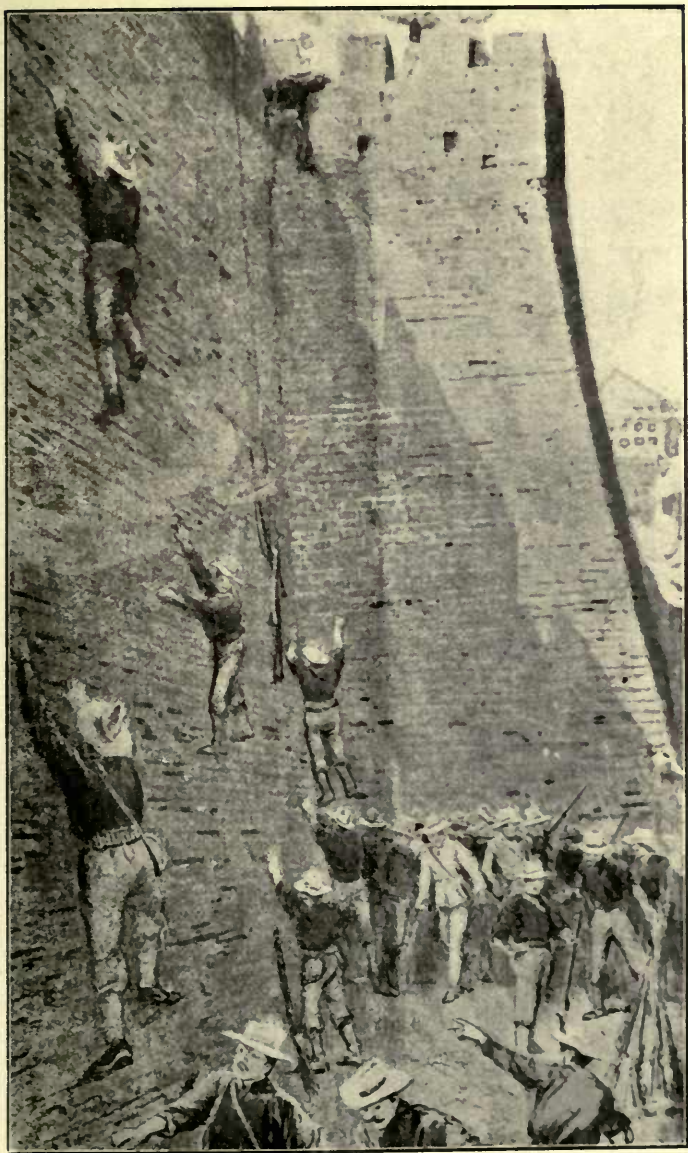
J. B.

Only time will show the full effects of the siege on the people who went through it. Many have already succumbed; some will be permanently affected; all have need to feel proud of the brave stand they made. The bare list of casualties is an eloquent tribute to their courage, endurance, and sufferings:—

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.	No. of Men in Siege.
American ...	7	11	18	53
Austrian ...	4	11	15	30
British ...	6	26	32	79
French ...	13	42	55	60
German ...	13	13	26	50
Japanese ...	10	16	26	30
Italian ...	7	12	19	28
Russian ...	7	20	27	79
	—	—	—	—
	67	151	218	409

"Ye who have nobly stood  
 Months of suspense and dread,  
 Tortures and want of food,  
 Dying and sight of dead;

Ye who have nobly fought,  
 Struggled for women dear—  
 Surely ye've dearly bought  
 Bliss now to shed a tear.



U.S. 14TH INFANTRY SCALING THE WALL OF PEKING, AUGUST 14, 1900.

[To face p. 138.]





## The Relief of the Legations

Safe from the sword and ball,  
Safe from grim, ghastly fears,  
Now, men, your tears may fall,—  
God knows they're blessed tears!

Weep o'er the victims' grave,  
Praise God, ye noble band,—  
Brothers are here to save."—E. M. D'A.

The Legations were relieved, but only just in time. After we got in a mine was discovered reaching under the British Legation. All that was needed was a match. The result would have been terrible to contemplate. Almost as perilous was the plight of the refugees in the Pei-Tang, the French Roman Catholic settlement in another part of the city. The enemy had penetrated the defensive lines at several points; they had, says Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, "successfully exploded two large mines, doing enormous destruction and killing many people, mostly innocent little children. Supplies, too, ran short. The rations were reduced to one cup of soup per diem, and on the 15th of August there was absolutely nothing left." "Just in time." Yes, the people were despairing of the future; but on the historic night of 13th August they heard the different-sounding guns and believed that relief was nigh. They remembered Jessie Brown's dream at Cawnpore, when she thought she heard the bagpipes playing "The Campbells are coming"—and they did come. And the Allies were coming to the relief of Peking.

"Hark! what is that we hear?  
List, friends!—and list again.  
Hark! Now 'tis drawing near—  
Tramping across the plain.

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Men! that's no Chinese crowd,  
Men! that's no *heathen* roar!  
Hark! Now the tramping's loud—  
Christ! They're at our door!

List to the bugle's blast!  
Rescued by armies brave!  
Thank God! they're here at last,  
Allies are here—to save!”

The glory must be given to God for lives saved, and for the wonderful deliverance wrought. The Governments had planned carefully, and without regard to caste or cost. The allied armies set out on the march with twenty thousand fewer men than, according to human judgment, they ought to have had, and in the middle of the rainy season. From beginning to end of the march to Peking everything indicated Divine interposition, and what was supposed would take fifty thousand men a month to accomplish was effected by less than twenty thousand in ten days.

Sir Robert Hart wrote to me in England: “When you arrived in 1900 it was just in time. A few days later and it might have found only our remains, and we cannot tell you how grateful we all were to the men who, under God, delivered us from the peril we were in. The soldiers and volunteers who guarded the Legations during the siege behaved splendidly, but even so we must say: ‘*If it had not been the Lord who was on our side . . . they would have swallowed us up quick*’ (Psa. cxxiv. 1-3). We never knew those dreadful weeks whether in the morning we could hold out till evening, or whether when we said ‘Good Night,’ we should

## The Relief of the Legations

ever again say 'Good Morning,' and so General Gaselee's appearance on the 14th of August was welcomed with more than enthusiasm. The Chinese Christians were of the greatest possible use, and the missionaries all rendered excellent service, especially Mr. Gamewell, who did so much for our inner defences and fortifications. The ladies and children behaved admirably, and it was, with all its terrors and horrors, part picnic, and part siege, all the way through. . . ."

And Dr. A. H. Smith has thus described "the Hand of God" as manifest in—

"1. The preservation of the lives of the foreigners in Peking before the Legation Guards arrived. There is probable but not certain evidence that the Grand Council held a meeting at which the extermination of Occidentals was discussed.

"2. The arrival of the Legation Guards by the very last opportunity. Had they arrived two days later, the utter and irreparable ruin of the railway, and the general blaze throughout the country would have prevented them from coming as it prevented Admiral Seymour a few days later. This would have insured the massacre of every foreigner at once.

"3. The immunity from attack while the foreigners were unaware of their serious peril. Many were scattered in distant parts of Peking. They were gathered in on the 8th of June; the largest party, about twenty-five in number, from Tung-chou, through a region seething with animosity, without attack.

"4. The safety of many Chinese Christians. When the sudden murder of the German Minister led

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

to the order that all foreigners should repair to the Legation, nothing was said in regard to the Chinese Christians. But through the efforts of Professor James and Dr. Morrison, they were allowed in the Legations, and without the services of the Chinese Christians the work of defence could not have been prosecuted. 'Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved.'

" 5. In round numbers there were probably three thousand persons to be fed during the siege. Many people went into the Legation without any provisions whatever. It was inherently improbable that any food-supply could be obtained within our lines for a siege of unknown duration. Yet in a grain-shop was discovered between fifty and one hundred tons of wheat of that year's crop. Besides this there were tons of rice. There were shops with large quantities of coal, and wrecked buildings afforded all the firewood needed and abundant timbers for fortifications.

" 6. Perhaps fifty thousand sandbags were used. At first Legation curtains, damask table-cloths, and any other fabric was used. Later the supply from Chinese shops was found ample, and in this way the defences were kept up.

" 7. The restraining hand of God on the Chinese. At first, when everything in the Legations was in a chaotic state, the Chinese might easily have annihilated the whole body at a blow. While the Chinese held the city wall opposite the Legations they could have made the Legations uninhabitable if they had used the right means. They used fire to burn the Legations, and on three occasions the attacks were

## The Relief of the Legations

fierce, persistent, and dangerous in the extreme. More than once the wind suddenly veered about, saving the Legations from what appeared to be imminent destruction. More terrible than all else was the mining. In the early attack on the Legations there seemed to be about 134 shots a minute, or more than two a second. Careful count shows that about 2,900 shells were fired by the Chinese.

“8. The restraining hand of God in warding off disease. The overcrowding was excessive, the conditions most unwholesome. Whooping - cough, measles, typhoid, and scarlet fever, as well as small-pox, were all present during the siege.

“9. The Lord sent a spirit of confusion among our enemies, who feared us far more than we feared them. Inside there was a spirit of unity rare to see. Greek, Roman Catholic, and Protestant fraternized as never before. Every country of Europe was represented except Turkey and Greece, besides three in Asia, and the United States. *What a Noah's Ark!* Amid political and military jealousies this fact will remain a precious memory. The harmony of the defended was well matched by the bravery of their defenders. In all these things we see the hand of God in the siege of Peking. In many of its aspects it is fully and comprehensively anticipated in Psalm cxxiv. 7,\* which was sent home as a telegram on the 15th August. We honour the living for their heroism in defending us. We cherish the memory of the brave dead. But most of all, let us thank the

\* “Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers : the snare is broken, and we are escaped.”

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Lord who has brought us through fire and water into a healthy place."

Yes, God's hand was plainly manifest in answer to the cry for help that went up from all countries, and that sometimes rose to agony. Peking the mighty fell like Babylon of old; and should it again become necessary for allied armies to march to the help of the helpless, no finer feat will be performed than that which I have most imperfectly described, a march undertaken in the face of "China's millions," fanatical, intoxicated, mad with the money and the promises of the Empress Dowager and her ministers. Once more was proved the truth of the psalmist's words: "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure" (Psa. ii. 4, 5).

After the relief, good Queen Victoria sent the following telegram:—

"I thank God that you and those under your command are rescued from your perilous situation.

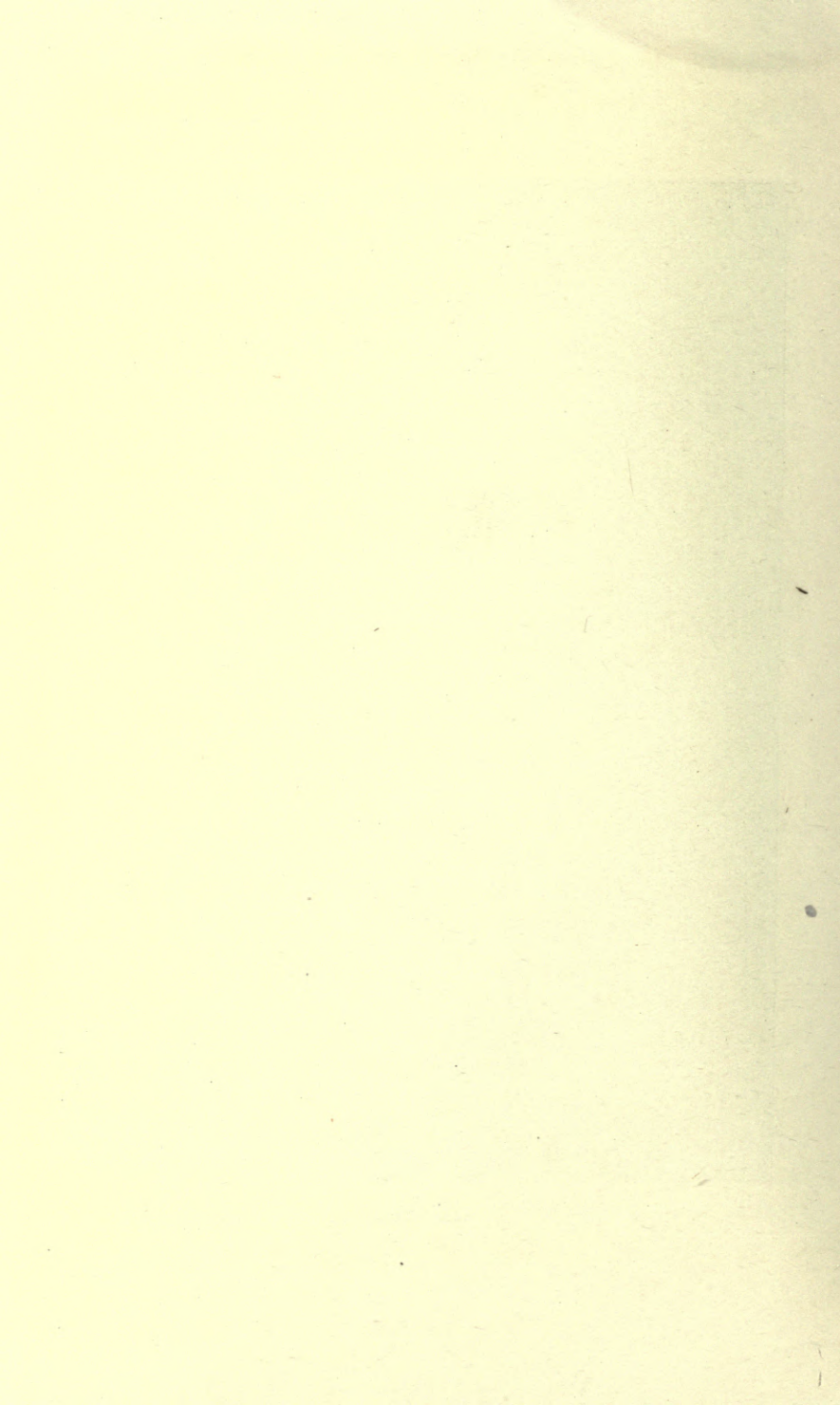
"With my people, I have waited with the deepest anxiety for the good news of your safety and a happy termination to your heroic and prolonged defence.

"I grieve for the losses and sufferings experienced by the besieged.—V.R.I."

Yes, war is a terrible thing. There must be other ways of settling disputes between nations. Those who have been "under fire" will agree that, at best, it is a terrible thing.



ON DUTY.





## The Relief of the Legations

“ I heard in the street the echoing trouble of the multiple  
drums,  
The driving fifes are near and clear, and now the Army comes,  
The soldiers, the sailors, the banners and the brave :  
And we shall have a victory, and they shall have a grave.

I heard the bitter trumpets cry out around the sun  
As, shadow by shadow, the fight was lost and won :  
The clouds drew down and listened, hearing under them  
The music mourning in the rain, and this the requiem.

The house not made with hands is being overthrown ;  
The young men's vision fades, the old men's dream is flown ;  
They turned upon their brothers, how shall they atone ?  
Awake, behold the field ! for they have slain their own.”

TORRENCE.

## CHAPTER IX

### AFTER THE SIEGE OF PEKING

THE siege of Peking, which will go down in history as being one of the most remarkable experiences of the century, had been raised. Once more the Occidental had met the Oriental in a face-to-face death struggle, and by means of intrepid resourcefulness, supreme courage, confronting deadly dangers, and the superintending providence of Almighty God had been victorious.

It was the dawning of the twentieth century victorious against the Middle Ages, a glorious future vanquishing an inert and lifeless past. It was the seed of a new China and hope for the Far East. For sixty-five days great billows of fire had raged, while shot and shell poured in. It has been a fight for life and all life holds dear. Falling into the hands of the Boxers, no terms could be expected, but the terrible slaughter of Tai-yuan-Fu would have been repeated. The siege, coming as it did in the summer, proved disastrous; most small children had been starved. There were eighteen sheep available at the beginning of the siege, but they were reserved for the wounded; little milk or sugar, but quantities of horse flesh and musty rice. Many people starved rather than eat it.

## After the Siege of Peking

We enter. The people are too excited for words. They jump and run and pat the Indian soldiers on the back and shout "*Hurrah!*" while their rescuers drag themselves as if ready to drop, their khaki uniform dripping with perspiration and black with filth and mud. In time to save. A memorable celebration is in progress. Missionaries are standing round the bell-tower singing, "*Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.*" Rockets are blazing and the ladies are applauding the cannon which are pounding away at the yellow-tiled roofs of the Imperial Palace. The tired Sikhs are planting their tents on the tennis-court of the Legation; in one of these I slept during my time there.

An eager cosmopolitan crowd is jostling; Indians, Legation ladies, missionaries, diplomats, all rejoice as never before in a promise of lengthened days. *China awake but with such a rude awakening. . . .*

On riding to the Methodist compound, on our way to the Observatory, we met a sight that made our hearts ache. Here had stood the beautiful Asbury Church in which we had worshipped on the 3rd of June; now, on the 16th of August, nothing but a heap of broken bricks was to be found. Every building in the compound—chapel, college, university, and residences—had been razed to the ground; even the very foundations had been dug up.

A ride along the city wall brought to view scores of antiquated cannon that the Chinese had used, while tents were dotted about in all directions—but all empty. Looking over the wall, on the west of the city, one could see the cemetery in which we deposited our "sacred dust"; but now only two

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heaps of ashes marked the spot, all the gravestones having been broken up and the graves desecrated. That such desecration could have been possible in a land in which ancestral worship is so strong a national characteristic proves the intensity of the hatred of the Chinese for foreigners.

A lady whose husband died just before the siege began, and who was buried in the English cemetery, had remained to plant a few small shrubs on the grave, but was caught. After the relief she found that all bodies had been exhumed and burnt by the Boxers. All that could be found as relics were one or two rusty nails or screws and a twist of iron originally used in the construction of the coffin. On the 6th of September at 5.30 p.m., a memorial service to the late Baron von Ketteler was held on the spot on which he was murdered. Baroness von Ketteler was present in a chair. The majority of Ministers, including Sir Claude Macdonald, attended to show respect for the dead. Mr. Cordes, who was present at the time of the murder, and three companies of German soldiers with the regimental band were present.

At this time nine-tenths of the shops and houses in Peking displayed a flag of some sort or other over the front door, and in many instances a notice written in some Western language. These notices were very amusing. In one street in the Russian sphere of influence was the following:—

“PRAY OFFICER EXQUESE HERE GOOD PEOPLE.”

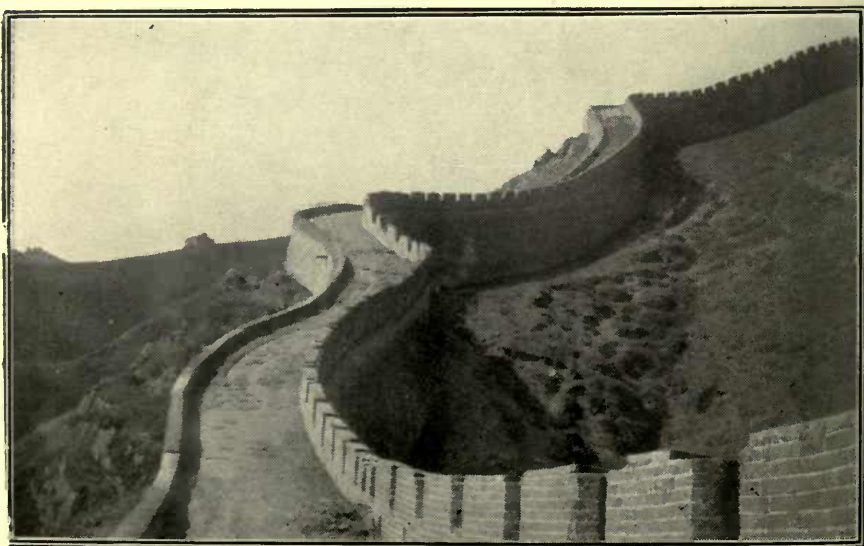
Several houses rejoiced in the following charm:—

“GOD, I AM CHRISTIANITY MAN.”





CAMELS UNDER WALL OF PEKING.



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA : BUILT 247 B.C.

## After the Siege of Peking

Another requests as follows :—

“LEAVE THIS HOUSE SAFE : THEY ARE HONEST PEOPLE.  
B.”

One place had the following notice attached, evidently issued by the man to whom I shall presently refer :—

“THIS HOUSE AND SHOP BELONGS TO G. COOK & CO. NO  
PERSON ALLOWED INSIDE THESE BUILDINGS WITHOUT  
AN ORDER FROM THE BRITISH LEGATION.

G. C. & Co.”

Let us turn back to the Legation, where those mourned as dead have been restored to us alive. There stands the gun the besieged had improvized and named the “International,” otherwise the “Betsy”—the latter because she kicked so badly when discharged. Left by the British in 1860, found in an old-iron shop in 1900, her wheels made by an Italian, loaded with Russian shot and Chinese powder, fired by an American gunner, truly had she earned the name of “International.”

The story of the finding of this famous gun, which, by the way, is in some American museum, is both interesting and amusing. An American gunner, of the name of Mitchell, it is said, proposed, when they were hard pressed, to make a small cannon out of the old British Legation pump. They went into places within the lines to seek for material and tools wherewith to effect the strange conversion. To their surprise and joy, while they were foraging in a deserted blacksmith's shop they discovered an old cannon ready made. The difficulty was to find some fitting ammunition ; but this was overcome. When the Russians had to leave their

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Legation in more or less of panic, they threw some of their shells into a well to prevent them falling into the hands of the Chinese. These were fished out and ingeniously adapted to the purpose. Other ammunition was made out of pewter candlesticks, under the direction of a British marine. "Betsy" was mounted on an Italian carriage. Chinese powder was found in abundance. Unhappily, the day before we reached Peking Mitchell was seriously wounded in the arm by a bullet from the enemy's fire. Though not by any means a formidable weapon, Betsy's loud report struck consternation into the hearts of the Chinese soldiers. She used to fire now from one port, and then from another, and the Chinese no doubt imagined that there was a whole battery of them inside. The real reason, we are now told, why she was called Betsy was in honour of Lady Macdonald!

Near the chapel of the British Legation stands a picturesque bell-tower of quaint Chinese design. This was the place where, during the siege, all orders and notices were posted. "On the morning of the 15th of August," says Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, "some one—supposed to be Sir Robert Hart—posted on the notice-board the following lines from Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity,' which most appropriately described the situation:—

“‘And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
Th' Old Dragon under ground,  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway,  
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,  
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.’”



## After the Siege of Peking

When I passed by it, the bell-tower was a sight to behold: it was covered with bulletins and notices such as this:—

*July 27th.*

“A messenger who left us eight days ago to deliver a message to Yung-lu returned to-day. He says he delivered his message and was locked up seven days. Yung-lu goes to Court every day. Emperor and Empress Dowager both in the city. Boxers patrol the streets in bands. Four days ago a foreigner, hatless and coatless, was captured by the soldiers. Said he went out to find food. This is Nostergarde, who went mad during the siege and climbed over the barricade. All expected him to have been killed, but he was allowed to return. When asked by Sir Claude Macdonald as to what he told them he said, “I told them to shoot lower and they would hit more people.”

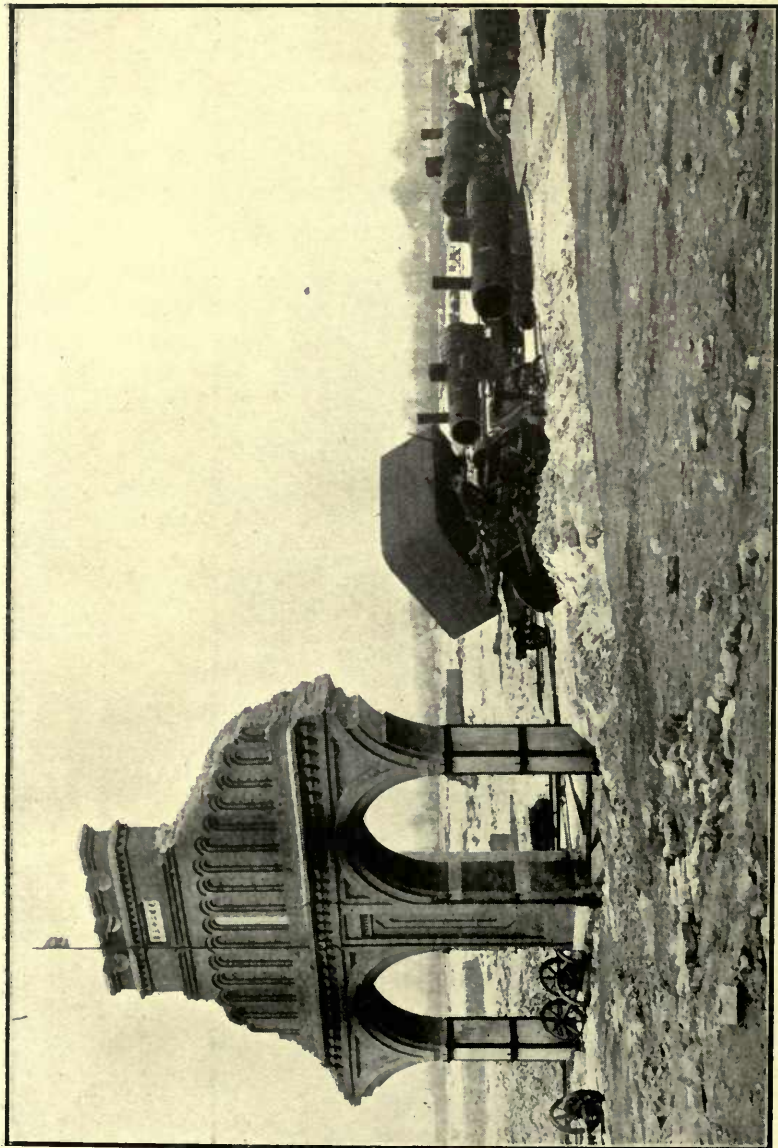
On the day Captain Reilly was shot all was excitement and bustle. Weary with the day's work, and shocked by that event, I went to my tent on the lawn of the British Legation, and throwing myself down, I slept. But not for long. An orderly came to inform me that I was wanted at headquarters immediately. After a few introductory remarks, General Gaselee informed me that he had a duty for me on the morrow that was risky. He said: “I want you to ride to the Temple of Heaven, which is occupied by our cavalry brigade, early to-morrow morning, and the C.O. of the Bengal Lancers will be ready with his regiment to follow your lead to Ma-Chia-Pu, the northern terminus of the Imperial railways. As this railway was

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built with capital loaned to the Chinese, we wish to secure both the northern and southern terminus, and so I have ordered the Lancers to go out of the city to-morrow morning and take possession if possible. As the Commanding Officer is utterly ignorant of the country you will be attached to the force as guide. Having reached the place, you will, of course, leave them there and with an escort return to the city as early as possible."

Having received this order, I returned to my quarters on the lawn, to snatch as much sleep as possible during the remainder of the night. The constant firing around had by this time lost its terror, and with an oilskin spread on the ground, with my army blanket for covering and my water-bottle for a pillow, I managed to gain a little sleep before the sun began to appear in the east. Bright and early I rose, and ventured within the famous porch of the Legation Chapel, a space of about five feet square, which had done duty for weeks as the bathroom for the sixty people sleeping on the floor of the chapel during the siege. Being early, there was a little water in the basin, but neither towel nor soap. I had brought both from Tientsin as we started out on the march, but in a stampede all such things had been lost, and for days I had washed without soap and dried my face on the inside of my uniform. My Chinese orderly had brought up my discarded Chinese cavalry pony, the third I had possessed since we marched out of Tientsin. The first was shot; the second was stolen from my orderly at the mouth of the Water Gate when I left him to enter the Legation. I had told the man to hold on to him till I





ALL THAT WAS LEFT BY BOXERS AT ENGINE WORKS, FENGTAI, JUNE, 1900.

## After the Siege of Peking

returned, but before I could get back he had rushed into the Legation to inform me that some soldier with fixed bayonet had demanded the pony as a loan, and, of course, it was useless for a Chinaman to resist, as soldiers of all nationalities were in the spirit and temper to shoot all, and it was policy for the "*ma-fu*" to allow the pony to go ; but I lost a good mount though he had been provided by the Transport Department free. The third and last pony was one which had been given me from the Imperial Carriage Park. For the whole of my time in Peking I rode this pony, and then on leaving sold pony, bridle, and saddle for the magnificent sum of ten shillings to a friend who was going in as an interpreter. The money was not handed over till three years later, when the said gentleman ventured to ask me if he had ever paid for the pony ; I told him that I did not remember that he had done so, and he forthwith handed me over the ten shillings, which I gave to my faithful Chinese orderly.

Having washed, dressed, and mounted, I had to ride to the Temple of Heaven and breakfast with the officers of the Bengal Lancers before starting out on our exciting expedition. The Temple of Heaven is about a mile away from the Legation quarter, and with my bodyguard this distance was covered without incident. On arrival, many questions were asked me concerning the age and value of porcelain, bronze, etc., which had fallen into the hands of the occupants. Needless to say, within a few weeks many speculators from the coast arrived and the temple was cleared of all its valuables. The worst I heard of the Bengal Lancers is that on the death

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of the Indians they were invariably cremated in the sacred urns. Breakfast over, the men were mustered, formed up, and ready for the day's work. From the Temple of Heaven to the South Gate of the South city is but a few hundred yards, and the guard on duty there threw the gates open and we passed out. Our road lay due south for about four miles. Scouts were thrown out on either side and every possible precaution taken to avoid disaster. This was the first time troops had been outside this gate, and the first thing was to secure information as to the position of any Chinese soldiers in the vicinity, or if we were likely to meet Boxers. Very few people were about, but of these we secured three, one of whom had a big knife secreted under his clothes—he was doubtless on the look-out for any of our soldiers who might be off their guard. From these I learnt that General Ma had passed west a little earlier in the morning, but that he was concentrating his force to cover the escape of the Emperor and Empress Dowager. We reached our destination without hindrance, but what a transformation! On the 4th of June when we had taken train here for that wonderful ride—the last taken by anybody to Tientsin before the siege—we had left a beautiful railway-station, built on modern lines, and everything up to date; now only two arches remained standing; everything else was a heap of ruins. The rails and sleepers had been torn up and everything had been done to blot out the memory of the hated foreign devil. This place is but a few hundred yards from the high walls of the Emperor's hunting park. We had taken possession, and our

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work had been accomplished, and that without bloodshed.

On examination the Commanding Officer came to the conclusion that, as things were, it was no place for a cavalry outpost, and prepared a dispatch for me to hand over to the General on my return to the city. A bodyguard of six men escorted me back to the Legation, my dispatch was handed over, but there was no need to send out a relief as, while the Lancers were examining their surroundings, they came across a large contingent of Boxers just over the high wall of the hunting park. It was estimated that there were five or six thousand, and the commanding officer was discreet enough to withdraw to the city, raise an alarm, and on the following day a combined force of Russians, Americans, and British went out and attacked them. They had, however, entrenched, and until the artillery was brought into action it seemed almost a hopeless task. If on the previous day the Boxers had been on the alert and taken us in the rear, I question whether any of us would have lived to reach the city again.

I was sitting in the officers' mess enjoying a little "bully beef" and biscuit when a sharp call came, with the mention of my name. It was the second in command of the British contingent, General Barrow. Asking if my horse were saddled, and whether I could go without delay to a distant part of the Manchu city, where it was reported that a British subject, who had come up with the troops on the permit of a correspondent, was perpetrating something for which he should be arrested and turned over to the Provost-Marshal, he said: "I

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am sending two officers of the staff and a bodyguard to arrest the man and I wish you to go as interpreter." With the aid of a Chinaman who had made the charges and brought the information we rode towards the north-east of the Manchu city. The officers thought that we were a long time in arriving at our destination, and suspected treachery long before we arrived there. After assuring the guide that in case of trouble he would not be blameless, we continued our journey till we came to a narrow alley, down which we turned ; this looked more suspicious than ever, but the guide assured me it was all right, and that we were nearly there. On the journey we encountered many snipers who from house-tops and street corners were having a shot for what proved to be the last time in these quarters during the war.

At last we arrived in front of a large double-gate entry, and the guide raised his hand for quietness, at the same time intimating that this was the place. We dismounted, and handing the reins to an Indian and grasping our revolvers, we entered the first yard. Chinese houses are built in rows one after the other with a small yard between. The first row of buildings we entered, but they were empty ; then we proceeded across the second yard to the second row, when on entering we saw a man sitting at a table with two basins of paint by his side, one blue and one red, painting British flags. In an instant the senior officer stepped up to him, took him by the shoulder, and said : "The General sends me to arrest you, sir." The man rose, reached out as though he were feeling for his gun, and asked what the charges were. The officer answered : "You



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will hear what they are when you arrive at the Legation." Our guide said to me in Chinese, "This man is his assistant," pointing to a Chinaman, and in an instant the man bolted through the open door and scaled a low wall into another yard. The officer went after him, called upon him to stop, and would have fired, but there was a Chinese woman at the moment in the line of fire, and so he got clear away. While they were outside the guide pointed out another Chinaman who he said was an assistant. This I translated to the other officer, and he ordered an Indian soldier to arrest him. Two prisoners had been secured, and the officers said they would take them to the Legation, while the two heavy boxes which were said to belong to the prisoners, together with the witnesses, were to go with me as soon as coolies could be secured. On the departure of the prisoners I questioned the inmates of the house as to the doings of these people. They told me that no sooner did the foreign troops enter the city than they came to that quarter, settled down in this wealthy residence, and demanded food and all needful accompaniments, saying they were sent by the British Minister. Then as the people were afraid of the foreign troops, some throwing themselves down wells and taking poison rather than fall into their hands, this bright individual evolved a scheme whereby he could speedily become rich. He would cut up pieces of white calico, and write on them:—

"THIS MAN IS PROTECTED BY J. & CO. PAID TEN DOLLARS.—JOHN JOHNS."

These he would sell to individuals for ten dollars,\* then paint small British flags and sell them for hun-

\* A dollar = 1s. 9d. English money.

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dreds of dollars to wealthy householders, giving them a certificate that they would be protected from looters, and allowing them to hoist a small British flag over the doorway. If they were unable to give silver or money, the deeds of their property would do. The boxes we were to take to the Legation contained the spoils of this abominable business. The residence which he had made his headquarters was that of Wang-Wen-Shao, a late viceroy and privy councillor, and at that time a close attendant on the Empress Dowager, who had escaped from the city and was then on her way to Hsi-an. The grandson had been left at home in charge, and he was a poor cripple. He, however, secured a cart, and with others started with my cavalcade and bodyguard to the Legation. On leaving the residence we met a man on the street who had one of the identical pieces of calico stitched on his long garment. I stopped my horse, asked him where he had got it, and he answered that he had paid ten dollars to an Englishman. Then I requested him to give it up as evidence, but this he would not do, so we persuaded him to accompany us to the Legation, there to give evidence. In due course we arrived, to find that "J." was being examined by General Barrow on the corner of Sir Claude Macdonald's veranda. Dr. Dudgeon, formerly a missionary, but then a professor in the Imperial College, who died within a month of this time, owing, in a great measure, to the hardness of the siege experiences, was interpreting for the General. When my cavalcade arrived the boxes were opened, and then we discovered the reason of their heavy weight; they contained gold

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and silver ornaments, clocks, watches, bracelets, and all kinds of jewellery, besides a handful of Chinese deeds. These were all given or taken for services rendered by this man, who was supposed by the natives to have been sent by the British Minister on this vile business.

But this was not all. He must have food supplies, and all necessaries, or up went his rifle, and the consequences were serious. This had driven the Chinese to appeal for protection to the British General. When requested to give an account of the loot he had in the boxes he replied that the Japs and Russians stole the articles and asked him to keep them for him. When asked how he came to follow the army from Tientsin, he replied that he was a newspaper correspondent and had a pass. When the name of his paper was requested, he replied, "The *Hengineering Times*," with a big "h." The General had had enough of him, and calling a sergeant of the Welsh Fusiliers, told him to look after him till morning, while the Chinaman was handed over to the tender mercies of a Sikh sergeant. On the morrow a court-martial was held, when the General said he deserved to be shot, but it ended with his loot and all his belongings being confiscated, while he himself was sent down to the coast under escort and deported out of the country.

It will never be known how many people this man robbed, outraged, or killed. He was a desperate character and helped to place a blot on our civilization which it will be difficult to erase. Fortunately there are not many cases like this one, but to those who are bent on plunder at any price war gives a

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good opportunity, and brings the American general's verdict of war true, namely, that "War is hell." Since then we have heard the sound of the Japanese and Russian guns as they have pounded at each other at Port Arthur. We have the dregs of war as left in the open ports of China, and the result is a vile and unsavoury atmosphere. Let us strive to bring peace, and with it will come prosperity of the highest kind. China has seen sadly too much of the seamy side of European civilization, and it remains with the Christian people to send light and life, through the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

"But what about the missionaries?" some man posted up in current calumny will say. "Were not the missionaries guilty of looting at the sacking of Peking?" Well, I was there at the time, and my knowledge of the situation all through the expedition demands that I should make a statement on this matter. No sooner did the smoke of battle clear away than the wires were carrying messages of "missionary loot," and since then serious charges have been made against the characters of men who did brave and good service in protecting, not only foreign women and children, but the thousands of Chinese Christian refugees. An entirely wrong impression was created in America and England on this question, and the blame must rest on the press for these periodic onslaughts on missionaries. The demand for sensational news is too great to be resisted. As proof of this the message circulated throughout the world that the Legations had fallen and all had been massacred. I am convinced, after

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careful investigation on the spot, that the story of the "prominent missionary making a big haul from the palace of a prince" is a *fabrication*. Not intentionally, perhaps, but owing to a lack of the knowledge of the language and the circumstances the correspondent was misled. The "prominent missionary's" name has now been given after ten years, and after he has been in his grave three years, and the public is informed that the correspondent possesses a photo of the "prominent missionary" selling loot, "taken in the act." A demand has been made for the photo, and there is the "prominent missionary" standing on a veranda, but neither loot, nor the "public buying the same."

Sir Claude Macdonald, British Minister, said on this matter: "I much deprecate the ultra-sensational accounts as to looting that went home, and I cannot help smiling at the fact that one gentleman of the press who was waxing indignant on the subject had in his pocket at the very time of the accusation a jade teapot valued at £500!"

General Gaselee, commanding the China Expeditionary Force, wrote: "I have no knowledge of any looting done by British missionaries. I am sure none of them are capable of doing an injustice to the Chinese or any one else."

There is rather a good joke told of supposed "missionary loot" in Tientsin. It was written up and appeared in *Black and White* some years ago. At the time of the siege of Tientsin a missionary of the China Inland Mission had some cases of lamp-oil in the house. Knowing how clever the Chinese are in using oil in firing buildings, and fearing the

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

Boxers might break in and use it in that way, during a lull in the firing he buried the oil in his garden. While busy he was evidently observed by some one, for it was reported to Captain "B," the Provost-Marshal, that cases of missionary loot were buried in the mission garden. During the darkness at night a party of Indian soldiers wended their way to the place, and over the wall they began to dig at what seemed to be a newly filled in hole for the hidden treasure. Imagine their surprise and perhaps disappointment when they found the missionary oil !

One of the statements made by correspondents was that missionaries attended "loot sales" in the British Legation after the relief. This is rather cruel when you remember that fifty missionary refugees, without house or home, were living in the Legation Chapel twenty yards from where the auction was going on, the proceeds of which were divided as prize-money between the officers and men of the British Army. Anything found ownerless was brought in, and the highest bidder secured the article. Missionaries, if they wished for loot, could secure it on their own account, without going to the official loot sales to buy. On leaving Peking for the coast, and after recovery in Japan, I was informed by my superior officer : "There will be the six shares allotted to a captain at your disposal when the accounts are closed." My reply was : "No, thank you. I shall not need any share whatever that my duty as a soldier may entitle me to." And I think that any missionary I am acquainted with would have answered the same. The experiences through which we had passed have

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made their mark, and in many cases shortened life. The "prominent missionary" \* is laid in his grave, his life doubtless shortened by the self-denial and hard experiences of the siege. Unprincipled men cannot even now let him peacefully rest, though he, by his heroic rescue of the women and children of Tung-chou, was the best-applauded man in the representation of the siege of Peking at Earl's Court some years ago. On behalf of his widow I protest that this conduct is inhuman, un-English.

From my knowledge of the men on the spot, I am certain that not one of them was capable of anything that by the most malicious ingenuity could be construed into looting. But that is not all that I am constrained to say about the missionaries in North China. I have known most of them during the past thirty years, and in the course of that period I have had the opportunity of observing men of all races and conditions of life in three continents, and this I am bound to say, that a body of men and women more wholly and more nobly devoted to the service of humanity than the missionaries in North China does not exist on earth. And their influence for good in all directions and of every kind is fruitful and far-reaching. As we shall see in our concluding chapter, the sleepy old giant of the East has awakened in more senses than one. As evidence of this, one has only to note how China is calling for Western civilization, and educational and social reform, as well as extending her relations with the world and vastly extending her foreign trade. And it was the missionary that began the work.

\* American.

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Primarily spiritual, his work has given an impetus to progress on every line. On these and other points, however, I prefer to let some others speak.

The Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M.P., has said: "The material services which missionary work renders the British Empire are immense; but these can be appreciated; the moral services which it renders are far greater, and can never be measured."

The question has been asked: "Does the missionary live in unnecessary luxury?" and this has been answered by a famous war correspondent, Mr. F. A. Mackenzie, in the following words: "According to some treaty port stories he is lapped in comforts, and his days are relieved by many holidays and long furloughs. I have stayed in many missionary homes in the interior in the course of my travels. I know only one which would be called well furnished from a middle-class English point of view. In the others everything showed that the housewife was trying to make a brave show on very moderate expenditure. The notion that a missionary should live all the time like a Chinaman I am convinced is a mistake. His work will compel him to be away considerably, living in native inns, exposed to all weathers, eating what he can get. Unless at the end of such journeys he has a reasonably comfortable home to go to where he can procure relief from noise, fair sleeping accommodation, and digestible food, breakdown is certain. To live as the native lives is wrong. It is dangerous to his health and fatal to his influence."

The Hon. Charles Denby, late U.S. Minister to





GUILTY OFFICIALS.

*Photo by Underwood (Copyright), by permission.*



## After the Siege of Peking

China said: "My acquaintance with missionaries of all denominations in China has taught me that they are doing good work to humanity. They are the forerunners of commerce and diplomacy; they are pioneers of progress. They blaze the way for art, and science, and sound morality. The best men in China esteem them. They are honest, industrious, unselfish; and while their main object is to save human souls, collaterally and necessarily they benefit civilization as much as they advance the cause of religion."

Dr. Morrison, the late *Times* correspondent and Political Adviser to Yuan Shih Kai, one of the most notable European influences in China, said: "I have nothing but what is favourable to say of missionaries. I have visited hundreds of missionary homes. The men themselves are a fine type, well qualified for their difficult work. . . . The presence of the missionaries and their families brings into China to-day an element of the greatest value for civilization. Their enthusiasm, their energy and devotion help not only China but the prestige of England in the Far East. The missionary is as a rule a tactful man, careful to study local sentiment; his example, his teaching, and his medical work have accomplished untold good."

Sir Robert Hart, who was unquestionably the greatest living authority on China, said: "As regards missions, they will always be attacked, but I do not think attacks will hurt or defence strengthen. Methods must vary, experiences must differ, and results will not be the same everywhere, but all who are interested in the work may feel confident that

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the best interests of civilization and Christianity are well served by the devoted men who bear the Master's commission and go into all the world."

The letters written immediately after the siege from unimpeachable authority, are valuable and gratifying testimony to the success of missionaries inspiring some at least of the Chinese people with noble sentiments and high ideals of their duty towards the suffering and distressed; and this apart from the inestimable benefits they confer on them by bringing to them the gospel of our Lord and Saviour. No more pathetic letter was ever penned than the following, which was sent by his Excellency the Hon. E. H. Conger, United States Minister to China in 1900: "To the besieged missionaries, one and all of you, so providentially saved from certain massacre, I beg in this hour of our deliverance to express what I know to be the universal sentiment of our Diplomatic Corps—the sincere appreciation of and profound gratitude for the inestimable help which you, and the native Christians under you, have rendered towards our preservation. Without your intelligent and successful planning, and the uncomplaining execution of the Chinese, I believe our salvation would have been impossible. By your courteous consideration and your continued patience under most trying circumstances, I have been most deeply touched, and for it all I thank you most heartily. I hope and believe that somehow, in God's unerring plan, your sacrifices and dangers will bear fruit in the material and spiritual welfare of the people to whom you have so nobly devoted your lives and work. Assuring you of my personal respect and gratitude."



BOMB-PROOF CELLAR IN LEGATION QUARTER IN FRONT OF HOSPITAL.

*Photo by Mr. Killie.*



## After the Siege of Peking

Providentially, the Rev. Frank Gamewell, Ph.D., a Methodist missionary, was in Peking during the siege. None of the soldiers there had any experience in building fortifications, and Dr. Gamewell, who had been trained as an engineer before his call to the mission field, proved of the greatest service during the ten long weeks. With a few old spades and picks, found round the place, and with cloth of every description, taken from shop and residence, for sandbags, he engineered the construction of the earthworks which saved the Legations and the besieged foreigners. Having a knowledge of the language, and the confidence of the Chinese refugees, he was able to withstand all attempts to break in and massacre.

The British Minister, who was acting Commander-in-Chief of all guards, wrote to Dr. Gamewell: "Personally, I can only say that, should I ever be in a tight place again, I hope I may have as my right hand so intelligent, willing, and loyal a man as yourself."

Lord Lansdowne, the British Foreign Secretary, instructed the Minister in Washington to thank the President and American Secretary of State for Mr. Gamewell's splendid service, so willingly rendered, in the defence of the British Legation in Peking.

Colonel Scott-Moncrieff, Commanding Officer of the Royal Engineers on the march to the relief of Peking, wrote to the *Royal Engineers' Journal*, April, 1901:—

"The defences of the British Legation were, by all consent, the strongest and best of any of the works in any part of the position. The engineer

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who devised them was a missionary, the Rev. F. D. Gamewell. He was one of a considerable number of missionaries who were sheltered during the siege in the chapel of the British Legation, and whose skill in organization and cheerful energy contributed largely to the comfort and well-being of the garrison.

“There were no engineers, military or civil, among the garrison of the British Legation. Dr. Gamewell made it his business to be always working at and improving the defences. Walls liable to artillery fire were strengthened and strutted. . . .”

Many others rendered conspicuous service to humanity during this time. But Dr. Gamewell is known throughout the world and must command the admiration of all. But he would be the last man personally to claim the honour. He to-day *stands* or *falls* as a missionary of the Cross in China. Perhaps those slippered heroes and carpet knights who sneer at missionaries and cry down their work may not be so much in evidence in the future. Perhaps, too, they may learn that the men and women who go to distant lands that they may teach and preach the gospel of Christ have in them the stuff of which heroes are made. No missionary I have ever heard of has yet been court-martialed for cowardice or resigned under charges of desertion. This is more than can be said of some we have known in other vocations.

As a phrase “the man behind the gun” is catchy. And, like most popular phrases, there is that in it which appeals to both the mind and heart. After all it is the man behind the gun, whether on sea or



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land, who wins the battle. Precision, skill, steadiness, obedience, prompt recognition of duty are embodied in the man behind the gun. But oftentimes the man behind the pulpit, though quiet, gentle, peaceable, and ready to suffer wrong for the sake of conscience, when aroused will do and dare in a way at which grizzled warriors stand amazed.

Meekness is only strength in repose. It may require infinitely more courage to live in a Chinese village and teach the Chinese to become Christians than to bombard a Chinese town from the deck of a man-of-war, or to shoot at Chinese people with a Mauser rifle. As one said not long ago, "The real hero is the missionary in China." "The Church has cause for gratitude and should thank God for the noble army of men and women who have so magnificently given proofs of their devotion to the work committed to their care."

With prophetic vision, Dr. Lowry, of Peking, wrote fifteen years ago: "When these dark days are over we shall find the dawning of a new China for which so many have been praying and waiting. The position of foreigners will be better understood, their rights securely protected, and many hindrances to progress will disappear. Colleges, hospitals, and churches will multiply, the gospel leaven will permeate all classes of society, and in future generations China will take her place among the Christian nations of the world."

Before closing this chapter, I should like to say a word in praise of the heroic devotion and marvellous fidelity of the native Chinese Christians throughout the Boxer rising. I have already re-

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corded their services to the Allies in the relief of Tientsin and Peking, and to their beleaguered comrades in those cities ; I now refer to their still more fruitful service to their country and to humanity by their splendid conduct at this time of testing for the Church of Christ in China. Thousands were slain. Most of them could have saved their lives, but would not, at the cost of giving up their faith. Offered an opportunity to recant, they, like the apostles and martyrs of New Testament times, preferred death to denial of Christ. Henceforth no man who is not a caviller can ask the question, "Are there any genuine Chinese Christians?" Some fair-minded persons have expressed doubt on the point, and have called for proof of it. A few "globe-trotters" have said: "The Chinese never really renounce their ancient faith ; those who are counted as Christians merely pretend to accept Christianity because they get a living thereby as teachers, preachers, interpreters, and helpers ; they are simply followers of Jesus for the sake of the loaves and fishes." Even were this so, they would not greatly differ from thousands in Christian lands. There are doubtless those numbered among Church members in China who are hypocrites ; but false professors of Christ are found everywhere. They were found even among Christ's personal followers, and have always crept in among the saints. To prove that some Chinese Church members are "rice Christians" proves nothing against the genuineness of the majority of the conversions. The "rice Christians" are not the kind of stuff from which martyrs are made. When the test comes—death or

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denial—the convert who is a convert only in name quickly shows where his heart is.

At the close of a conference, held in the spring of 1900, an aged native preacher rose and exhorted his brother ministers to prepare their people for a time of testing, which, he said, God would undoubtedly use in China just as in the early days of Christianity. He recommended to them a method which he was using, namely, reading to the people selections from the accounts of the martyrs of the Church, that their example might inspire a like fortitude.

The Church in China does not need to read a book of the martyrs. She is writing one. What James, Paul, Polycarp, Irenæus, and the noble army of martyrs did for early Christianity the Chinese Christian has done for the Christianity of our time. He is witnessing a good confession before many witnesses. The native Christian—so feeble, so apparently unfitted to endure a severe strain—is being tried in the furnace of affliction.

The howling mob in the Coliseum at Rome, thirsting for the blood of the Christians, has found its match in the Boxer and his allies, who, in these latter days, have sought to torture and destroy the Chinese Christian. The animosity against the foreigner was only exceeded by the hatred felt for his converts.

The following proclamation was posted on the wall of the yamen in Chin-ning City:—

“The Taku forts have been retaken by us, General Tung has led the Boxers and the goddesses, and has destroyed twenty foreign men-of-war, killing six

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thousand foreign soldiers. The seven devilish countries' consuls came to beg for peace. General Tung now has killed all the foreign soldiers. The secondary devils [meaning the native Christians] must die. General Tung has ordered the Boxers to go to foreign countries and bring out their devil emperors from their holes. One foreigner must not be allowed to live."

Hundreds of such edicts were issued by those in authority. It requires no large knowledge of Chinese character to calculate the effect of such utterances on the "lewd fellows of the baser sort."

The Boxer, single-handed, would have been limited in his power for evil. But the official sanction of the Dowager Empress, and hence of officials of all ranks, gave him, practically, unlimited powers to persecute.

Since returning home we have met many people who state that the Chinese are not worth saving. My heart has burned with indignation, and later has been stirred with profound pity for men and women who, at the close of nineteen centuries of Christianity, can so mis-read God's purposes with the nations of the earth.

The glorious roll-call of the faithful was written in the first century, but it has been re-written with many added names in the hearts of all who have witnessed the fearful and fiery trials through which the Church of God in China has passed in the last few years.

Definite and determined persecution of the native Christians began in North China shortly after the

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now famous *coup d'état* of the Empress-Dowager, in the autumn of 1898, and continued with ever-increasing force and bitterness. All during 1899, the native Christians throughout the province of Shan-tung, both Catholic and Protestant alike, felt the full brunt of the persecution. Hundreds of families were driven from their homes, many were killed, no check being put by the officials upon the Boxers, who looted, burned, robbed, and killed without mercy. Early in 1899, in one month, in one district alone, two hundred families had their homes looted and burned, were robbed of all their available property, and forced to flee without food or clothing. Some were taken and held for ransoms, others were tortured to compel them to renounce their faith, while others were taken to temples and forced to kneel before the idols and altars. The list of the faithful, old men and women, and even young children, who preferred torture, starvation, and death to life joined to a denial of their faith and trust in the one living God and Father of all, is a long one, and only known in entirety to Him whom they loved and served even unto death.

Most who were saved fled to the missionaries, who, aided by gifts, were able to shelter and feed them through the long and fearful winter days. In May and June of 1900, refugees were pouring into the mission compounds in Peking and Tientsin, all telling the same awful story of murder and pillage, their homes in ashes, many of them having seen parents, wives, and children hacked to pieces before their eyes. During those days the prayers which ascended to God's throne were such as might have

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been heard in the arenas of Rome in the days of the early Church.

We can never forget the solemn charge to the native preachers, as we were at this time met for Conference in the city of Peking, and the closing question: "Are you ready, are you willing, come life, come death?" Nor can we forget the replies from scores of lips as our native preachers, on bended knees, answered, not to the President, but to God. The whole company was moved, as by a flood, when one of our younger men poured out his heart before the Lord in strong supplication that the faith of the native Christians might not be shaken in the coming days. A more simple, earnest, childlike prayer, full of faith and trust in the all-powerful God whom he was serving with loving, obedient heart, I have never heard. This young brother had to travel a hundred miles to the north-east of Peking to his work. When asked if he were bringing his family into the city for protection, he answered: "No, I am the shepherd of my flock. If I leave them, my sheep will be scattered. I must stay and encourage them, and die with them, if necessary, like a good shepherd who loves his sheep."

A Chinese nurse, being asked if she were afraid, replied, "No, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's."

A young man leaving his house with a number of Bibles in his hands for sale, being asked whether they would not endanger his life by carrying them through the street, replied, "Oh, they know I am a Christian anyway, so it does not matter what I carry."

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One young widow who was taken by her relatives into the country, to what they supposed was a place of safety, when asked as to her faith and confidence in Jesus as her Saviour, replied : " I have loved Jesus ever since I was a child. I have not always done right, and have withstood His grace very often, but if I die for Him now, it will, perhaps, assure Him that I really *do* love Him in spite of my waywardness."

During the siege of Tientsin, a young carpenter wore new white shoes, the emblem of mourning. Asking him if he knew for certain that his mother and sister had been massacred, he answered : " Why, teacher, do you not know that the Christians are always given a choice, to renounce their faith or die? I know that my mother and sister are dead, they would never deny that they loved and served Jesus."

In one of the native quarters near the city of Tientsin was a dispensary, where an old Christian and his wife were put in as keepers. On the last Sabbath of which we have any knowledge, the old man expounded the Scripture, taking as his theme " The Beautiful City." After the siege, a party went out to look for the old couple, but found their home empty, nothing remaining but the two strong staffs which they had used for many years to support their infirm and bent old bodies in their daily rounds. They had been driven out by the Boxers with no time even to snatch their supports for their tottering feet. To-day they know much more than we of the " Beautiful City."

Like one of old, it would fail me to tell of all

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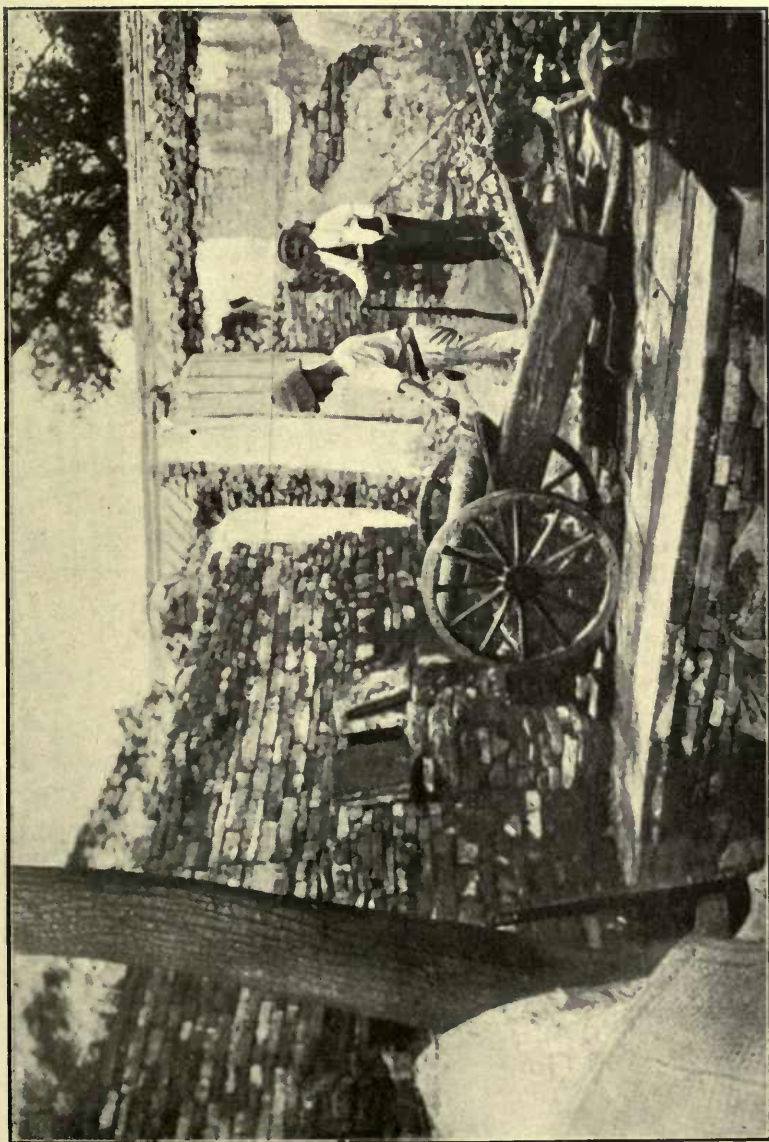
whom I know to have continued steadfast in the faith, and who were not "moved away from the hope of the gospel."

No words can depict the reign of terror through which the Chinese Christians passed. A native minister was seized by the magistrate. He was an educated man, and might be called a "reformer." Arrested for inciting trouble, he was thrown into prison and beaten two hundred blows with a bamboo club on the naked thighs. His thighs and legs were beaten to a jelly. In open court the magistrate asked him, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," he replied, "I am." Turning to the policemen, the magistrate ordered the minister to be beaten again, after which he repeated, "Are you a Christian?" "Yes," was the reply, "I am." The police were ordered to beat him again; after which he was remanded to prison. After many efforts, and many days' delay, they succeeded in saving his life, but to the end he gave no evidence of yielding, and persistently refused to deny his Lord and Master. This preacher has had a wonderful influence over the native Church, and, being a man of more than usual ability, his work has been greatly blessed.

Many have had the trial of "cruel mocking and scourgings; have been stoned, tempted, slain with the sword."

In the interior, bitter persecution prevailed. The trials and losses of missionaries escaping from the fiends are almost forgotten when we think of the situation of the native Church. Christian servants were killed; four others in the same village were carried captive; a native preacher arrested and





THE HISTORIC CANNON "BETSY," USED DURING THE SIEGE OF PEKING.

*Photo by Mr. Killie.*



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killed because he said he was a Christian ; one old preacher was offered the alternative of worshipping the idols or death ; he chose the latter, whereupon his ears were first cut off, and then his head, and his body was offered in sacrifice.

Death and suffering have opened the gate for many a true martyr to enter eternal rest. A preacher wrote : " Our position is most dangerous ; we can only trust the Lord to fulfil to us John xvi. 33."

It is estimated that fifty thousand Christians were murdered. But may we not say of those Chinese Christians what the mother of one of the murdered missionaries said, " If His cause would be glorified by the sacrifice of this young life at this time, His will be done " ?

The Church in China came out *purified* from her baptism of fire.

## CHAPTER X

### THE SUBSEQUENT AWAKENING

IT is said that the head of one of the missions was passing a leisure hour during the height of the siege of Peking, in the intervals of the arrival of the Boxer bullets, by reading Lord Charles Beresford's book "The Break-up of China." He had not gone very far into the volume when its pages wooed him to sleep. The book lay beside him on the pillow. "Biff-ff-ff!" came a Mannlicher bullet through the window, in a bee-line for the man's head, but Lord Charles lay in the bee-line. The bullet stuck in the book, failing to penetrate it. The missionary jumped up, gave thanks for his escape, packed up the book ready for the first parcel-post, addressed to Lord Charles Beresford, with a polite note. He said: "MY LORD,—I think it only right to send you this copy of your excellent book . . . as neither myself nor the Boxers' bullets can get through it. Yours truly. —."

The fact is that China was not going to *break up*. She is waking up, and will become a strong, united Christian nation in spite of all predictions to the contrary.

Fifty years ago a great writer said: "The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast region

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beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter."

Another great writer has said: "The Mediterranean era died with the discovery of America, the Atlantic era is now at the height of its development and must soon exhaust the resources at its demand. The Pacific era, which is destined to be the greatest of all, is just at its dawn." If this be true, if the Pacific shores are to be the centre of the world's interest, then whatever vitally affects the countries on the Asiatic side of the Pacific—the lands which make up the Far East—must be of great importance in the development of the world's civilization, and who can doubt that there is a change going on in the Far East of much the same significance to the Orient as was the French Revolution in the history of Europe?

The Far East is now coming to the stage of constitutional self-government, and we are told that this advance "is merely in accord with the natural law of political evolution."

In Europe we can trace three distinct stages of government—(1) feudalism, (2) absolutism, (3) constitutionalism. In the Far Eastern nations Japan was the first to adopt constitutional government. Within a short time the "unspeakable Turk"—entirely Asiatic in race and civilization—has overthrown absolutism, deposed the Sultan, and established a constitutional government. This is the goal to which China is now going. There are representatives in Peking awaiting patiently the fulfilment of the edict issued by the late Empress Dowager. Two years ago provincial Parliaments sat in most

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of the provinces ; they, however, dealt mostly with local affairs.

From the beginning of her history China assumed the position and became the central figure of the Far Eastern world. That world was largely of her own creation. She was the planet, the powerful, civilized, and cultured empire, surrounded by a circle of admiring satellite kingdoms. There was Korea in the north-east, the Mongols and Tartar families in the north, Tibet to the south-west, Burma and Siam in the south, with Annam and Cochin China. "These formed an Oriental world of which China was the centre ; they flattered her with imitation, they copied her form of civilization, they modelled their government systems after hers, they borrowed her religions, they adopted much of her written language, they gained her knowledge of arts and literature, and all of them appealed to her as final authority and sovereign mistress in an intellectual and moral but not governmental sense of the term."

Chihli, being the metropolitan province of the empire, is of very great importance. Its characteristics are yellow and green. Whether you see it in winter or summer it appears in one of the Imperial colours. For 58,949 square miles it stretches in alluvial plain and mountain country. Its name indicates its dignity, for in whatever province the capital of the empire may be situated that province is called "Pei Chihli." Whilst the cult of the old gods has always been very marked in Chihli, there are a large number of Mohammedans. Amongst all its vagaries none is more marked than

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the difference of temperature. In the year 1861 it is said that it alternated between 108 degrees heat and 8 below zero. In an ordinary way the difference is not so marked, yet the two extremes are very trying.

Tientsin is the most important commercial and industrial city of the whole province, and indeed of the whole of North China. Situated at the junction of the Pei-ho River and the Grand Canal, it governs all southern traffic approaching Peking. It now has direct railway communication with Europe and with the centre of China. Its importance is demonstrated and increased by the fact that Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Russia, and Japan all have settlements there, though some of them are practically undeveloped. There is direct communication with the sea by means of the Pei-ho River. The Tientsin wharves are almost two miles in length, and into the vessels alongside are loaded skins, bristles, camel's hair, coal, and other goods. The industries include cotton and carpet manufacture. At the request of the nations and as a punishment for the Boxer riots she was obliged to tear down the walls of the city, and this makes her probably the only city in China without a wall; but this has made possible the opening of wide streets, lighted by electricity and traversed by tramways; modern police and waterworks make it one of the most advanced cities in China. This, then, is one evidence of the great awakening: that Tientsin, which used to be noted for its massacre and its malaria, is now in the forefront of modern progress.

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China's relations with the other nations of the Far East have always been well defined to an Oriental mind. Embassies used to reach Peking from each of the smaller States at the New Year time, bringing presents and greetings to the Emperor. This rule was first broken in the year 1894-5, when the King of Korea did not send the usual tribute to his Majesty.

Prior to the year A.D. 1500 the entire foreign relations of China, whether official or commercial, had been with the other nations of Asia and south-eastern Europe. The peoples of modern Europe had not yet made their appearance upon China's borders, and were quite unknown; the latter were, however, soon to learn of them, and in early years the impression made was not to their credit. Deeds were perpetrated in the name of civilization which if done to-day would bring men into disgrace and serious punishment. One of the great reasons for regretting this early contact is that China received her introduction to the manners, methods, civilization, morals, and Christianity of Europe from such men.

An English writer, Harold Gorst, in 1899 thus places his verdict on record: "Robbery, murder, and a constant appeal to physical force chiefly characterized the commencement of Europe's commercial intercourse with China, and it was not till they had fully earned the designation that the title 'Foreign Devil' was introduced."

In China there was a well-marked period which was known as the Feudal Age; it lasted for several centuries, coming to an end shortly before the



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Christian era. Feudalism was overthrown and absolutism was established, and recently this has given place to a constitutional government.

The marked slowness of historical evolution in China is due to the fact that she is a world by herself, and until within a few years lacked the stimulus of competition and comparison with the nations of Europe. In the year 1906 the Empress Dowager issued a decree: "Let there be no delay in making China a constitutional government." Provincial legislative assemblies were organized at once in nearly all the provinces, and it was supposed that the National Parliament would convene in the year 1916 in the city of Peking.

There are few countries about which opinion has varied more often and more completely than it has about China in the course of the last century. When the nineteenth century opened in the Middle Kingdom she was known to the outside world only through a few books, most of them written long ago. Few living Europeans had visited the country. She was supposed to be a very large, rich, and magnificent empire, inhabited by enormous numbers of people, with queer manners and customs, with a literature which was very ancient, and a civilization that was perhaps the oldest in the world. The few traders who had a first-hand knowledge were resident in Canton. It is needless to say they had come to China, not for their health's sake but to make money.

Two natural factors—to call them such—have had much to do with Chinese seclusion from the rest of the world. The first of these has been the extreme

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difficulties of her language. The second is her geographical isolation. It is only necessary to consult a map to understand this latter condition fully. Her eastern frontier is the Pacific Ocean, no longer a barrier but a facility to intercourse. Her northern neighbours were, and still remain, wild wandering tribes, who could give China nothing, and who long since became Chinese dependents. The whole stretch of her western boundary was, and still is, occupied to a large extent with sandy deserts, scarcely less painful and perilous to traverse than the Sahara of northern Africa. Towering above her south-western and a portion of her southern frontier arose the impassable Himalayas, on the slopes of which rests the insignificant principality of Tibet, long since drawn within the essential control of the Emperor of China. To the south and south-east are the petty kingdoms of Burma, Siam, and Cochin China, now substantially absorbed by Great Britain and France. Thus China has from the beginning been isolated from peoples who were in any measure her peers, and among whom the progress and development of the earth have been brought about.

After the Opium War, and what was called the Arrow War, there came the Tai-ping rebellion; then it was known conclusively that China indeed was weak. Later still the famous Chinese statesman Li Hung Chang on his visit to the late Queen's Jubilee and round the world enjoyed an international reputation, which increased the prestige of his country considerably.

Many people started from the impressive figures

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of the population, and reasoned that if the Chinese could train soldiers as General Gordon had done during the Tai-ping rebellion, they could put into the field such armies as to threaten the very existence of Europe, forgetting the fact that naval and military service never can be extremely popular in China while the classics of Confucius and Mencius are what they are in the empire, for, after all, the army is not an ideal profession in the Celestial Empire.

It was in these days that the term "yellow peril" came into use. The result of the Japanese War in 1894-5 produced a sharp revulsion of feeling. The pitiable weakness of Chinese arms, and the inability of the Imperial authorities to control the course of affairs, were interpreted as showing that China was weak in every way.

The events of the next few years, and the acquisition of "*spheres of influence*" by the Powers, and the helplessness of the Peking Government to resist pressure of any kind, served to confirm the belief that China was on the point of dissolution, and that as a nation her days were numbered. Her very existence was threatened. In the year 1900 the Boxer revolt disturbed this complacent theory. The Chinese showed a power of resistance which availed little for the moment, but may prove more formidable next time they try their strength with the nations of the West.

The fact is that the movement for the Westernization of their institutions, and particularly for the modernization of their means of defence, had really begun years before. Preparation was being steadily

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made, and the markets of the West were being constantly drawn upon for guns and modern arms from Germany and other countries, till, when the Allies arrived, they found that the Chinese guns outclassed any guns that were in possession of the armies from the West till the guns came on H.M.S. *Terrible*, which fired lyddite. Bitter experience had taught them the lesson of their own weakness; patriotic men of energy and influence became convinced of the necessity of thorough reform, and that it was not even yet too late to restore some of the past glory and greatness to the land of their birth. Great Britain during the eighteenth century was without doubt a power in the Far East. It was she who opened up China, who fought with her one or two victorious battles, who has always had the largest trade, and who organized the Imperial Customs Service, under the famous Sir Robert Hart. Other nations, of course, have gradually entered, till the United States has gained a very great power, while Germany and France are making great advances.

China, we think, has not always been the gainer, but has suffered much in her dealings with foreign nations. The question whether it has been rather through her fault than theirs does not affect the fact of her losses. In immediate territories she has ceded Hong-kong, Macow, Formosa, Kiao-chou, Kuang-chou, Wei-hai-wei, and part of Manchuria, while she has practically lost her hold on Burma, Siam, Annam, and Korea.

Still, when all is said and done, we must remember that she is one of the largest and

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most thickly populated empires in the world, a country of enormous resources, and one with which all the great States are eager to develop closer relations for their own sakes and, they assure her, for hers also. Thus we see that at the opening of the twentieth century every one of the world Powers is interested, and actively interested, in Far Eastern affairs. As was quite natural, their conflicting interests and ambitions produced rivalries among themselves. The commercial rivalry for success in Chinese markets bids fair to be keener than ever, and the chief competitors are England, America, Germany, Japan; each and all see golden opportunities.

During the Russo-Japanese War there is no doubt that Chinese opinion was very profoundly impressed by the victories of the once-despised Japanese over the mighty Russian. The reform movement received a great impetus then, and now the world Powers really believe that China is awakening. The titles of books being published tell of this—"The Awakening of China" and "The Reconstruction of China"—and those who have long been resident in the country are astonished at the pace she is going. Of course, away from the Government centres and in the interior, it will take some time to feel the true effects of the present upheaval. First, the Boxer War, then the victory of the East over the West in the late war, and, of course, the foundation work in education, which has been zealously followed up by missionaries, have all entered into the sum total of influences under the almighty power of God.

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In the old dead past if there was anything in which the Chinese had implicit confidence it was in their system of education, founded on the native classics. This system has now been entirely revised, and Western subjects take the place of the essay system, founded on the classics of Confucius and Mencius and other ancient philosophers. Go where you will, Confucian temples are turned into modern schools. . . . English language and literature are in great demand. Peking, which used to be regarded as a hotbed of reaction and the centre from which emanated the fiercest anti-foreign edicts, yielding to pressure from without, has established within her walls a school for the *sons of nobles*, in which the princes were not only taught Western knowledge but are trained in healthy discipline and the habits of obedience, punctuality, cleanliness, and self-reliance. This school, of course, is in no wise connected with missions, which makes the matter all the more surprising.

Take the North China College, which is a union Christian college, its halls are full, while the Methodist Episcopal University, under the Rev. H. H. Lowry, D.D., is reporting wonderful success. There is a constantly growing number of students, till the last enrolment was 631.

The President writes: "More gratifying than increase of numbers has been the increase in spiritual uplift that has come to a large number of the students, the result of a revival held last year under a Chinese evangelist of great power. One result has been that over one hundred students definitely pledged themselves to enter the Christian

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ministry on the completion of their studies. The sincerity of the pledge is witnessed to by the fact that about forty had decided to enter Government employ, but have felt led to give themselves to the supreme work of preaching the gospel instead."

In all the towns of the province active educational work is being carried on, and this in the face of the fact that so recently as ten years ago not a single school existed of a modern type, except those that were under mission control.

In Government schools of various grades there are to-day reported to be about 200,000 students. Note the figures for each year :—

1902	...	...	...	2,000	students.
1903	...	...	...	3,000	„
1904	...	...	...	46,254	„
1905	...	...	...	88,009	„
1906	...	...	...	135,614	„
1907	...	...	...	173,352	„
1911	...	...	...	200,000	„
1912	...	...	...	500,000	„

This is only in one province, and shows the gradual growth. These establishments consist of 1 university, 1 provincial college, 13 industrial schools, 17 lower-grade industrial schools, 2 upper normal schools, 88 lower normal schools, 32 middle schools, 220 upper primary schools, 8,675 lower primary schools, 121 girls' schools. Besides this, thousands of fine young fellows are going abroad in search of knowledge.

The Chinese are remodelling the cities and raising the standard of health and happiness among the

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people. In Tientsin there is a supply of good clear water from the waterworks under Chinese control. The streets are lighted by electricity, and on the site of the old city wall electric trams are running.

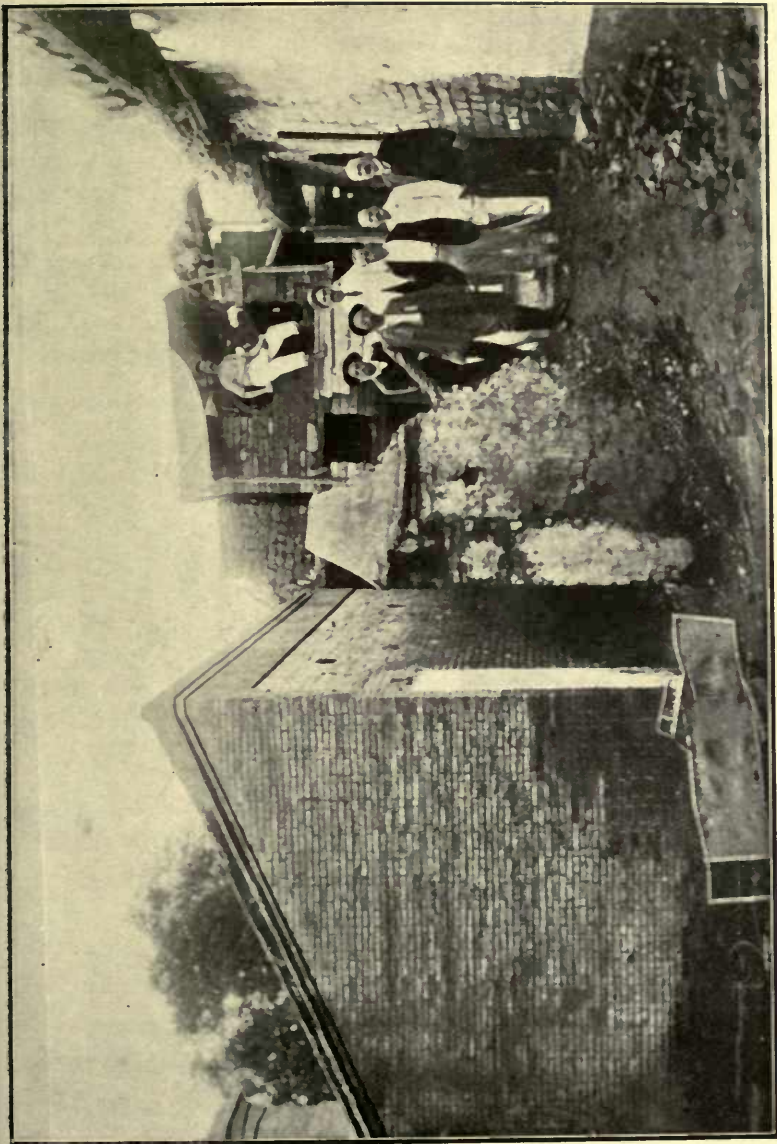
The Chinese are realizing the possibilities of untold wealth in mineral resources, and mines are being opened up all over the country. Railways are pushing their way to the distant parts of the empire, and newspapers are published in nearly all cities; so that the Chinese can read in the interior the latest news from the coast and from other parts of the world. The *Peking Gazette*, which, beyond doubt, was the oldest newspaper in the world, has now given place to hundreds of papers in all parts of the country.

Christian education had operated as a leaven in the life of China for a full generation before the general awakening set in. So that the Chinese Government, while in no mood to acknowledge indebtedness, except in very exceptional cases, to the Christian Church, does so indirectly by levying heavy tribute upon the mission schools for the most competent teachers.

Protestant missions, which any impartial student of recent progress in China will acknowledge has been the foremost educational and moral force in China's recent surprising evolution, came just over a century ago.

Robert Morrison arrived in Canton in 1807. He was able to work alone, uncheered by congenial companions, sustained by energy and his sense of duty, showing to all "a man diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." His life was





FIGHTING PARSONS ON DUTY IN SIEGE.

NOTE.—Rev. J. Stonehouse (in white) was killed after the photo was taken.

Photo by Mr. Killie, July, 1900.



## The Subsequent Awakening

mostly passed with those who had no sympathy with his pursuits, but his zeal never abated.

Three distinct periods mark the work of Protestant missions in China. 1807 to 1858, just half a century, constituted the period of preparation.

The first medical missionary went during this period—Dr. Parker, whose skilful lancet entered into the bodies and affections of the people in such a manner that China has ever since welcomed the Christian doctor. These are some of the achievements which should be placed over against the small results; for in 1842 there were only six converts, but in 1860 there were 160. The second period was from 1860 to 1898, when from 1,860 out-stations the Truth was being proclaimed by 2,458 missionaries.

The third period of Protestant missions in China dates from 1898, when the Emperor Kuang Hsü left the throne for vital though temporary confinement, but not before he had issued edicts and carried out several reforms, such as—

1. The establishment of a university in Peking.
  2. The sending of Imperial clansmen to the West to study the forms and conditions of the Governments.
  3. The encouragement of arts and sciences.
  4. The abolition of the literary essay as a prominent part in Chinese Government Examinations.
  5. Advised Western methods of training troops.
  6. School Boards were ordered to be established in every town and city.
  7. Six useless Boards in Peking were abolished.
- There is not one of these decrees that would not

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have been for the good of China, and if Kuang Hsü had been allowed to proceed with his beneficent operations the Chinese Empire would have been much farther forward than she is to-day.

For thinking of these things the Emperor was supposed to be mad, was arrested, and thrown into prison. Thousands of his followers protested as the sword deprived them of their heads, but in their last hours they cried out: "Though the grass may be cut, the roots still remain and will shoot forth again in a more favourable time." These were true prophets, for the past twelve years have seen more progress recorded than in all the earlier pages of China's history.

What has this period meant, however, to the work in which missionaries are engaged? At the very outset it meant such a baptism of blood for the Church in China as was not even seen in Madagascar.

We recall the stories of martyrdom which make the year 1900 stand out vividly in history.

The siege of the Legations was only an episode in a movement which reproduced in North China the various details of horror visited upon the heroes of the Bible and of the Christian faith as depicted in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword, they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented." And then we learned for the first time in our generation that the "blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Some would say surely the slaughter of nearly

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three hundred missionaries, and no one knows how many thousand Chinese Christians, suffering untold and untellable agonies under the horrid torments of their enemies, and the scattering of the Church through persecution, must have been an irreparable calamity to the Church in China. I answer, "Yes" and "No."

There are many compensating gains. God was in the siege of Peking, and His right hand was manifest. When men, women, and children have been forced into His very presence and have come to know Him as Deliverer and Friend, higher criticism, lower criticism, infidelity, or pagan attacks on the Christians' God fail to shake the foundations! The calm serenity of a Peking preacher as he came forth to meet his doom, dressed in his best garments, that he might be worthy of his "crimson coronet"; the songs of gladness with which even a Chinese woman may go to a watery grave; the bold confessions of schoolboys who gladly die rather than deny their loving Saviour; the unquenchable witness of dying maidens quite as wonderful as that of the early Church heroines—*these* are familiar stories among unbelieving Boxers who now are the humble followers of the Christ they persecuted.

Yes, these are the signs of the great awakening:—

The ranks of the thousands who were martyred have been more than filled and many thousand additions besides.

Within the past twelve years—

The missionary force has increased 75 per cent.

The increase of communicants is 150 per cent.

The increase of students in schools is 232 per cent.

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No comment is needed, and these figures fairly represent the advance in other directions.

*Looking back* thirty years, what a change!

The cable informs us: "Prince Chun, the Regent, opened the Imperial Senate at Peking on Monday last." Provincial Assemblies were inaugurated two years ago. The Senate consisted of three hundred Members, one-half selected directly by the Crown and the others by the provincial Assemblies with the approval of the Viceroys. The Regent said the Senate was the emblem of the hope which is felt for China's great progress. Though some classes were eager to hasten the full establishment of the promised Constitution, the Government adhered to the promised date of 1915, and preferred to advance slowly.

Other signs of awakening were:—

1. A law to allow steam navigation on the shallow streams throughout the empire.

2. The pushing on of railways, telegraphs, and telephones, even having the latter installed in the Imperial Palace.

3. There are groaning Presses pouring forth books by the million and newspapers by the thousand.

4. There are sanitation and waterworks in several cities.

5. A modern army and navy of Occidental type.

6. Old examination halls demolished to make room for colleges of a modern kind.

7. Hundreds of thousands of girls and boys are attending intermediate schools.

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8. Opium dens closed by the thousand and opium almost driven out of the country.

9. Footbinding in disgrace and under the ban of the highest officials of the land.

10. The cutting of the queue being common.

11. The tortures of the old Law Courts disappearing, while new codes are evolving.

12. Great crowds gathering in orderly lecture-halls night by night to listen to lectures and discussions on politics, history, education, and reform.

13. A constitutional Government established.

We thank God that in the midst of all this wellnigh unbelievable life there are *missionaries*, not idly looking on but respected and sometimes consulted by the officials. China found herself without modern teachers, and as the only source of supply was the Mission School and colleges, a large proportion of the best Chinese teachers are men who have been under Christian influence, and many are earnest Christians. "Yes, the thread of scarlet is the preaching of the gospel that runs through the web of a missionary's royal weaving."

The sleeping Giant of the East is awake. There is no instance in human history of such a mass of human beings changing so radically, so rapidly, and so quietly.

As an example, take Tientsin, the city with which I was most closely connected. Perhaps no city in the world can show greater progress during the past twelve years than Tientsin, or "Heavenly Ford." This was the "storm centre" during the terrible Boxer days, but with the advent of en-

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lightened officials and the spirit of progress, Tientsin has become the most progressive city in China, especially in education, showing that the future of China is assured if education will do it. We own that it will do much, but the Church of Christ must study the signs of the times more fully, and take the "flowing tide" for bringing Christianity into line with present conditions. In this city the schools can be numbered by the hundred, and scholars by the hundred thousand. The latter would have despised the idea of entering a "modern school" twenty years ago, but now all is changed.

In Tientsin there are four lecture-halls, admirably located, and well adapted for the general educational work they are designed to promote. They are open from eight to ten o'clock every evening. Lectures are given, and they last about an hour and a half. In the main the subjects are historical, and deal with India and Japan. There are occasional talks on popular science, with demonstrations. These lectures are all given by the Literati. All classes are admitted, and there is no charge. The museum is open every day, and crowds pass through. The object of the museum is to make the people familiar with native products, and by contrast and comparison to help in improving them. There is an educational museum, which was founded in 1905. All the apparatus that is used for experiments in physics, chemistry, and botany is found in this museum. It is crowded daily. There is also an industrial training institute, the object of which is to give employment to poor people, and



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to train them to become skilled workers by making improvements on the ancient methods. There are about one thousand students, with fifteen skilled manufacturers, while three Britishers find employment in this department. The lines of work are dyeing, weaving, woodwork, ironwork, and crockery.

But perhaps the most interesting of all the modern innovations is the prison system adopted. There can be no more degraded system than the old style, and the penal code is perhaps the most corrupt in the world. Only a few years ago, while on business in an official's residence, a crowd gathered at his front door, and the people were greatly excited. There was a man running with a sack in his arms, out of which he emptied on the doorstep of the yamen, or magistrate's office, two human heads, the one that of his wife, and the other the head of the man with whom she had been caught committing adultery. By bringing both heads to the official, the murderer was exempt from punishment, and went off a "free man." And to-day, away from the coast, it is possible to meet with all the ancient barbarous system, so that we welcome this new thing with great delight.

Here is probably the first attempt of "Prison Reform" in China. One interesting fact is that the prison and workhouse are side by side and are somewhat connected. When complete, it will be made up of four sections: one for poor people, one for the industrial bureau, one for male prisoners, and one for female prisoners.

There is also a hospital with two physicians,

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one old Chinese style and one Western style. Including the poor people and prisoners, there are about one thousand, but the plans call for accommodation for four thousand. The industrial instruction given is in printing, weaving, dyeing, and boot and shoe manufacture. Carpet weaving and even embroidery is being taught. In one room there are about fifty Singer sewing-machines, each worked by a man with iron chains riveted on his legs. These are not taken off till the sentence is finished.

The cells are clean, and a bath is compulsory. Attached to the prison is a large assembly-hall, which is the most surprising innovation of all. At five o'clock a bugle is sounded, and the prisoners are marched out to the hall by warders, with fixed bayonets, when a smart young Chinaman, who is called "Chaplain," takes the stand. The present occupant of the post is an ex-Methodist minister. In conversation, he told me that he had to be careful and not mention the name "Jesus" in his exhortations, but almost anything else he was free to preach. The Confucian ethics are the basis of his "talks," and his object, and the object of the authorities, is to "exhort" the men to *virtue*. Said the Chaplain to me: "But you know I cannot find any better material than in the Bible. I have to be careful not to give them too much Christianity, though in reality I do preach Jesus." The poor fellow informed me that he was not happy in the work, and intended to get out of it as soon as possible. The pity of it is that there are ministers at home who are preaching everything but *Christ* ;



BRITISH LEGATION GUARD AFTER THE SIEGE, WITH SIR CLAUDE MACDONALD IN CENTRE.

*Photo by Mr. Killie.*



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they have not the courage to give up as this Chinese minister has since done. When the institution was first opened, a Buddhist priest was given this office, but he soon got tired of it; there was not sufficient "inducement" in it, and he made little impression on his audience. The thief, the murderer, and rogue sit for twenty minutes listening to the chaplain with the bayonets bristling all around. It surely is a unique sight in a heathen land. I was told that of the number over fifty were in for murder, but the authorities reasoned that if they could be taught a trade they could earn money and be kept in for life, instead of carrying out any of the many forms of capital punishment.

With all this change the missionaries have been doing their best to cope with the changed circumstances. Electric cars run round the city, while wireless telegraphy is installed. The large halls are full of people seeking information. Constitutional government has taken hold of the people. But what is being done to bring Christianity to the people? This surely is a unique opportunity. Every chapel but one was destroyed by the Boxers, but we have built more and larger places. These buildings are open every day for public preaching, and in some of them there are special services in the evening from seven till nine. Business men are thus able to stay longer and listen to the message. Usually the missionary presides, and the Christians are encouraged to attend to help in the service of song and in prayer. After the meeting is opened with a hymn and prayer the chairman will call upon four or

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five local preachers or exhorters to put some phase of Christianity before the people briefly, "short and to the point," and mostly from their own experience. After this the service is turned into a kind of Sunday School, when each Christian man gathers a group of non-Christians round him, to whom he preaches the gospel. Thus the native Christians gain experience in telling the gospel story and in witness-bearing. After about twenty minutes the meeting is called to order again, when the missionary informs the people that they are about to pray to the "True God," and if *they* are willing they, too, can stay and see how Christians worship. The doors are closed after any suspicious ones have left, to keep the people from passing in and out while we are at prayer. Nearly the whole congregation will remain, and nearly all will reverently kneel, while the Christians lead in brief prayers from all parts of the hall, especially for the people present, that they may gain a *spiritual vision*. After this we rise and press the matter further, and usually a few are willing to remain for further instruction and prayer, and many have been led to attend the regular Sunday services, and by this means have been influenced to become Christians.

What further are we doing to meet the needs of this great Empire in its strange awakening? I can only speak from personal observation, and shall limit my remarks to services with which I have been intimately connected.

First, as to our Army and Navy work. The North China Command, of which I had the joy and honour to be Chaplain, is the most distant from

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the centre of the British Empire, and probably the only Command that is quartered in an alien land. The emergency for the sending of troops arose during the Boxer rising, but it has since been felt that a garrison of about two thousand men is essential in North China. These are mostly in Tientsin, with two companies in Peking as Legation Guards. On the march to Peking in 1900 it was found impossible to secure another Chaplain, though my duties in the Intelligence Department were sufficiently arduous. I was, therefore, obliged to act in this capacity, and so had the honour to be the only Chaplain of any Church on that historic march. As we were making forced marches, there was little opportunity to collect the men for services, but in the field hospital and in camp I did what I could to help and encourage them. Our casualty list was not so large as that of the other nationalities. A series of kind providences seemed to accompany the force. Still, there were many of our men who laid down their lives in the attempt to reach Peking, and it was my mournful duty to cheer them in their dying moments, and attend to their Christian interment. After a little while in Peking, I was invalided out, resigned my commission in the Army, and eventually sailed for England to recruit.

On my return to China the following year, I was re-appointed Chaplain, and spent much time with the men in garrison. The hospital claimed a great deal of my attention, but by visitation and by sundry services I helped to make the lives of the soldiers a little brighter than they would have been. Wherever it is cast, the soldier's life, as all admit,

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is not an ideal one, but though there is much pity and anxiety expended over our defenders in action, it is easy to forget that even the hardships of war are less trying than the monotony of barrack life in a far-away land in a time of peace. It is then, more than at any other time perhaps, that the soldier or the sailor claims our consideration as a fellow-being with few resources of his own it may be, and with few opportunities of indulging the superior tastes he may possess. These remarks are specially applicable to barrack life in North China, where the troops are merely "marking time" and waiting for "eventualities."

I am glad to say that there is a small body of enthusiasts even in this remote part of the world who, for many years, have done their utmost to provide recreation by means of frequent little entertainments, and by furnishing matter for reading; and their efforts have been warmly appreciated. The Tientsin Temperance Society, in particular, for many years has done a noble work, and is still doing much to make the life of the soldier far away from home at least endurable. I have always stood for total abstinence in my work, and as every regiment has a branch of the Royal Army Temperance Association, there is something to work upon. Encouraged by that prince of Army workers, the Rev. J. H. Bateson, when he was the General Secretary in India, we were able to help on the work, and on one occasion I was invited to present the temperance medals. Ninety men came up boldly for the badge of temperance. The strongest temperance organization I have known was in the



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Inniskilling Fusiliers, when at a Christmas party there were four hundred members sat down to tea, and the Commanding Officer, Colonel Davidson, D.S.O., who is a total abstainer, gave a real rousing temperance address. Like officers, like men, for if the officers are sympathetic the temperance work will be easy. Alas! it is not always so. I have known a British general send beer for the men in detention barracks (prison), put there through drink. Lord Roberts's ideal was correct, "A sober army for India and the Far East."

The A.T.A. members in the Inniskilling Fusiliers were very zealous temperance workers, and the conduct of the men was excellent. Many of them were deeply interested in mission work, so that one day I announced that, the native city being "out of bounds," I would be glad to escort a few men to see heathenism at first hand. Judge of my surprise when fifty names were sent in of those who were anxious to accompany me. This, of course, was out of the question, and the limit was placed at twenty. At the appointed hour they came to my quarters, and we started off first to the temple, where there were about twenty poor Chinese women prostrating themselves before the great ugly mud idol, praying for sons. Then we went to the City Temple, where they saw people worshipping the city god, namely, the Fox. A young man was burning incense, and had knocked his head three times on the ground in worship. As we were standing outside examining some scrolls on the walls, and translating them, the young man came out, and hearing me speak Chinese, he joined us and asked

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who I was. When he found out that I was a missionary, his conscience pricked him, and he said, "You know, I would not worship these idols for myself, but as it is not a very nice place for women to come to, I have been worshipping for my wife." He then said he would come to the Mission to hear more about Jesus. When the soldiers heard this, one of them remarked, "*Just think of that, converted on the spot!*" "Oh, no," I said, "this man at best is only an inquirer; he has to learn much before he will be converted." We then went to the Methodist chapel, where the Chinese minister was preaching. Though the men could not understand anything, they sat through the service and seemed to enjoy it. Then the Chinese minister came down and was introduced, and I told the men they could ask him any questions, as he could talk English. They asked him some peculiar questions, and he gave them sane answers, and by the time they returned to barracks they were deeply impressed; so much so that they blazed about the barracks the story of our trip, till the following day I had a request to take another two parties. And so these men were influenced, and became sympathetic towards mission work; it was time profitably spent. One cold, bleak March evening the Cameron Highlanders arrived, with about sixty women and children. The General had suggested that we should arrange a tea for them on landing in this strange, new place, so we got a number of ladies interested, and when the steamer came up to the wharf we took charge of all *women* and *children*, and had them conveyed to the Soldiers' Home, where a good,

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substantial tea was waiting, to which they did full justice before they went half a mile farther to the barracks and married quarters. The effect of this little kindness on the regiment was magical. From that day till they left for India they would have done anything for me, and many a time we had as many as two hundred men at Wesleyan service, as men of other Churches would join of their own free will. I remember while the Presbyterian Chaplain was absent in Japan, and I was at the time doing full regimental Chaplain work, being relieved of my Chinese work by arrangement, I noticed that the ordinary brass instruments had been discarded in the parade service. We had between six and seven hundred Presbyterians and Wesleyans present, and the string band was to my mind a great improvement. This continued for three Sundays, when lo! we went back to the brass instruments, greatly to my distress, for they drown the singing; so on asking the reason I was told that several of the string band men were Catholics, and should go to the Catholic parade service every Sunday, but had not attended for several Sundays, preferring to be at *our service*. The priest had inquired, and had reported to the General, and strict orders had been issued that all Catholics should parade for the Catholic service.

The Army work becomes very fascinating, and well repays all the labour expended on it. I have, however, written sufficient to show that Tommy appreciates what is done for him in foreign lands by the Army and Navy Board.

Of still greater importance is the work of our

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schools and colleges, to which I may now refer more particularly; and the work of popular evangelism, which is prosecuted with ever-increasing vigour and zeal.

On my return to China in 1901, I found that, in my absence, my colleagues had been nobly working at the task of reconstruction.

In Peking, Dr. H. H. Lowry, whose name will ever be associated with the reconstruction there, had bought more land, and, as the Chinese had pulled down the buildings, and torn up the very foundations, he decided to plan for great expansion. In Tientsin, Dr. Pyke and Dr. Walker had worked hard. I at once busied myself with the reopening of the educational work. The buildings, fortunately, had not been entirely destroyed, and, as they had been used as military quarters, all that was needed was repair, and we were soon ready to take in a few students. We have always believed in educational work as a means of carrying on our mission work. For, if we capture the children, in time the nation will become Christian. And this is the kind of work to which I gave my attention for the next five years. The splendid opening for educational work will be seen. Tientsin is the distributing centre for the whole of North China. It was also made the centre of the Government educational institutions. To this city selected candidates from all parts of the Empire came. The Imperial University and Government Medical College were here, and students were brought from all over the country. So that our attempt to give Christianity a place was sympa-

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thetically assisted by many who knew of the work. One principle on which we have always insisted has been that *worthy* boys should never be turned away without an education.

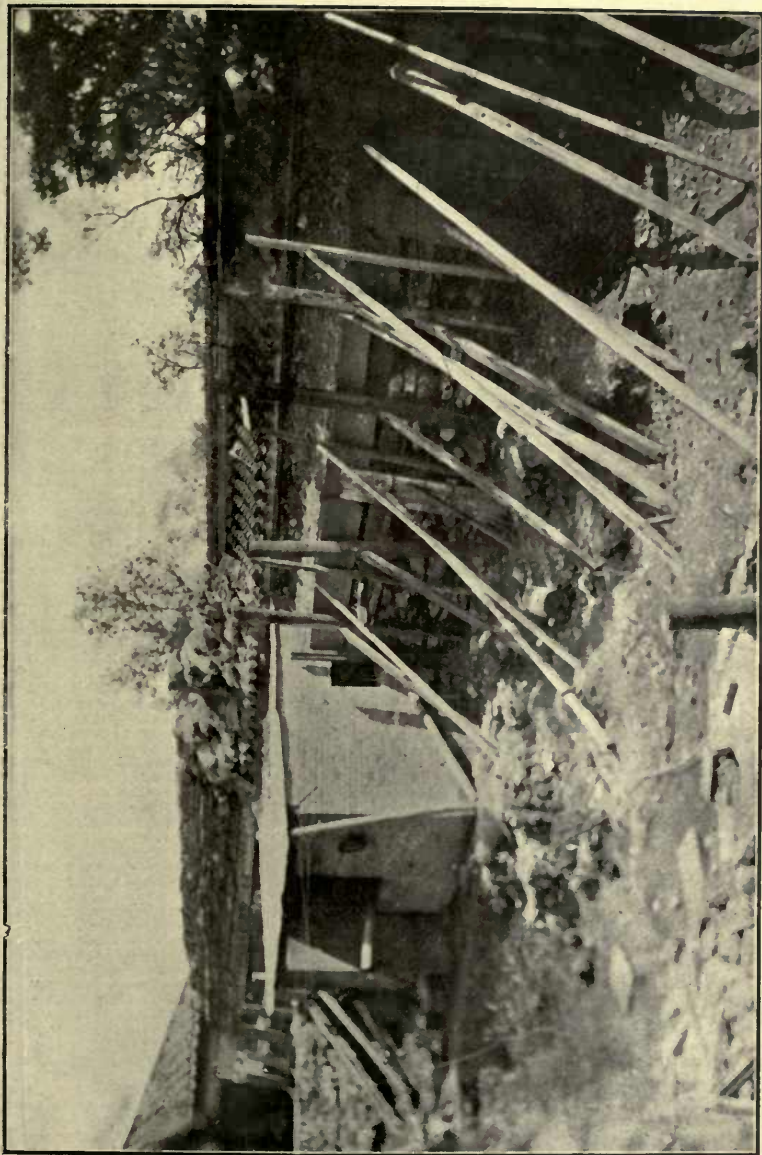
There was one word which described the position—*opportunity*. The ideal was the development of an institution where the largest possible number of Chinese young men might receive the best possible preparation for Christian service. The importance of this ideal looms larger with every passing year. Each step in advance opens wider the horizon and impresses us with the fact that the greater things are still beyond and call for larger plans and greater efforts.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has always had a very strong educational work in all its missions in China. The primary schools are scattered throughout the circuits. The boys who pass satisfactory examinations go to the intermediate schools for a four-years course and then on examination to the college at Peking. This system was arranged long before the Boxer troubles, and when able men were needed to reconstruct the work so ruthlessly torn to pieces we had a considerable number who were able to fill the breach and complete the repairs. The intermediate school was soon full to overflowing, and students had to be turned away. We took in all worthy boys who were poor. Boys whose parents were able to pay towards their education were expected so to do. Still, there were always some for whom I had to seek friends, and these I usually found among the Chinese, many of whom recognize the claims of the mission schools upon

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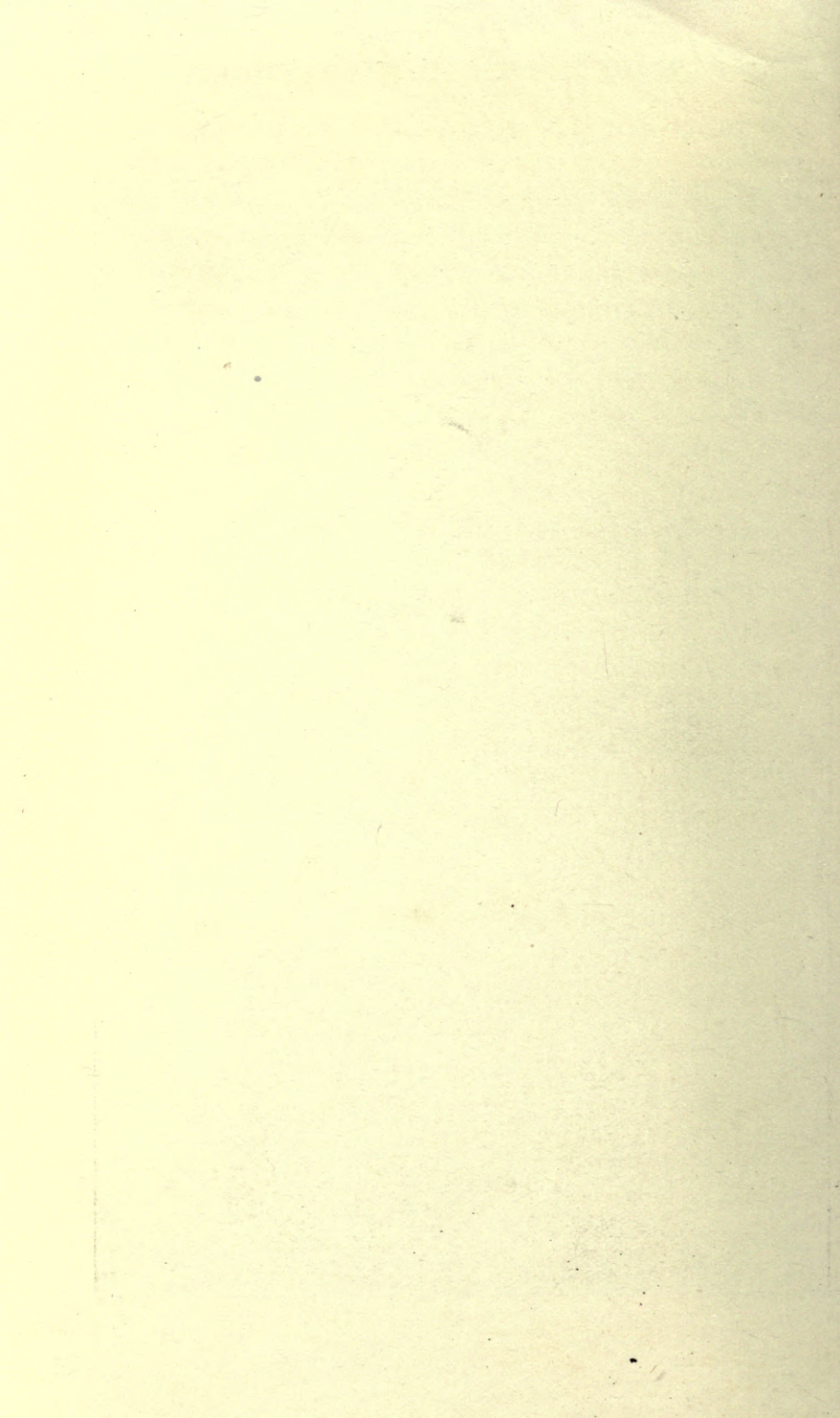
them, not only for what they are now doing but for what they have done for many of the prominent men of China in the past. A while ago a northern Tao-tai said to the scholars of a mission school: "You will be surprised to know that there are a great many successful men and high officials whose stepping-stones to fame were the mission schools. The late prince of merchants, Tong King Sing, was, like you, in a mission school. Mr. Wu Ting Fang, our late Minister to Washington, Dr. Wing, and others owed their position to some extent to the help received in these institutions"; and, quite recently, Mr. Shi-Chao Chang has said in the *Spectator* that "of many Chinese students scattered throughout the world many are Christians, and I know for a fact that some of these Christians have gained through merit and are at present holding Government scholarships. . . . I may add that Mr. C. H. Wang, who is a Christian, is now secretary to the Chinese Ambassador at the Hague, and that Mr. W. C. Yen, who is also a Christian, has recently been appointed to the same position as that of Mr. Wang in the Chinese Legation in the United States."

Unhappily, as we were moving steadily along in our educational and other work of reconstruction and extension my dear wife became suddenly ill, and the physicians declared that her only hope of recovery was in returning to the homeland for surgical help. Within two weeks I was obliged to drop all the threads of work, leave my three boys in the care of the Boys' School at Chefoo, and with my wife and little girl start for England via the



PROPPING UP THE BARRICADES. BOXERS ON OUTSIDE.

*Photo by Mr. Kittle.*





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Pacific Ocean. The trial was a terrible one, for it was a question whether I should ever again return to my beloved work. However, the voyage did wonders for us. Mrs. Brown speedily recovered, and the specialists whom we consulted gave me leave to return almost at once, and my wife was able to join me in China a few months later. I continued my educational work till the next Conference, when I was made Chairman, or Superintendent, of the district, without pastoral charge, and in this work and office I continue to this day.

I am now in a position to speak more particularly of our educational work as it appears on a review of recent years. One of the most proficient of foreign educational leaders in the Chinese Empire has said: "China has already passed the initial stages in a great transformation, political, industrial, social, educational, and is destined in the near future to set itself free from its age-long bondage to past ideals and institutions, and to place itself by the side of Western nations in their search after truth, and effort to better the conditions of life." One of the factors in bringing about this great transformation has been the establishment of Christian schools and colleges. Throughout the Chinese Empire during the past sixty or seventy years the results have been wonderful. It is of one of these great educational institutions I wish to write—namely, Peking University, which is under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This institution is the outgrowth of a small day school, founded in the city of Peking in the year 1872. At present

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there are four departments—the Preparatory College, the College of Liberal Arts, the Theological and the Medical schools. This last has been united with the Medical College of the North China Educational Union, and the work is carried on in the plant supplied by the London Mission in Peking.

As feeders to the University there are six intermediate schools, situated in Peking, Tientsin, Taian Fu, Shan hai Kuan, Lanchou, and Tsunhua. Feeding the intermediate schools there are about one hundred day schools. Every day school is the potential nucleus of a Christian Church. Down on the banks of the Yellow River a well-known missionary arrived in the midst of a howling North China dust-storm. There was an exceedingly uninviting group of mud-houses—one is tempted to say hovels ; but some time before a day school had been established, and from that school came the young man who was selected by the Protestant missions in China to proceed to Japan and help the Chinese students studying there. Missionary primary schools are welcomed, and in some places inducements have been offered to have schools opened in their precincts. So that in this way a University education has been secured by many poor but worthy men who have helped not a little in the reformation of their native land.

The Liberal Arts College courses are so arranged that the students before receiving their degree have studied the history of all important countries, have had thorough instruction in mathematics and sciences, with laboratory work, and are able to

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read understandingly the masterpieces of English literature. Courses in Latin, psychology, economics, and other lines are either required or offered as optional subjects. A thorough knowledge of the Chinese language, literature, and history is insisted on, though present-day students in China have a desire to throw these subjects aside as being worthless.

The number of students registered in all departments was for the past year 580, while the total number of students under instruction in all departments exceeded 2,000. This includes only male students. In the University School of Liberal Arts there are seven professors, who give their entire time to the work. Four give part time. Four Chinese professors and fifteen instructors are engaged their whole time.

There are many ways in which mission schools are superior to Government institutions. The continuity of purpose and plan, even though, owing to bad climatic conditions, overwork, and too few furloughs, the heads of these schools change frequently, is of the highest value.

Mission schools are superior in that they are able to control their students. In Old China the teacher had power even of life or death over his pupils; in New China he is powerless to control or direct his pupil in many cases. Practically every school of any size—and this does not exclude mission schools—has suffered from some kind of a strike during the last four or five years. The mission schools have increased their prestige because of the way they meet these troubles, while in very few

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Government schools have they improved their opportunities in these cases. In one college I think of the students struck work because they were not permitted to study certain books for which they were not prepared. The director was a Chinese, born in a foreign land and educated in foreign methods. He dismissed 110 students out of 114. He was impeached before the Board of Education, but won his case, and the college is progressing. Very often, however, the students decide that they will not take a certain course of instruction, though it may be essential to the work they propose to do.

It is evident that many of the Chinese recognize the greater efficiency of the mission school, college, or university, as shown by the fact that even the directors of Government schools have been known to send their own sons to mission institutions for their education. The standing secured by students sent abroad, and by candidates, shows greatly in favour of those who have been trained under the wing of the missions. The ratio of the successful candidates to those who have tried speaks conclusively. The Chinese belief that the students can be governed is well illustrated by the fact that when boys have proved incorrigible in other schools they are brought to the mission school with the request that they be trained.

The Peking University turned out its first class in 1892. Since then twelve classes have completed the course prescribed. The first class consisted of five young men. One of these was a most valuable professor in his Alma Mater from his graduation

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until three years ago, when he passed away. Another is a minister, and has served some of the largest Churches in North China. Another was selected by the Committee of the China Centenary Conference to represent all the Protestant Churches in China among the Chinese students in Tokyo. Another member of the class is one of the very few men promoted by Sir Robert Hart as Assistant Commissioner of Imperial Customs. And the fifth has a responsible position with the Chinese Engineering and Mining Company. This may be taken as a sample of the positions secured by the graduates.

The students in the University represent all classes, including the officials, two having come from the late Viceroy of the province. There are students from Korea and Japan, and every province in the Empire has been represented.

The larger number are from Christian families, and these usually are the most hopeful students. Two graduates passed the Government examination to be sent abroad for further study last year. One of these was at the top of the list of forty-seven thus selected for further education at Government expense.

A strong religious influence is maintained in the University; though no religious tests are required, yet the majority of students become Christians from choice, and forty-nine have entered the Christian ministry, notwithstanding that they know they could command five or ten times the salary in a secular calling. The real hope of China is in the young men educated under such influences and going out

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into the activities of life with strong Christian characters.

It is the ambition of this college to shape the thought of the New China along Christian lines, to give the youth a vision of the grandeur of service, to inspire a generation with the supreme excellence of honesty and integrity.

What higher end of learning could be proposed than that announced by Confucius in the opening passage of the "Great Learning"? "The end of the Great Learning is to make lustrous the innately lustrous virtue, to renovate the people, and to rest in the highest good."

This ornate Oriental language means, when translated into modern English, that the end of education is ethical rather than intellectual. It aims to rightly develop the moral powers of the individual, who in turn should live to ennoble the lives of the people, that all may attain to the true goal of life.

The Tientsin district at present consists of about ten circuits, on each of which there are Chinese ministers, and at all points we have schools for boys, and some for girls. These must all be visited once a quarter, or at least three times in the year, and as some are away from the centre a considerable distance, and the means of conveyance not being ideal, a good deal of time is taken up with travel.

Fortunately, the days of the old Peking cart are past, and we now have a modernized vehicle with springs, which is certainly much better than the pioneers had to travel in. The Rev. J. Lees, late

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of the London Missionary Society, has put his experience into verse :—

“Let those who vote Lake Como ‘slow,’  
Or grumble on the banks of Po,  
And wonder ‘where they next can go,’  
Try the great plain of Chihli.

But it were best to leave behind  
All hopes of an æsthetic kind ;  
Eye, ear, or nose small joy will find  
Upon the plain of Chihli.

A two-wheeled cage, four feet by three,  
Holds traveller and traps ; for he  
Sits on them *à la* Turk ; you see,  
This is the mode in Chihli.

The carriage lacks both door and springs,  
Upon its shaft ‘Wang’ sits and sings  
To cheer his mules—tall, bony things  
Reared on the plain of Chihli.

An inn is reached—a yard with pens,  
Choke full of carts, mules, pigs, and hens,  
To cleanliness there’s no pretence  
In village inns in Chihli.

Two chairs, whose race is run,  
A greasy table minus one,  
A brick bed when your supper’s done—  
Such is your room in Chihli.

You eat, you sleep, you dream, you wake  
Thus pass the days and thus the nights,  
Such are the sounds and such the sights,  
These are the rich and rare delights  
Of travelling in Chihli.”

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Now we manage better with a modern conveyance that can go twice as fast. Returning to the city, there is plenty of work, for here we have two classes of chapels—the Domestic, for regular services, and the Gospel Hall, which is open nearly every day the whole year round—and in these we preach more especially to the heathen people. We light the lamps and throw the doors open, when in rushes a crowd. We sing, we pray, and we preach the gospel to the constantly changing congregation. At the close of this service we usually have a meeting for prayer and conversation with the interested ones, of whom we have large numbers sometimes ; in this way we interest the heathen in the regular services ; of course, the Chinese minister is the one to do this kind of work, because he can follow up *each case* as it presents itself. Thus the years have been crowded with work, till last year it was necessary to find rest and refreshment once more in the homeland.

In the first days of missionary enterprise in any land it is impossible to give much attention to the work of Sunday Schools. For at least two generations the bulk of missionary effort in China has been devoted to the work of preaching to the adult heathen rather than to the task of reaching the children through the Sunday School. Prejudice had to be broken down, the country had to be more or less occupied, and a friendly interest in the work of Christianity and in the person of the missionary quickened before institutional forms of service could be used effectively. For many years now, however, in certain districts considerable efforts in the direc-



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tion of Sunday School work have been attempted. It is not possible to give accurate figures as to the number of schools and scholars, but it is certain that with the new era now dawning and the passing away of old prejudices and superstitions a new and priceless opportunity is being presented to us. There are at least two schools with more than 1,000 scholars, and very many with from 50 to 300. A large proportion of these children are heathen. Not only do the pupils acquire a knowledge of the gospel and, in a measure, a love for the Saviour, but they carry that knowledge to their parents, and lady workers find a welcome for themselves and their message in the homes which but for the little scholar and his enthusiasm for his teacher would have been barred against them. No greater opportunity is offered in the whole world than that which is presented in the China of to-day for the Sunday School as an agent of evangelization by Christian education. It has been proved that heathen children can be brought into direct Christian teaching by means of properly organized Sunday Schools, and there is now available in many of the large cities a Christian Church membership from which may be drawn and trained the needed teaching staff. The Sunday School in China, as in other lands, will be the nursery of the Church and prove to be a potent instrument for the development of China's new and better life.

At this point, and by way of further illustration of our educational and evangelistic work, I may give an instance in connection with the Students' Volunteer Band in the University of Peking, in

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which these two great forms of service are happily combined. For a hundred years in China the daily prayer has gone up, each year with increasing volume, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in this great nation." And this year has come the answer from on high: "Behold I have set before you an Open Door, and no man can shut it." In the capital city to-day thronging crowds listen eagerly to the preaching of the gospel, while over all the great city rests a spirit of peace as if here, as in the olden days in the ancient city of Jerusalem, men waited again the coming of the Lord. One who has daily part in this wonderful work, and who has served his Master here for many years, said: "I have never seen anything like it in all my years in China. Given sufficient workers, we could take Peking for Christ."

The Student Volunteer Band of the University saw the sunrise glow of this great movement in North China five years ago, as they went forth for service. Where there had been persecution before there was now shelter, kind words, and eager listeners.

Some time ago a Chinese scholar, who for twenty years sought in vain for the True Light, found it through his son and nephews, who became Christians while students in the University.

From this dignified scholar and the group of students from the villages near his home came a most earnest call for a volunteer for the summer. It is a region of scholars, and the young man who went must not only carry a consecrated heart, but he must have a very old head on young shoulders,

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and a brain well stored with classic lore. Such a young man was found for the post to work during the vacation. Let us listen to his story as he tells it on his return.

He preached till after midnight to eager listening crowds, and as he dropped upon his bed, too weary to speak, with aching throat and parched lips, he still breathed a prayer of thankfulness that to him had been given this opportunity. As the Father gave His beloved sleep, the boy murmured, "I will rest long in the morning." At four o'clock, which came all too soon, he heard the call: "Teacher of the gospel, arise; it is now full light, and the people are assembling to hear you." Springing up and dressing quickly, he fell upon his knees in prayer for strength, and then, Bible in hand, went forth to give the message. Till noon he preached and taught, with scarcely time for food or drink, then when the crowd withdrew food was placed before him and he was told to rest; but as he sat, with bowl and chopsticks still in hand, there came together farmers from the country round about asking that instead of their usual noonday nap they might hear this wonderful gospel of rest for their souls. So again he gladly gave himself to loving ministry. Do we wonder that after two weeks of such labour as this there came a pitiful appeal to Peking for help, or that the reply was prompt, and another college student was sent to answer the Macedonian cry?

In this same town a descendant of the philosopher Mencius heard the young evangelist, who, while so well versed in the holy writ of the ancient sage,

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seemed to have a new gospel from a higher source. As he listened his heart was touched, and he came again and again. At last he said: "You evidently have the Word of Truth, and I, as the offspring of Mencius, have the word of authority. I will summon the best people of the town and give you a church of twenty members." It was hard for him to understand the gentle explanation, that it was not by power, nor by might, but by the Spirit of the Lord that men were born into this new kingdom. At the end of the vacation the students returned from the volunteer work to their studies, and the people waited for nine long months hoping to again hear God's Holy Word of Life, but in the meantime some of the brightest had sought an entrance to the Peking Bible Training School, and are there preparing to return and give the message to their friends. One of them exclaimed: "My few weeks here have taught me more of God's love and my Bible than all my twenty years of groping alone!"

In England, where every town has its churches with spires pointing to heaven, and whose inhabitants acknowledge their allegiance to the Lord of the heavens, do we believe in demoniacal possession? In China, where the powers of darkness have held sway for centuries, a summer's work brings always strange, sad stories of men and women under this terrible bondage, and the uncanny tales of the fox and the weasel which have possessed the people, and now and again wonderful accounts of deliverance through the power of Him who cast out devils Himself, and commanded His disciples so to do.

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The Church has an ever-increasing treasury of experiences which show what God by His Spirit hath wrought; and the students returning bring many interesting tales heard by the wayside or in the street. Outside the Great Wall across the plain comes this incident. In the Boxer year, with its terrible storm of blood and fire, the little Church was nearly swept out of existence. Before the burning of the building the property was looted of all considered of value, but large bundles of Bibles and tracts were thrown out on the streets, where they were trodden under foot or blown hither and thither by the wind.

Near the city lived a farmer who had a faithful Christian friend, a carpenter, who was killed at the time of the general massacre. Often during his lifetime had he presented the truth to the farmer, only to be rejected. Nevertheless, the seed had fallen, and one day when the storm was over, and the silence of death rested where the church had been, the farmer, crossing his fields, picked up a wind-carried leaf, from the Gospel of St. Luke—the story of the Prodigal Son. As he read it he said to himself: “And is this the God whose followers we have slain, and is this the religion we reject?” With bowed head he retraced his steps, sought forgiveness, and was the first person to ask admission to the Church when it was again reopened—another son had returned to his Father’s house, and the fluttering leaf of God’s Word had not returned to him void, for through this man a whole family have found Christ, and the children are in Christian schools.

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At this place a new bridge spans the river, and a temple fair celebrates its completion with a four days' theatre, and the actors, the jugglers, the fortune-tellers, and the famous storytellers have all come from afar to gather in the strings of cash, while on foot, on donkeys, in carts, or rushing madly on horseback the whole country pours in to sell its produce and join the gaping, laughing crowd.

Up the hot, dusty road plods the student volunteer and a local preacher, carrying their bundle of books, done up in a stout blue cloth. As they stop for a drink of water a curious crowd gathers. "Who are these?" they say. "They are not fortune-tellers, they certainly do not have the appearance of theatre performers, nor are they like any one seen in this section of the country before," as they stand in their clean cotton garments, with their courteous manners, and answer all questions with gentle friendliness. "No, they are not in any way connected with the theatre; they are disciples of Jesus Christ, who have come to preach salvation," was the reply.

As they spoke the crowd around them increased, and the demand to hear at once became so insistent that they began to tell their story of Jesus and His love, the student volunteer speaking first, followed by the preacher, and as they preached exchanging in this way the theatre people, story-tellers, jugglers, and fortune-tellers. Seeing the crowd leaving them for these simple preachers, they were much stirred, and beat their drums, and clashed their cymbals to draw back their lost audiences; but all in vain,



TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

Showing Covered Altar where the Gospel was preached for several days. 1913.





## The Subsequent Awakening

for men's hearts were strangely touched that day, and in spite of the pandemonium which broke loose hung breathless on the Word of Life.

In the afternoon came another volunteer, and then there were three. They planned together to preach in turn throughout the afternoon if the fickle crowd would listen, but as each descended from the elevation where he stood to preach he was at once led away by eager questioners, till instead of one preacher there were soon three, each with a goodly audience of attentive listeners hungry for the Word of Truth; and this continued the entire afternoon, till the heavy rain descended and the great company broke up. Long before this, however, the theatre performers had abandoned their efforts to secure hearers, and had good-naturedly joined the gospel crowd.

“We were very tired that night as we plodded home, through mud and rain, but in our hearts,” said the volunteer in his report, “there was a song, for we had had a part in a new and wonderful experience, and our souls had felt the power of God.”

These and many other experiences thrilled our hearts as we listened again to the eager testimonies, how one had led five to Christ, to stories of backsliders reclaimed, of the lad who was cast off from the shop where he worked because he went to services, of the women who came limping on little bound feet ten and fifteen miles to service, of the student volunteers starting off at midnight for the temple fairs that they might preach Christ; and when the hour for reports had expired the leader

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

stood up and said: "*Brothers, this all indicates that the Kingdom of God is not far from China.*"

How the glad voices rang out—

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

and then very reverently their heads were bowed as their faithful leader offered again the prayer of the century—

"**THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN CHINA.**"

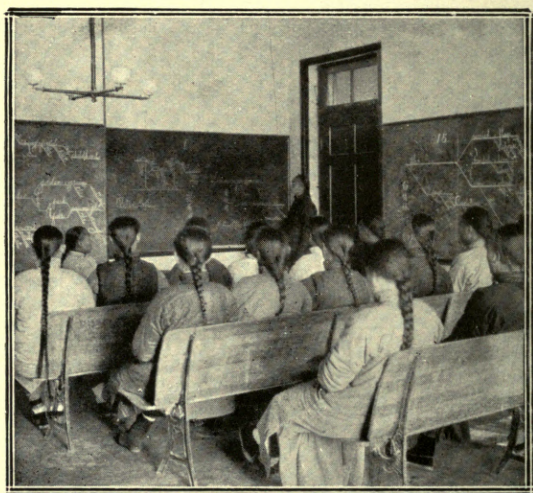
With respect to the general religious outlook in China, whilst there is much to try one's faith and to damp one's zeal, there is more to inspire one's heart with confidence and hope. I shall never doubt the power of Christ, and it is not so easy now as once it was to despair of the regeneration of China through the renovation of Chinamen. The vast changes that have taken place during the past decade have been accomplished in the face of difficulties which would have staggered and baffled a less sound and brave and energetic people. I cannot endorse the well-known lines of Rudyard Kipling:—

"For East is East, and West is West,  
And ne'er the twain shall meet."

They are meeting, and in the future will largely and inevitably affect each other. The question is, shall it be for evil or for good? As Lord William Cecil has written:—

"Again and again it has been pointed out by both missionary and Government officials that so great is the power of China that she brings into





CHRISTIAN STUDENTS.

To face p. 245.

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subjugation to her thought any one who is long resident in her country. If it should happen that the Western world should neglect the Chinaman when it has the opportunity of teaching and directing him, longing as he is to learn about Western civilization, the punishment of the West will be that she will, in years to come, be influenced for evil by the power of the great Celestial Empire. If, on the other hand, the East should turn towards Christianity, and, taught by Christianity, should learn to live a higher life, the example of her faith and her morality will in years to come react beneficially on the Western World."

Unhappily, even so-called Christian nations have not always been the friends of China. Yet, in spite of all, it is still possible, without undue optimism, thus to answer Rudyard Kipling's lines:—

“ But Christ is Christ, and Rest is Rest,  
And Love true Love must greet :  
In East and West hearts crave for rest,  
And so the twain shall meet :  
The East still East, the West still West,  
At Christ's nailed, piercèd feet.”

It is true that we are yet but in the dawn, but it is the dawn of a day that was long ago predicted, and “these shall come from Sinim.” It has been a strenuous and fiery dawn, as we have seen, but, as the storm has cleared, we have beheld the promise and the potency of a calm and bright and fruitful day. The blood of China's martyr Churches was not shed in vain. That blood is not only the seed of the Church, it is the seed of the world ; it is a

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

seed of life; it is the life-blood of the nations. Not that these Christian martyrdoms were the main or only cause of China's marvellous awakening to righteousness and progress on all lines: there were concurring factors, as I have tried to show, and now we may address each other in the language that seems specially appropriate to-day:—

“Say not, ‘The struggle naught availeth  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.’

For though the tired waves vainly breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far off, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not through eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light:  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!  
But westward, see, the land is bright.”

But these sanguine views of China's religious future are not yet universal. In the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1907, for instance, Sir Charles Eliot, writing of “The Religion of China,” asks, “Is China a religious country?” and says:—

“The multitude of temples and monasteries suggests an affirmative answer, though most of the temples are neglected and deserted except on feast days. It is clear that religion is not a power, as in Mohammedan countries or in India; it is equally clear that the Government has deliberately and successfully set its face against the acquisition of political power by any priesthood. . . . Chris-

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tianity is still regarded by the enormous majority of Chinamen as a barbarous foreign superstition, whose adherents cannot be good or moral citizens. Though movements like the T'ai Ping rebellion show that one must not speak too confidently of Chinese apathy, yet, when recently visiting China, I saw no signs of any religious movement accompanying the educational and military movements, which are undoubtedly strong. In no country is the popular temperament so materialistic. For most, a temple is merely a place where one can perform magical ceremonies to obtain such objects as health, children, success in examinations or in trade; and a place of worship where this cannot be done is as useless as a shop which does not sell. A veteran missionary told me that conversions had been more frequent since 1900, which is natural, since it has been forced on the Chinese mind that foreigners are not feeble and contemptible; but he added that it was still impossible for any one who aspired to hold the humblest Government post or be in any way connected with officials to be a Christian or even to consort with Christians. It is not surprising that religion in China should be at a low ebb, for it is almost a synonym with superstition, and the educated classes have in the last few years begun to see how enormous are their shortcomings in knowledge. Confucianism offers nothing that can be assailed by science, but the whole fabric of Taoism disappears before an elementary scientific education, and so does much of the popular Buddhism. In many localities the temples are being turned into schools or lecture-rooms. It is

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

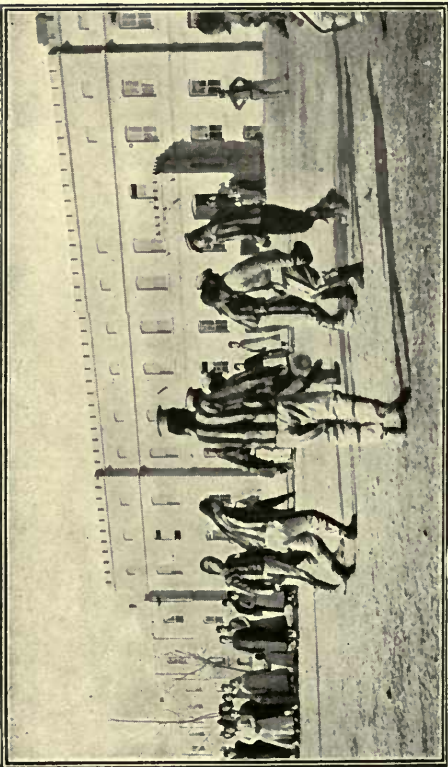
said that Herbert Spencer is extensively read by the younger men, and there is probably no Christian or theistic philosopher whose name carries the same weight."

Sir Charles's words are entitled to great weight, but in this instance some of his statements, or rather, the statement he quotes from the veteran missionary, should, I venture to think, be taken *cum grano salis*. It is difficult, of course, to speak of the state of things in a country with an area of over four million square miles, and with an estimated population, in 1906, of four hundred and forty millions. But I can offer facts which do not seem to justify a pessimistic view. The Chinese may be materialistic and superstitious to an abnormal degree, but when they do become religious, they make good Christians, as we have seen. And the testimony of those who are qualified to judge is practically unanimous. Another veteran missionary of an earlier day, relating his experience after visiting the churches in England and Scotland, said: "But I felt as I returned to my native churches in China that I was returning to where there was more real religious life." And the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, who travelled through the length and breadth of China some years ago, says: "I have found nowhere in Christian lands men and women of a higher type than I have met in China, of a finer spiritual experience, of a higher spiritual tone, or of a nobler spiritual life."

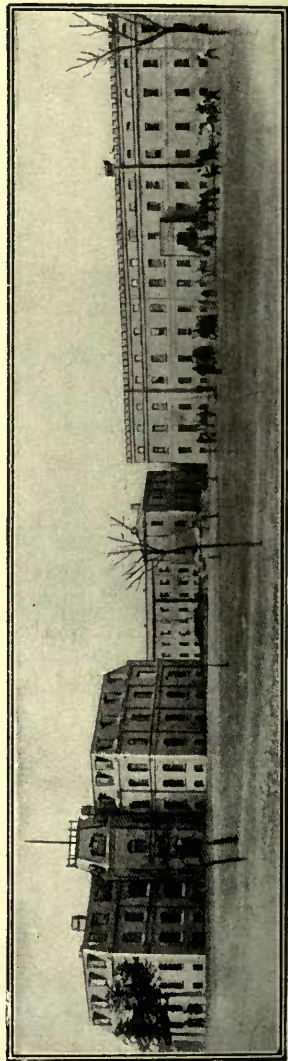
As to the impossibility of any one who aspires to a Government post or desires to be connected with officials being a Christian or even consorting







FOOTBALL IN THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.



PEKING UNIVERSITY.

## The Subsequent Awakening

with Christians, I point to the case of Sir Robert Hart, and scores of others one might name, who while openly professing Christianity and earnestly practising its precepts, have been honoured by Chinese officials of every rank, and entrusted by the Government with posts and tasks of the highest importance. I will add two instances, not only to prove my point, but to show the kind of men that Christianity is capable of producing even in China. It is sometimes said that "the Chinese are not worth converting: they are such a low and feeble race." The very opposite is true. The average Chinaman is hard-working, patient, and courteous, and Christianity brings out wonderfully the latent nobility of the Chinese character. The two examples I shall here produce are quite sufficient to verify the statement of Sir Robert Hart, that "Christianity, received as a vital force, would be capable of regenerating even China with its teeming millions."

Perhaps no greater tribute was ever paid to Foreign Missions than when the Emperor appointed a Christian to represent China on the International Opium Commission which met at Shanghai in 1909. His Ex. T'ang-Kai-Sen is one of the new men that China is producing, and on whom so much depends. And he was made by Christianity. He was one of a number of Chinese students taken to America in 1880 by Yung-Wing with the purpose of receiving an education. He, fortunately, was boarded in a Christian family for some time, and became greatly interested in Christianity. At this time the Government became alarmed at the number of the students who seemed to put off things Chinese,

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and sent urgent messages that they should all return to their native land before their education was completed. Mr. T'ang had studied at Yale, and had made good progress. On his return he was sent to study medicine under the late Dr. Mackenzie of Tientsin. Mr. T'ang had no great liking for medicine, however, and left the college to take up a business career. About the year 1890 he was connected with the Engineering and Mining Company at Tang-Shan. He became very much interested in the "Tien-Tsu-Hui" (Anti-Footbinding Society), and wrote me a letter asking me to organize a society in Tientsin, promising the first subscription of Tls. 100 (about £12). Shortly after this, a branch society was formed and has done very good work. Mr. T'ang always takes a deep interest in it. Shortly after this he moved with his family to Tientsin, and they attended Wesley Chapel, where I was minister, for some years. One day he came to my house and announced that he and his wife wished to be baptized and become members of the Church. A few Sundays later we had an impressive service, partly in English and partly in Chinese; being a Cantonese, he understood English better than he did Mandarin. He continued a faithful member till he moved to Manchuria, in 1900. During the Boxer War he was in great danger, but escaped to the coast and was saved. His dear friend and fellow-Christian was killed, however. Mr. T'ang then moved to Shanghai, where he became a leader in Christian work, especially in the Y.M.C.A. In 1909 he was appointed to an official position in the Wai-Wu-Pu, or Government

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Foreign Office, Peking. It was from there he was selected and sent to meet the International Commission, where he made that wonderful plea for China which has been described by the Lord Bishop of Durham as "a noble and profoundly significant phenomenon."

Dr. Monro Gibson said: "I think it one of the greatest speeches I have ever read."

His Excellency T'ang-Kai-Sen realizes that opium is a source of weakness to the nation, and the determination to root it out is evidence of his sincerity. In his noble utterance he said: "This agitation seems to prophesy a mighty revival in national righteousness, reaching into every avenue, political, social, and commercial. Whatever laws the nations of the world decide to adopt towards each other, we may not forget that there is a higher than all human laws, a law greater than all economic laws, a law that transcends even the law of Nature, and that is the Eternal Law of Heaven, which through Jesus Christ says, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'"

The Rev. W. H. Findlay has summed up the speech as follows: "In moral elevation, in just appreciation of the past and present, the internal condition and international relations of a great people, of patriotism that is compounded of a worthy pride and a worthy humility, in breadth and balance of mind, and in dignified eloquence of expression, this remarkable utterance may challenge comparison with the highest efforts of Western statesmanship. Quality counts for more than quantity, and the fact of four hundred million Chinamen

## China's Dayspring after Thirty Years

impresses me less than the fact that China produces men with the powers that such a speech implies."

The speech and the Commission were most fruitful. As I write there comes the news that an agreement has been reached between the British and Chinese Governments which may practically end the opium traffic in China in a couple of years. This is joyful news indeed, and Mr. T'ang and millions of others in both hemispheres may well be proud and glad.\* "We had three wars with China," says the *Daily News*, "in order to compel her, by the Treaty of Tientsin in 1860, to legalize the import of opium, which had previously been contraband. In 1869 China appealed, but in vain, for the abolition of the dangerous traffic. In despair, the prohibition of the poppy growth, which had hitherto prevailed in China, was relaxed in order to drive out the Indian drug. The result was dreadful. Opium-smoking became the national scourge. With the national awakening in China a new era dawned. The trade was condemned by the Liberal House of Commons on May 30, 1906. In prompt response, an anti-opium edict was issued from Peking the following September. So miraculous has been the result that the poppy is rapidly disappearing from China. The growth has diminished by nearly 95 per cent., and the disappearance of the home-grown product is within sight. The opium dens

\* Mr. T'ang died and was buried June, 1913, while Director of a Government college; and at the special request of his widow, I conducted a Memorial Service, attended by the U.S. Minister and Yuan Shih Kai's secretary, in the great Government building.—F. B.



TRIGONOMETRY CLASS, PEKING METHODIST UNIVERSITY.



CHINA'S UPHILL TASK.





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have been suppressed practically everywhere throughout this great empire." And the *Times* admits that in "the most hopeless of all the reform projects sanctioned under the Vermilion Pencil in modern times an astonishing measure of success has been achieved. Measures such as the strongest of Western Governments must have flinched from as dangerous and impracticable have been taken and apparently enforced." The *Times* wonders by what moral force China had done this. We know.

My other example is taken from my own personal knowledge. Sun Wen Kuei was a boy in the Tientsin Intermediate School for Chinese boys, which is supported by the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is now twenty, and has been in the school five years. His father was a farmer, living about forty miles south of Tientsin, and at the time of his death had been a Christian only three years. The gospel had reached his native village much later than the other towns and villages in the vicinity. This was due to the fact that the village stood on the plain away from the highlands, and when a periodic flood came (as happens in this vicinity nearly every year) his village was accessible to outsiders only by means of boats. It was no wonder that the missionary usually kept to the higher land, where there were many people, thousands of whom had never heard the name of Jesus. One day the preacher felt that he ought at least to take a boat and investigate conditions for work on the other side of the flooded area. He preached the gospel to a wondering crowd of villagers, and one man was

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deeply impressed. This was the truth he had been seeking for years, and, fearing that he might not have another opportunity of hearing the "good news," he decided to follow the missionary, even if he had to cross over to the mainland. He remained after the others had left, and seeing the earnest, anxious look on his face, the missionary tried to find out the cause of his solicitude. The man was a scholar of some standing, and was known to be a worthy, well-meaning person. For years he had carried on a small farm, teaching school at the same time, and had sought to gather all possible information concerning the outside world, thus developing his mind in matters of religion.

A few months after the missionary's visit the Boxer upheaval swept across North China, and included this little village in its scope. As all Christians were considered worthy of death, those who had given attentive heed to the missionary's message were marked men. Sun was one of the most prominent among the Christian sympathizers, and in due course he was killed and his home destroyed. His little son, Wen Kuei, ran to the hills and hid himself for some days. After a while, however, he decided to take to the roads and beg his way around the country-side. While he was thus engaged, he was recognized by a man from his district, who informed him that all was quiet and that he need no longer fear the Boxers. He returned home, and was taken in by his uncle, and in due time was brought to our school, where he is now studying to fit himself for a life of usefulness in ministering the gospel to his countrymen.

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No one can read such stories—and they could be multiplied indefinitely—without endorsing the verdict of the late Mrs. Bishop, that “the Chinaman possesses capacity and resourcefulness” equal to our own, and that “the raw material out of which the Holy Spirit fashions the Chinese convert and the Chinese martyr is the best stuff in Asia.” And who does not admire the Lord Chief Justice of England (Sir Richard Webster), who said on the same occasion: “I feel when I read the story of these martyrs that I would give up all my success and prosperity in order to do one-tenth the good these men have done.” Nor are the Chinese themselves insensible to the excellences of missionaries and their converts, and to their indebtedness to them. Writing to the *Spectator* a year ago, Shi-Chao Chang, student of Aberdeen University, stated: “We Chinese are really indebted to the missionaries, who are the most sympathetic body of men to the true interests of China.” Indeed, the change which has come over many of the leaders of the people with respect to Christian missions is marvellous. A recent striking example comes from Manchuria. The plague suddenly swept down from the North, and at Mukden a brilliant young medical missionary, in coping with the deadly disease, lost his own life. At his funeral the Viceroy, Hsi Liang, insisted on official honours, and attended, with his suite, the service held in the Presbyterian Church. And at the service this non-Christian Chinese Mandarin said: “Dr. Jackson, with the heart of the Saviour who gave His life to deliver the world, responded nobly when we asked him to help us

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in our fight with the plague. Our sorrow is without measure, and our grief too deep for words." When this Viceregal utterance is compared with the voice of China only two decades ago, no contrast could be more complete, and nothing could suggest greater promise for the future.

One of the needs of the moment is for efficient Christian teachers in her day schools. The change from the old system of education has been too sudden, and the chief difficulty of the Government has been and is to find efficient teachers in sufficient numbers. When Japan emerged from her long slumber, she realized that her first need was education ; but she also saw that the Japanese themselves could not do the work. They therefore had the wisdom to avail themselves of the best teaching talent that the Christian world could offer, and China will be wise to follow her example. Another of these pressing needs is for more systematic and efficient training of the native Christian preachers. On them, eventually, the future of the Church in Sinim will depend. The most that we can do is to start them in the right path, and to equip and train them for their arduous and glorious task. A year or two ago, in a progressive newspaper published in Hong-Kong, the editor devoted seven leaders to a discussion of the relative merits of Confucianism and Christianity, in the course of which, whilst saying many flattering things about the religion of the West, and assuming a sympathetic attitude towards Christian missions in China, he made some disparaging remarks about the native Christian preachers. I cannot say that his caustic criticism

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was entirely without foundation, but after many years of intimate acquaintance with them, I can endorse the balanced verdict of the Rev. Charles Bone in the *London Quarterly* for October, 1910.

“It may as well be frankly admitted,” he writes, “that many of our native preachers are imperfectly equipped for their work. Many know their Bibles but imperfectly; they know the Chinese classics less perfectly; they are quite unfamiliar with the sinuous and complicated tortuosities of Chinese philosophy; they have read no books on comparative religion. . . . On the other hand, many of them, though at the commencement of their work by no means well furnished with knowledge, by personal contact with foreign missionaries and their ideals, a wider familiarity with thought through continued study, and a deeper knowledge of men in general through personal contact with them in all grades of life, become excellent vernacular preachers, whose sermons, without being profound, are thoughtful and interesting in matter, and whose delivery is excellent.”

Great things in both these directions may be confidently hoped from the multiplication of Christian schools and colleges throughout the Empire. What China needs is more missionaries and a wider extension of the native Christian Church in all its branches. What most she needs is Jesus Christ and His salvation. She needs more than education; she needs regeneration; she needs Christ and the dynamic of His gospel and the grace of God. As missionaries go, in all humility, to lay the remnant

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of their days and powers upon the altar of His Church in that great heathen land, we hear His voice, "Lo, I am with you alway," and "I am making all things new." Across Siberia, through Manchuria, the words of dear old Zacharias will, I hope, find echo in our heart of hearts: "For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to make ready His ways; to give knowledge of salvation unto His people in the remission of their sins, because of the tender mercy of our God, whereby the Dayspring from on high shall visit us, to shine upon them that sit in darkness and the shadow of death: to guide our feet into the way of peace" (Luke i. 76-79).

"Oh, pleasant exercise of hope and joy!  
For mighty are the auxiliars which stand  
Upon our side, us who are strong in love!  
Bliss is it in this dawn to be alive,  
But to be young were very heaven!"

In closing, let me quote the words of Dr. G. G. Findlay. "Never in any region of the world," he writes, "has Christendom had before her an open door so great and effectual as that which China just now is offering. That door has suddenly been opened by the Unseen Hand, through a chain of momentous international events: it may be quickly and decisively closed. He whose voice is as the sound of many waters testifies to His people concerning China, 'Behold! Now is the day of salvation.'" And to Christians in every nation who may read these words let me commend the recent call of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to its



CHAPLAIN WITH WESLEYAN BODYGUARD.





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friends and helpers, first to praise, and then to penitence, and finally to prayer :—

## PRAISE—

- For the heroic story of Chinese missions, and for the martyr spirit in missionaries and converts.
- For the hand of God in the awakening of China, and for the glorious and solemn opportunity it offers for the spread of the gospel.
- For the moral vigour shown by the Chinese Government and people in suppressing the opium evil.
- For the recent outpourings of revival blessings in the Chinese Churches, and the promise of strength, unity, and faithfulness which the Church in China affords.
- For the development of co-operation among the missionary agencies in China, and the working of the spirit of unity in missionaries and Chinese Churches alike.
- For the establishment of a Republic with so little bloodshed.

## PENITENCE—

- For the shameful wrong done to China for fifty years past by our action and attitude in regard to opium.
- For our slowness to hear and to respond to the loud call of this decisive hour in Chinese history.

## PETITION—

- For President Yuan Shih Kai and Parliament, the National Assembly, the Tutus, and Provincial Assemblies, and all the administrators of China; that they may be guided in these momentous times by that fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.
- For the establishment of right feeling and right relation between China and all foreign Powers.
- That in the stirrings of the new life in China reactionary and anti-foreign extremes may be avoided, and especially that missionaries and Chinese Christians may be shielded from further outbreaks of anti-Christian violence.

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That the British people and Government may be speedily led to end and, as far as may be, redress the iniquity, of our opium relations with China.

That China may have Divine guidance and blessing in all her political and social developments.

That the Chinese Churches may have worthy pastors and leaders raised up for them, and may be Divinely guided in their movement towards independence and unity.

For blessing upon the thousands of Chinese students in Japan, America, and Europe.

That the Churches of Christendom, and especially our Methodist Church, may be endued with vision and devotion to seize worthily and joyfully the splendid opportunity which China offers to-day.

NOTE.—The Revolution, fall of the Monarchy, and establishment of a Republic will be dealt with in a later volume.

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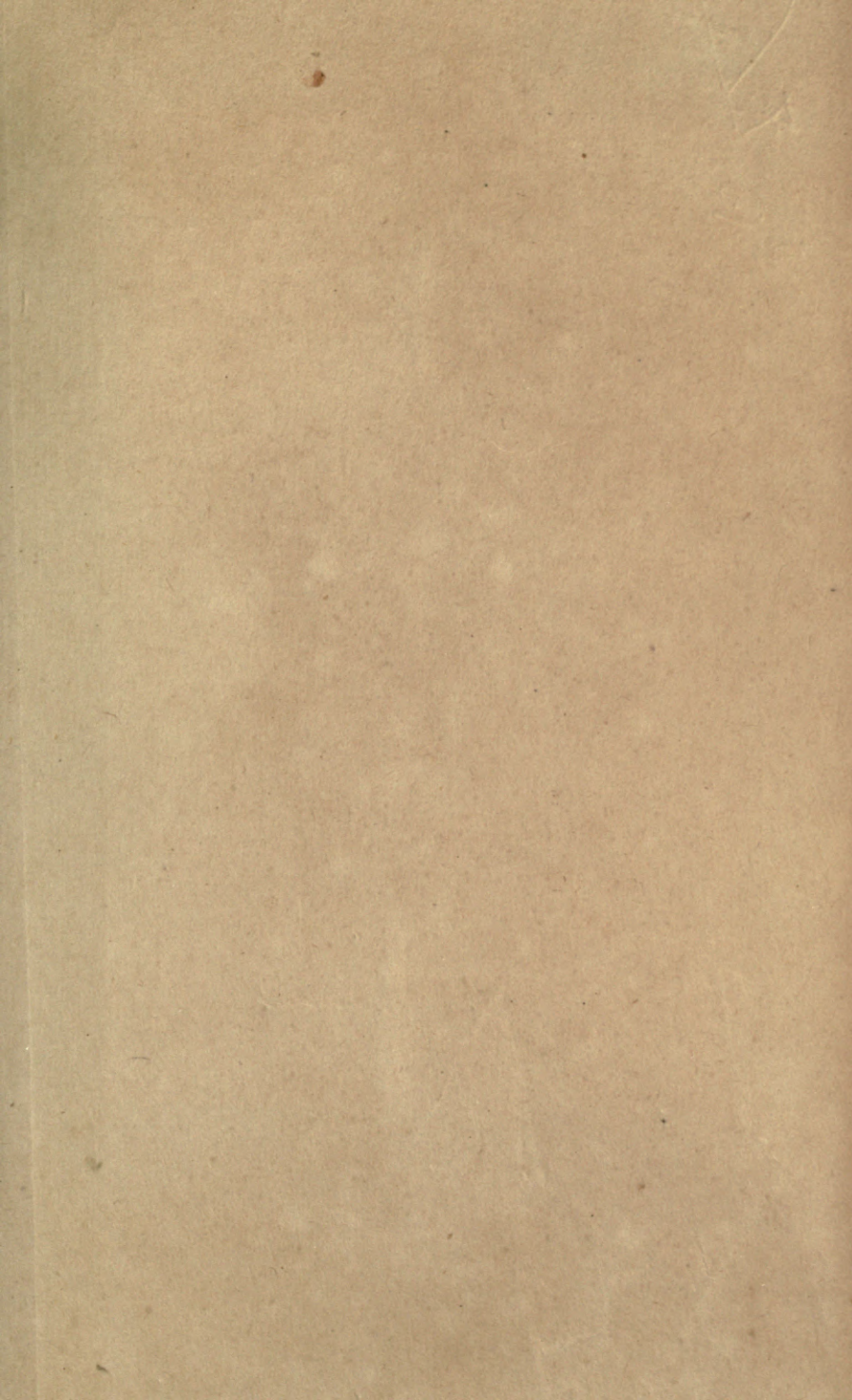
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